

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE
AND
REVIEW

FEBRUARY 1, 1825.

MEN, MEASURES AND MANNERS IN FRANCE, AT THE OPENING
OF THE SESSION OF 1825.

THE notions generally entertained in England of French society are derived from those descriptions of it which appertain to a period anterior to the revolution ; but since that event the state of society in France has undergone three or four changes. Indeed its character has been so altered, that we can confidently assert that the manners of the higher classes of Vienna, Berlin, and even of London, resemble more nearly those of the same classes in France, at the time when Mesdames Polignac and d'Epinaï flourished, than they do the actual manners of the present French aristocracy. To supply, then, as far as in us lies, this want of accurate information, we shall here offer an impartial sketch of the present state of French society. As it is probable, from the actual aspect of politics, and the marked influence the reasonable and moderate Duke d'Angoulême is likely to exercise over public affairs, that the present modification of manners may be of several years' duration, the description we mean to give may merit some attention. Without this probability of duration it would not be worthy of any serious notice. We shall commence by speaking of the king and some other members of the reigning family, after which will follow, in regular succession, the leading characters of the government, the nobles, the rich, the manufacturers, the small landed proprietors, and lastly the peasantry—the class which has gained the most by the revolution, and which, in case of civil dissensions, must furnish the human *materiel* of war.

For the last 80 years French society has changed according to the phases of the government. It may be said to have been almost annihilated under the reign of terror. On awaking from the state of apathy in which it remained during the sway of the parties repre-

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sented by Robespierre and Danton, it assumed a reckless and inordinate gaiety. Then followed the aristocracy of wealth, which arose under the Directory, when all sorts of adventurers, gamblers, and swindlers, whose manners had been formed during the last years of the reign of Louis XVI. assembled around the director Barras. Dishonesty and unbridled immorality were the characteristic traits of society from 1797 to 1800; after which the ambition of General Bonaparte introduced into France a moral and almost prudish severity. Never have the public morals in that country been so pure as from 1800 to 1809. At this latter period the foolish desire of having a court, and the mania for imitating the kings of Europe, took possession of Napoleon. At the court some disorders took place, which however were rigorously suppressed as soon as Napoleon was convinced that there would arise greater scandal from tolerating than from punishing them.

This rapid enumeration of the various changes through which society has run in France, within so short a space of time, may serve to prove, that as there is nothing *solidly established* in the country, the manners of its higher classes will still follow, for another half-century, the nature of the new interests created by the various forms of government that may succeed each other. It is necessary, in order to comprehend thoroughly the manners likely to be prevalent for some time, to examine with attention the action of the government of Charles X. upon France. It cannot be said that the Bourbons were established in France, until the late war in Spain. This war was unprincipled; it has probably retarded for half a century, if not much more, the civilization of Spain; it has been the cause of a thousand assassinations, and of wide-spread desolation; but nevertheless it cannot be denied, that it has established the Bourbons in France. It is only since the taking of Cadiz, that the Bourbons can boast of having a devoted and efficient army. It was only philosophers who knew, before that grand experiment tried by the firing of the first cannon at the Bidassoa, that in France the great majority of the army are for those who pay them. For a short time after a change of masters they may show a little sulkiness, but "ere the shoes are old with which they followed" their former leader, they will display equal courage and *fidelity* in the cause of him to whom they look for pay and promotion. French officers and non-commissioned officers, who have made eight or ten campaigns, and have become habituated to the service, dread only two evils, which are *ennui* and the neglect into which they fall during peace. The common soldiers of the present French army are, almost without exception, peasants torn from the plough by the conscription; for the policy of the Bourbons has been to prevent as much as possible the sons of the little proprietors, who have received some tincture of education, from entering the service; whereas, under Napoleon, it was especially this class that formed the strength of his armies. These *peasant-soldiers* weep a little the first month after joining their regiments; after which, if it be a time of peace, their sole desire is for the expira-

tion of their five years of service, when they may return to their villages. If, on the contrary, they are sent into the field, they soon acquire a taste for their bloody trade. At the commencement of the Spanish campaign, in many regiments 1500 strong there were but 50 men who had even seen a shot fired; of these 50, 40 were supposed by the liberals and Bonapartists to be adorers of Napoleon and devotedly attached to his family. Upon these considerations, many fine theories were raised; but what did the events of the campaign show—1st, that the 1450 men of each regiment who had never smelt powder, behaved themselves gallantly, and at the end of two years, may be considered as good soldiers as the Russians, the best in Europe, because they unite a blind devotedness to bravery; the second result has been, that the impartiality of the Duke d'Angoulême, the marked displeasure with which here pressed the insolent pretensions of the *gardes de corps*, and above all the prospect of touching at the end of every month their war appointments, added to their dread of the *ennui* of a half-pay life in a provincial town, have converted to the political faith of the Bourbons 45 at least of the 50 men per regiment who had served under Napoleon. The five men per regiment whose eyes still fill with tears on hearing the names of Austerlitz, Jena, and Napoleon; the 100 or 150 generals on half-pay, who still preserve similar sentiments; and the 4000 or 5000 Frenchmen who love Bonaparte and his family more than they do liberty, and the two Chambers, are convinced that there is but very little probability of success for any effort in favour of Napoleon II. The greater number of them, indeed, are only anxious to find a decent pretext to transfer their blind devotion from Napoleon to the Bourbon dynasty. The Bourbons make common cause with the Holy Alliance (an adherence repugnant to the feelings of the great majority of the nation), in the hope of preventing the Emperor of Austria from supporting with an army the pretension of young Napoleon. Lucien Bonaparte and Cardinal Fesch are men of superior talents, who might, with a little encouragement from a high quarter, undertake to give a crown to their nephew.

The little probability of a revolution in favour of this boy in France, is founded upon the personal characters of Charles X. and the Dauphin, and even upon that of the Dauphiness. Ludicrous as it may appear, one of not the least efficient causes of the popularity of Charles X. is the circumstance of his being able, notwithstanding his 67 years, to mount on horseback and ride 12 or 15 leagues in a day. Besides—his fear of being disturbed in the enjoyment of his commodious palace of the Tuileries, and forced to undertake a journey to Ghent, like Louis XVIII. in 1815; a much less exaggerated idea of his *right divine* to rule over France than the late monarch, considerably less obstinacy and hypocrisy, and less intellect, and probably a feeling of chivalrous regard for his oath: all these reasons, which are secrets to no one, but are openly discussed in the saloons of Paris, lead to the belief, that when Charles X. shall have sworn to maintain the charter (in the month of

May at Rheims), we shall have a government, still no doubt strongly biassed in favour of the Ultra party, and tending every year to become more and more anti-constitutional, but nevertheless, considering all things, of a tolerably moderate complexion. Charles X. is a man of no capacity for public affairs ; it is with difficulty he can be made to comprehend the simplest report of his ministers. It is for this reason that the Dauphin has been called to a share in his councils. When Charles X. finds himself more firmly seated on the throne, it is more than probable that he will resume the ideas he entertained before 1789 ; in which case the only barrier to the absurd measures that would then succeed each other with a ludicrous rapidity, would be in the personal character of Louis Antoine, Dauphin of France, now aged 49 years. The extremely irritable nerves of this prince render it impossible for him to remain in the same attitude a single instant, and consequently precludes him from assuming an easy and majestic deportment. Now, for a monarch to secure the admiration of the French, it is necessary that he should exhibit a grave and pompous demeanour, show himself frequently on horseback, and issue once a month at least a remarkable decree that may furnish matter of conversation to his subjects. The outward appearance of the Dauphin, and the state of perpetual motion in which his body is, deprive him of all chance, we had almost said of all claim, to the admiring veneration of the French people ; but as a compensation, it is not improbable but that he may secure their affections. The severest thing that even those who like him least will be able to say of him, is " that he was the least hurtful of a choice of evils ; for since the 800,000 men that Russia has in readiness to let loose upon France hinder us from choosing a government, we may think ourselves indebted to fate for having given us a king, to whom so few serious objections can be made."

The future prosperity of France rests upon two hopes ; first, that the extremely well regulated, though very scantily informed mind of the Dauphin may enable him to dissuade his father (a few months hence when his fears shall have subsided) from committing errors of too dangerous or ridiculous a nature ; and secondly, that when he shall himself ascend the throne as Louis XIX. (an event which in all probability may happen within the next four years) he may, like Louis XIII. have sufficient discrimination to choose a man of talent for his minister, and sufficient firmness to maintain him in power.

Were the Dauphin to make choice of a ministry in January, 1825, it is generally understood that Messrs. Roy and Portal would be at the head of it. These two individuals, though peers of France, belonged but a few years ago to the middle class of society. M. Portal, a protestant, was a merchant at Bourdeaux, and dabbled a little in the slave trade ; he is a man of great application, and rises every morning at four o'clock. M. Roy has amassed an income of 600,000 francs by fortunate speculations in the buying and selling of the estates of the noblesse. We have

stopped to say a few words upon Messrs. Roy and Portal, as their characters may throw some light upon that of the prince who esteems them.

It may not here be amiss to mention three anecdotes of the Dauphin. The first will show his almost total want of education, a defect common to the Bourbons, with the exception of the late king, and which is the result of the influence of the royal confessors. The two last will prove this prince's habits of application and pains-taking. Louis XVIII. named the Duke d'Angoulême some years ago protector of the polytechnic school, that admirable institution for which the French are indebted to the genius of Monge and Lagrange; but the result of whose labours Napoleon endeavoured to destroy, from his profound fear of the spread of knowledge. However, neither this despot nor the Bourbons have dared to suppress this inimitable institution. From the polytechnic school have issued and spread themselves over France between 4000 and 5000 men of enlarged capacities and profound knowledge in the natural sciences. One of the present professors of this school is M. Arago, one of the very small number of *savans*, who have preserved independence of character and not yielded to the corruptions of power. In this point of view M. Arago may be considered the antipode of the celebrated Cuvier, the most devoted worshipper of those who happen to have the distribution of the state loaves and fishes. Some ten years ago M. Arago ascended in a balloon with M. Gay Lussac to make some experiments upon the temperature of the air; they reached an elevation of 3200 fathoms. The Duke d'Angoulême before visiting, as if by *surprise*, the polytechnic school, took care to learn some particulars relative to the professors whom he should find lecturing at nine o'clock in the morning, the hour of his visit. Amongst other circumstances communicated to his Royal Highness on this occasion, M. Arago's aerial voyage was of course not omitted. The prince on his arrival at the polytechnic school first entered the room where M. Arago was lecturing a numerous class of young men, already far advanced in physical science. The Duke, in the course of his conversation with the Professor, said loud enough to be heard by all those present—"M. Professor, you must have found it very hot when up in the air—nearer the sun by 3200 fathoms." M. Arago in vain sought, in the most delicate manner, to make the Prince understand his mistake; he only furnished fresh occasion to his Royal Highness to repeat two or three times over this singular proof of ignorance, the absurdity of which the view of the first mountain covered with snow should have kept him from committing. It was only when he read in the secret police-report the account of the effect of his compliment upon the students, that he became aware of his mistake. His aides-de-camp sought to console him by saying, that a knowledge of these abstract truths might be very necessary to obscure *bourgeois*, who studied the sciences for their livelihood, but were little worthy of the attention of the great ones of the earth. To this fine piece of consolation the Prince replied in an angry tone, that "they (the aides-de-camp) were more *bêtes* than himself."

The two following anecdotes will show the love which animates him for the public good, and the pains which he has taken to acquire information:—One day he took M. Roy aside and said to him—"I also have made a constitution,—here it is;" at the same time giving him a huge paper book; "read it, and give me your opinion of it. Do not suppose that I think of putting it in execution, if I should be called to the throne, for I am bound by the oath which I took to maintain the charter of Louis XVIII." M. Roy read this constitution; it was little better than school-boy work; but what was most singular in it was, the exceedingly limited power it gave to the king. This constitution had been framed by the Duke d'Angoulême before 1814. On another occasion the prince sent for a celebrated jurisconsult (whom we could, but shall not name), and said to him—"I have made a commentary upon the *code civil*, tell me what you think of it." This commentary was at one and the same time a monument of the extreme ignorance, goodness of heart, and indefatigable industry of its author.

Louis XVIII. entertained but a slender opinion of the Dukes of Angoulême and Berry, because these princes sometimes made grammatical mistakes in speaking French, than which nothing so soon irritated this monarch, who had a strong dose of pedantry in his composition. Louis XVIII. was profoundly learned in the complicated science of etiquette, a study almost as laborious and difficult to master as that of the law. For it is necessary to learn by heart a multitude of ancient ordonnances and descriptions of old usages and ceremonies forming three volumes 4to. The Duke d'Angoulême's horror of this species of erudition was another failing in the eyes of his royal uncle. Happily for France the Duke d'Angoulême is either ignorant or heedless of the distinctions made between the old and new noblesse. It may be right to state that it is only within the last 50 years that certain titles carry any importance with them. Before that time, for instance, the Duke de Fleury was not considered a *gentilhomme*. A Chevalier de Rohan, a Count de Latri-mouille, or a Vicomte de Montmorency, would have considered themselves insulted if put upon a par with the Duke de Fleury, and others of the same standing. Those who are curious with regard to those matters may consult a memoir *sur la Noblesse de la Cour*, published by order of the parliament of Paris about the year 1680. It is a very singular work, and but little known, though reprinted in 1817. The kings of France, particularly since Louis XIII. and XIV. were not only persuaded that they were endowed by heaven with the most entire and absolute property in the persons and goods of the French people, but that they ought in conscience to exercise this right by means of 200 families really noble, and whose ancestors had crusaded to the Holy Land. Louis XV. swerved but little from the strictness of this maxim, and for Louis XVIII. it was an article of belief. Incredible as it may seem, yet it appears that Louis XVIII. even while residing at Hartwell, never for a moment doubted but that he, his brother, and his nephews, should one day re-ascend the French throne. He sincerely believed that God had

made over in full property the human species to four or five families, and particularly to those of Bourbon and Hapsbourg. It was in vain that some of his ministers sought to convince him that all Europe was threatened by the fangs of Russia, and that the present arrangement of things in the south of Europe was merely owing to the want of energy or ambition in Alexander. Louis XVIII. only replied, disdainfully smiling—"The family of Romanzoff cannot be considered as the chosen of heaven!" It was equally in vain that his ministers endeavoured to dissuade him from the execution of an absurd measure, by stating that it might compromise the safety of the throne. A bitter and haughty smile was the only answer to such insinuations. The Duke de Richelieu, hazarding an observation of this kind to him on a similar occasion, met with the following rebuff—"Is it a Richelieu who so far forgets the name he has the honour of bearing, as to make use of such language to me? Leave such baseness, *Monsieur le Duc*, to the Mouniers and the Pasquièrs." Thus expressing his contempt for those two men of talent on account of their want of birth. These details are authentic, and will be confirmed by any one who has mixed in good society in Paris, where they may be heard from the very lips of one or other of the 30 or 40 ministers whom Louis XVIII. has had in the course of his reign.

The principal cause of the poor opinion entertained by the late king of his brother and nephews was their total ignorance of this science of nobility, which prevented them from perceiving the immeasurable distinction there existed between a Marquis de Colbert and a Marquis de Grammont, or Vicomte de Soubise. This monarch looked upon the Duke d'Angoulême almost as a Jacobin, whenever he ventured to speak in terms of praise of a man whose ancestors had not been to the Holy Land. This was a cause of serious alarm to his Majesty, for he dreaded that the *right divine* conferred by heaven upon the family of the Bourbons, would run some risk of being encroached upon should the Duke d'Angoulême take with him to the throne sentiments so unworthy of a true legitimate. Louis XVIII. was perfectly sincere in his belief of *divine right*; for this monarch, though learned, was incapable of reasoning. All that struck him in books or conversation was beauty of language or correctness of phrase. This was so well understood by his ministers that, after a little practice, their reports to him were nothing more than a cento of phrases selected from his writings or conversation; and whenever a minister succeeded in composing a report almost entirely with these coinages of the royal brain, Louis signed the accompanying ordonnance without reading it. Merit and talent were in his estimation almost indicative of Jacobinism; however, fortunately for France and himself, they are the most powerful recommendations in the eyes of the Duke d'Angoulême.

As already observed, to understand the distinctions existing between various branches of the noblesse is extremely difficult. For it is only since the last half of the last century, that the title of duke even con-

veyed any consideration, all the other titles were adopted at will; besides, as the French nobles take their titles from the names of their estates, the sons generally bear a name different from that of the father, so that it requires a considerable effort of memory to distinguish, amongst the hundred thousand nobles of France, the descendants of the 200 or 300 families, who took a part in the holy wars. The attainment of this genealogical knowledge, is not only beyond the reach of the Duke d'Angoulême; but is, in a great measure, held in contempt by him. This prince is well pleased that those about him should be noble; but it is very indifferent to him, whether their nobility be derived from an office of treasurer of France, purchased under Louis XV. or have descended from a captain of a hundred men at arms under Charles VIII. The dauphin loves to encourage merit; and when he can find this quality joined to noble birth, all the desired conditions are fulfilled in his opinion. But a quality, which surpasses, in his estimation, nobleness of birth, and also, unfortunately, merit, is devotion to the Catholic faith. The importance that he attaches to this point, may be judged of by the following fact: M. Franchet, the police minister, requires the booksellers of Paris to furnish him with a list of all the books they sell, and the names of the purchasers, and the man whose name shall appear in these lists opposite the works of Voltaire, the *Origine des Cultes* of Dupuis, and similar productions, may rest assured, that he is lost for ever in the good opinion of the Duke d'Angoulême. The extreme ignorance of this virtuous prince, arising from the wretched education given him, and the almost isolated state in which he had been kept by the absurd etiquette adopted by the Bourbon family, forced him to take his notions upon men and things from the conversation of his aides-de-camp, and of the principal officers of his household. Now it so unfortunately happened, that a collection of more complete *imbeciles* than those composing his household, until the Spanish war, it would be in vain to seek for even in the saloons of the Faubourg St. Germain. Such was the predominant influence of folly and ignorance in the persons composing this prince's establishment, before he took the command of the Spanish expedition, that the very few persons of any experience attached to him adopted the prudent resolution of saying nothing, or at least as little as possible. In those very moments, when the dynasty of the Bourbons was most seriously threatened, the only topics of general conversation in the saloons of the Tuileries were, the details of the last stag hunt, some edifying anecdotes drawn from the lives of the saints, or a discussion relative to the foundation of *St. Germain l'Auxerois*, or some other church in the neighbourhood of the palace. To have talked upon these occasions of the government of Louis XIV. or to have hazarded an anecdote of the ministers Louvois and Chamillard, or the marshal Villeroy, would have been considered a singular imprudence (unless in the saloon of Louis XVIII.), and might have brought upon the speaker the reputation of being a philosopher; the greatest misfortune that could possibly

happen to a courtier of the present family. Except in this last particular, the war of Spain has wrought an entire change, not only in the Duke d'Angoulême, but in his wife, and in his court.

This campaign may really be considered as this prince's first acquaintance with the world. It is certainly arriving rather late at 48 years of age to this species of knowledge. But such is the result of that *chef d'œuvre* of absurdity invented by the Jesuits, and which is called *Education*, when applied to a prince of the House of Bourbon. It is at the age of 48, that the excellent Duke d'Angoulême, the honestest man, probably, that enters the castle of the Tuileries, has met with difficulties which he was obliged to vanquish by his own efforts; in a word, it is his first step in *experience*. Now if there be any princes in Europe who have need of experience to keep them from falling, and probably perishing, most certainly the princes of the House of Bourbon are such. It is to the Spanish war, so fatal to that devoted country, so useful, we repeat it, to France, by having *commenced the education* of the dauphin, that the prince and his wife are indebted for the partial dispersion of those mists of absurdity and bigotry in which they have been wandering from their earliest infancy. In order to make Englishmen comprehend so singular a fact as this, it is necessary to state, that when a Bourbon grants an audience to any one, the person so honoured knows beforehand what he is to hear, and prepares his reply accordingly; to swerve from this protocol would be considered in France a breach of what are called *les convenances*, and be looked upon as ridiculous, even by the liberals. From this it results, that a Bourbon prince is condemned never to hear the accents of truth and sincerity,—never to know the charms or utility of real conversation. But, in Spain, the dauphin, having to struggle against various difficulties, and resist the Duke de Belluno, then Minister of War, who wished to direct his movements, chose for his favourite and adviser, General Guilleminot, the chief of his staff, a man of considerable adroitness, and who had served his apprenticeship as a courtier near the person of Eugene Beauharnois, at Milan, where this adopted son of Napoleon held a splendid and military court, in imitation of the great prototype at Paris. In intellect and positive knowledge Eugene Beauharnois was not very much superior to the Duke d'Angoulême; his greatest advantage over him was his being fully aware of the machinations of the priesthood. The prince had been scarcely 15 days with the army in Spain, and as soon as the favour enjoyed by General Guilleminot was known in Paris, when the ultras had recourse to one of those favourite measures, which they had already played off so successfully at Lyons, at Colmar, &c. They got up a pretended conspiracy, in order to destroy the Duke d'Angoulême's confidence in General Guilleminot and his officers. They did not dare to arrest the general himself; but they had his aide-de-camp arrested. This mock conspiracy was a thunder-bolt for the single-hearted and unsuspecting prince. He now for the first time in his life, and remark

that he is 48 years of age, was led to suppose the possibility of a priest or an ultra being a knave, and of a Jacobin, such as General Guilleminot, being a man of honour. As he advanced from the Bidassoa to Cadiz, there was scarcely a day's march that did not furnish additional proofs of the machinations of the priests and the ultras, the only two classes of persons in whom he had placed any confidence before the Spanish war. At Madrid, the ultras, in order to inspire him with indignation against the constitutionalists, resorted to the atrocious expedient of setting fire to the church in which he was accustomed to hear mass. And as if something more were yet wanting to open his eyes, the *gardes de corps* refused to obey his orders for marching, because it had been transmitted by the revolutionary general, Guilleminot. The Duke d'Angoulême, already profiting by even the short lesson of experience he had taken, resolved, that the insolent corps should neither do duty near his person, nor have the honour of fighting while in Spain. The ordonnance of Andujar, which astonished all Europe, would have been remarkable under any circumstance, as emanating from so timid a character; but it is more peculiarly deserving of attention, when it is recollected, that this ordonnance was really an excess of authority. Reason and humanity induced this prince to overstep the strict limits of his power. He would himself, before his Spanish campaign, have deemed such an assumption as the result of Jacobinism and philosophy.

The change produced by the result of the war in Spain upon the character of the future queen of France, the dauphiness, is still more remarkable. This princess, hitherto so haughty, so prejudiced, and, as it was said by some, so inclined to vengeance, has become a model of good sense and moderation. At a public dinner given in honour of her Royal Highness at Bordeaux, she remarked, that a certain officer, the son of a regicide, whose rank entitled him to be present, did not appear. She inquired of the prefect the reason of his absence; and on being told, that it was on account of his father having voted the death of the king, she immediately refused to sit down to dinner, until the officer in question had been sent for, and presented to her. This unheard of breach of etiquette in a princess of the royal blood waiting dinner for a subject, and moreover that subject not a noble, horrified Louis XVIII. The grand-daughter of Maria Theresa, and the daughter of Louis XVI. saturated with the unmeaning and hereditary flatteries of the noblesse, and sick to nausea of the eternal declamations upon the antiquity of her race by Chateaubriand, and other manufacturers of phrases, is now proud, and proud as a *parvenue*, of being the wife of a *celebrated general*. For this princess has succeeded in convincing herself, that there was really a *war* in Spain. She has even become so warlike in her taste, that she hesitates not to express openly her admiration for Napoleon, and fatigues her royal eyes in reading the admirable memoirs of Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr, upon the former campaign in

Catalonia. The dauphiness begins to think tedious, and even absurd, the high-bred prattle of the old court ladies, and has been more than once heard seriously asking, "What has the husband of such a duchess done?" At this philosophic, and almost Jacobinical question, the very foundations of the Tuileries seem to tremble, and the priests, who had so confidently hoped to govern Louis XIX. by means of his wife, turn pale. In a word, this princess has become reasonable; it is not to be expected, that she will ever become seductive; for owing to an obtuseness of feeling, and the total absence of the lighter graces of female intellect, her conversation is arid and unattractive; and this is the more particularly remarkable in an age, when an over-excited sentimentality is the reigning characteristic of conversation, at least in Paris, where may be seen pretenders to the pathetic, who are deeply engaged in the infamous slave-trade, indulging in all the luxury of sensibility over the sufferings of a dog that has had its leg broken.

However, the French have good reason to be satisfied with the change already apparent in the character of the dauphiness. The moderation remarkable in her sentiments at present, the desire to be humane and just, the decided inclination to acknowledge and recompense useful actions, in preference to the pretensions of high birth, are traits which were certainly not so strongly pronounced before the Spanish campaign. The dauphiness, hitherto so precise in her ideas, has even gone so far as to join with all Paris in laughing at the silliness of M. Sosthenes de la Rochefoucauld, aide-de-camp to the king, and *moral* and *religious* director of the Grand Opera. She has even become convinced of the dulness of the Duke Mathieu de Montmorency, notwithstanding the astonishing fervour of his devotion, which made him some time back profess a vow of continence, and separate from his wife. The time is not long passed, when the Duchess d'Angoulême would have looked upon such an action as a sublime effort of virtue; it is even said, that she has expressed her disapprobation of the late refusal (Nov. 1824) by a priest to perform the service of the church over the body of a M. Latrobe, at Troyes. This refusal was countenanced by M. de Boulogne, Bishop of Troyes, who, it is well known, has always in his palace a very pretty niece, and who is changed, from time to time, for another niece equally pretty, as nearly related to her episcopal uncle. In the remarks attributed to the Duchess d'Angoulême upon the above occasion, it is said, she made a very adroit allusion to the circumstance just mentioned.

We fear we have dwelt too long upon the characters of the future Louis XIX. and his queen. But in a despotic country like France, and with a budget of a thousand millions at his disposal, the personal character of the sovereign must most materially influence the tone of the government. The two chambers have been established in France only 10 years, and yet already is the Chamber of Deputies bought and sold. Such an assembly, thus devoted, is one of the surest

supports of absolute power. It is cheating the people with a show of freedom ; for the voting of taxes by those very persons who are to share in their produce, though such a mockery satisfies, in some measure, the simple and short-sighted part of the community, at the same time furnishes the wily and the rapacious with a *pretexte honnête* for selling themselves.

We shall not dwell long upon the characters of the present ministers, who are liable to be changed every moment. M. de Villèle will descend to posterity as the Walpole of France. It is he who has set up a regular tariff for the consciences of Frenchmen. He is a very adroit personage, though naturally of a blunt and unamiable disposition. He seeks to make no converts by his conversation, for two good reasons ; the first, that nature has denied him the qualities necessary to captivate the hearts of Frenchmen ; and secondly, he takes a shorter cut to their conviction ; his arguments are directed only pocket high. After being a Jacobin in 1793, M. de Villèle went to the Isle of France, in the capacity of midshipman. He there married a lady, whose grandmother had been a slave from Madagascar (Madame de Bassin). We afterwards find M. de Villèle Mayor of Toulouse under Napoleon ; the functions of which dignity, it is but justice to state, he filled to the general satisfaction. It was there that his financial talents, which he certainly possesses in a very eminent degree, were first revealed. Of these talents, the best proof is the present prosperous state of the French finances ; though such is the want of order in certain quarters, that the supplies granted for the civil list are exhausted every year, by the month of August. Besides providing for these deficiencies, M. de Villèle has had to pay, for the last two or three years, immense sums to Madame du Cayla, on whom, a short time previous to his death, Louis XVIII. wished to settle an income of 500,000 francs. M. de Villèle is understood to have amassed a fortune amounting to several millions, by what means it is easier to conjecture, than safe to say ; but, that the source whence he drew them was an abundant one, would appear from his having allowed, as it is said, Madame du Cayla, and M. Sosthenes de la Rochefoucauld, the fortunate rival of Louis XVIII. in his lady's affections, to draw from the same mine. If it be true, as reported, that the Minister of Finance, and the most famous of European bankers, are no longer upon terms, the latter might, if he wished, give some curious information, relative to this *El Dorado*. What may be considered disgraceful to the French character is, that Madame du Cayla is looked up to with respect as a devotee, and that M. de Villèle on quitting the ministry (provided he does so with several millions in his pocket) will not incur public reprobation.

The other ministers are little better than the head clerks of the president of the council. M. de Corbière, who is a Breton, is a man of narrow views, but of considerable firmness, and even obstinacy of character. M. de Peyronnet, predecessor of M. Sosthenes de la Roche-

foucauld in the heart of Madame du Cayla, has all the petulance and presumption of a *parvenu*. M. de Damas may be said to scandalize his colleagues, by his unblemished probity. M. de Chateaubriand, who thought to play the same *golden* game as M. de Villèle, had too much poetry in his head to make a good financier, and succeeded only in ruining himself, and the husbands of his mistresses. These strange doings, however, do not prevent him from being considered the chief of the devout party in France, where, but in too many respects, there is a rapid return towards the usages in vogue under Louis XIV.; influence of confessors, mistresses, and persecution of heretics. The manners of the present time, however, being less ferocious, the heretics of the day, who are the men of letters, are not sent to the stake, but only to St. Pelagie, or the prison of Poissy, where they are placed in the same apartment with the refuse of society, the galley convicts, not only morally, but physically repulsive from filth and disease. For a proof of this, see a book entitled, *Histoire de ma Translation, par M. Magellon*.

Each prefect takes his tone from the minister. One half of these departmental sovereigns are lay Jesuits (*Jesuits de robe courte*), like Messrs. Mathieu de Montmorency and Franchet. The other half know and dread, like M. de Villèle, the power of the Jesuits, and, in order to keep their places, show themselves but too willing to second, or at least connive at, the furtherance of their most unjust and dangerous projects.

The priests, from one end of France to the other, consider themselves independent of the civil authorities, and not only disregard the laws when it is their fancy or their interest to do so, but even brave the king's ministers. For an example of this, it is only necessary to refer to the letter of the Cardinal, Archbishop of Toulouse (inserted in the French papers), in which he boasts of not having deigned even to reply to the repeated orders of the Minister of the Interior, relative to the reading in the ecclesiastical seminaries the propositions adopted by the clergy of France in 1682. Even the foulest crimes, committed by clergymen, seem to carry impunity with them. Witness the case of the curate, Mongrat, of St. Quentin, (department of the Isere) who having failed in seducing one of his parishioners, a young and handsome married woman, inveigled her into his apartment, under pretence of hearing her confession, and then, after violating her, cut her body in pieces and threw it into the Isere. This man might have been arrested, but justice on this occasion was slow; he escaped into the territories of the King of Sardinia. This monarch, who had immediately delivered over to the French authorities Didier, accused of conspiracy, would of course not have refused doing the same by the wretch Mongrat, but it is known that a certain illustrious female at Paris requested the Minister of the Interior not to demand his being given up.

However, some recent circumstances have tended to open the eyes of

some members of the royal family upon the presumption of the priesthood. The insolent refusal of the clergy of Paris to form part of the magnificent procession which accompanied the body of Louis XVIII. to St. Denis, because they wished that the royal remains should have been first carried to the church of *Notre Dame*, as was the case on the death of Henry IV. gave rise to an observation very generally assented to even at court, that if Louis XVIII. had not had the weakness to allow the priests to usurp a part of the royal authority, they would not have dared to refuse appearing at his funeral. Since 1815, the clergy and the noblesse, guided in common by the Cardinal de la Luzerne, the Abbé Duke de Montesquieu, Messrs. de Chateaubriand, de Villèle, de Vitrolles, &c., have been conspiring to destroy the constitutional system still but in its infancy, and to get possession of all the vantage grounds of power by means and for the benefit of the occult government * and afterwards to re-establish the *ancien régime*, for this is the only word to which the hearts of the nobles and the clergy beat truly in response. The resuscitation of the *ancien régime* is for them a return to youth and happiness. However, as they neared the goal of their wishes, some of the most enlightened amongst them became startled by the warnings of that Nestor of diplomacy and political delinquency, the Prince Talleyrand. This skilful statesman, who for the last 30 years has evinced such a political second-sight in foreseeing the coming destinies of France, has demonstrated to the ultras in various memoirs, that it is impossible to restore the *ancien régime*; for the people will never consent, unless cajoled by the vote of the two Chambers, to pay a thousand millions of francs in taxes, with that un murmuring exactitude that marks the payment of their present contributions. "To succeed in such a project," M. Talleyrand has said, "you must place all the printing presses in the hands of government, and, in a word, the king must be the only printer in the kingdom."

This observation revealed to M. de Chateaubriand his position. This man of talent, in becoming after his first work a convert to the orthodoxy of power, has gained by his pen a peerage, embassies, a place in the ministry, the *cordons bleus* of France and Russia, and a revenue of 150,000 francs during some years. But M. de Chateaubriand now perceives that his fate is similar to that of those able generals who, during a time of war, are honoured, flattered, and rewarded, but in a dull piping time of peace, are thrown by as useless. If no more republican pamphlets issue from the press, if legitimacy have no longer any enemies to combat, then M. Chateaubriand's "occupation's gone." Such during the last year has been the position of this arch-hypocrite and clever arranger of sonorous phrases. After the war in Spain, the acquisition of a devoted army to the Bourbons, and the lost battle of the elections,

* Denounced by M. Madier de Nismes. See his *brochure*, in which he has advanced nothing but what is strictly true.

the cause of the country was despaired of, and no one any longer thought of either writing or reading liberal pamphlets. The game being over, advice was of no utility. M. de Pradt was silent. Benjamin Constant wrote religious sentimentality, M. Courièr was afraid, and M. Etienne, who owes his celebrity to the *Nain Jaune*, trembled for the fate of the *Constitutionnel*, which brings him in 80,000 francs a year. From the moment that the liberal party thus sunk into silence and stupor, M. Chateaubriand became useless with all his value, and was turned out of the ministry with as little ceremony as is used in discharging a temporary lackey. It was in vain that he wrote pamphlet upon pamphlet; the first was read, the second a little talked of, but the third passed *incognito* from the press to oblivion. Stung with rage and disappointment, he raised the standard of revolt against the clergy, who can only prosper by paralyzing the press, their direct enemy.

This was the first cause of division between the clergy and the noblesse. The division first showed itself between the chiefs of both parties, and then the journals, which exercise a most extensive influence in France, took up the war-cry. A second incentive to the discord that is beginning to blaze between the priests and the noblesse is, that the latter may be said to have gained their cause, they have got possession of the prefectures, the colonelcies, and all the Chamber of Peers belongs to them, and the majority of the Chamber of Deputies. Though they do not preside in the tribunals, because they are incapacitated by their ignorance and hatred of a serious occupation, yet there are few provincial courts that do not incline with deference to their wishes. Though it cannot be said that the present French judges are actually accessible to pecuniary bribes, yet, unfortunately, it may be affirmed that they are but too amenable to the influence of the clergy and the noblesse. There are, no doubt, to be found in each *Cour Royale* some men of probity and independence, but these are noted down by M. Peyronnet, the present worthy Minister of Justice, as rank Jacobins. This impartial distributor of legal honours seems to have resolved to give the place of president or *procureur general* to no one who has not, by some striking act of servility, as M. Mangin de Saumur (in the affair of General Berton), given a pledge of utter subserviency to government.

Though the nobles do not hold the reins of power, they being both too ignorant and indolent, yet they may be said to possess the exercise of power, as its execution is almost exclusively (with the exception of the tribunals) in their hands. They have also all that portion of it which gives eclat, and ministers to their pride and vanity, such as the great offices of state; and M. de Villèle, in choosing his under ministers, thought it prudent to have one at least amongst them bearing a distinguished name (M. Clermont de Tonnere, Minister of Marine); and, indeed, it is well known that he would have given the six departments of the ministry, particularly that of the Keeper of the Seals and Minister of Justice, to possessors of ancient titles, but that he could not find

amongst the bearers of these illustrious names sufficient capacity or activity for the offices in question. It thus appears that if the noblesse are not at the helm of affairs, it is because they are satisfied with state honours, and too lazy to qualify themselves for its labours.

The clergy are far from occupying so favoured a position as the noblesse have attained. The latter have every thing, or at least all that they wish for; the former have nothing. The clergy receive a certain salary from the state. But the Minister of Finance might, upon the breaking out of a new war, or upon any other occasion of financial embarrassment, write to all the bishops, stating that there was a deficiency of funds in the treasury, and that their salaries must in consequence be reduced to 8 or 10,000 francs a year. It would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the satisfaction which such a circular from the Minister of Finance would give to the majority of Frenchmen. It is this precariousness of position that urges the clergy to make such daring attempts at regaining something of their former independence; they must, in fact, either conquer or perish. Besides the necessity which urges them, they are also moved by a sentiment of pride. It is with a sense of the most stinging humiliation that the French bishops see themselves *salaried* by the state; they, the successors of those haughty and ambitious prelates who only after due deliberation consented to pay voluntary contributions (*dons gratuits*) to even Louis XIV. to be thus obliged to depend for support upon a salary, and which salary is subject to the caprice of a Chamber of Deputies, where in the annual discussion on the budget, any member may rise up and propose a diminution in the sum set apart for the support of the priesthood. But how are they to escape from this precarious and humiliating position? By acquiring real property. "But," says M. de Villèle, "how are you to get possession of this landed property?" "Give us," reply the clergy, "the *état civil*, and take no notice of our refusal of funeral rites, and by means of *confession alone*, in twenty years, we shall be as rich as we were before the revolution: by terrifying the consciences of the dying possessors of church property we shall make them restore their ill-gotten wealth." This is the vantage ground the clergy are straining every nerve to attain.

To understand the present state of France, it is necessary to comprehend the great importance of this vantage-ground. Under the existing laws of France, it is the mayors of the *communes*, the great majority of whom are noble (note this point, it is an important one), who are entrusted with what is called *l'état civil*, that is to say, it is they who take legal cognizance of the birth of every child, who deliver burial certificates (*extraits mortuaires*), and give validity to the marriage contract. This contract must first be entered into before the mayor, after which the married couple may either go or not, as it pleases them, to the church to have the religious ceremony performed. During the revolution, numbers, particularly amongst the peasantry, neglected this

latter ceremony. They ceased to look upon marriage as a sacrament. Should the clergy obtain the *état civil*, then the religious ceremony of marriage must precede the contract at the municipality, which will be virtually transferring the function of the mayors into the hands of the priests. Then the clergy will have the power, as they have already the will, to refuse Christian burial to all those who may die possessed of national or church property. The sources of wealth opened to them by this means are incalculable, for there are no sacrifices almost that the peasantry will not be brought to consent to, rather than that their bodies should be kept out of consecrated ground.

The clergy, who have all the imprudence of fanaticism, will, when possessed of this powerful engine (the *état civil*), either extort from the people these sacrifices or else drive them to a state of desperation that may lead to a second overturning of the Bourbons. The danger is real, and so much the more so as all the young priests are as ignorant as they are fanatic. The clerical profession is so despised in France that none of the children of the middling classes are brought up to the priesthood. A few young men of family, such as the Duke de Rohan, M. de Forbin, &c. take orders, because they know that in a few years they shall be nominated to bishoprics; but since 1815 the ranks of the clergy have been almost solely filled up by the sons of peasants. These young boors are well pleased to be supported gratuitously in the *seminaries* instead of working in the fields. But vain have been all the pains taken by the leaders of the clergy (Messrs. de la Luzerne, de la Mennais, &c.) to give some tincture of information, some polish, and decency of deportment to these peasant-priests. The only acquirement they seem to have made, is that of a *blind and burning fanaticism*. The Bourbons, or at least their ministers, see all the danger of placing in such hands an instrument of such immense power as the *état civil*. "Your lower clergy," says M. de Villèle to the devout party, "are too ignorant and too fanatical to permit me to place in their hands so dangerous a weapon as that of the *état civil*." To this the devout party reply, "Let us establish openly the Jesuits, and we will recruit their ranks from the middling classes of society,—that class from whence sprung all the energy of the revolution, and the victories of her armies; for all the non-commissioned officers of that period were the sons of respectable parents. Let us make Jesuits from this class." "Your remedy is too dangerous," observes M. de Villèle; "If I should give up to your experiment the middling class, which furnishes the nation with its chief force and talent, what would remain to the civil government? The Bourbons of France would soon become, what the doges of Venice were; in ten years the Jesuits would be the real Kings of France. No, I shall not re-establish the Jesuits; find out some means of rendering less ignorant, and above all, less fanatical, your country curates, and I shall entrust them with the *état civil*."

Such is the struggle at present between the ministry and the devout

party, the result of which must decide the future destinies of the kingdom. All the probabilities are in favour of the clergy and the Jesuits.

But what will become of France, a country in which there is no genuine religious feeling, when it shall be governed by Jesuits in the name of religion? The Alarmists say, there will be a civil war, and the great majority of the population will turn Protestant. M. de Villèle, who foresees with great alarm the state of general confusion likely to result from entrusting the clergy with the *état civil*, is endeavouring to urge the country mayors to oppose the pretensions of the clergy. These functionaries, who, as we before stated, are in general of noble extraction, have become attached to their municipal prerogatives and white scarfs, which serve to distinguish them from their neighbours, and enable them to exercise something like that *feudal power* which the revolution deprived them of.

We may appear to have dwelt too long upon these matters, but it would have been impossible to convey an accurate idea of the actual state of France without first laying before the reader the reasons which may urge the clergy to commence a combat, in which they must either vanquish or perish; and also the reasons why, to secure success, they must obtain possession of the *état civil*.

The refusal to perform the funeral service over the body of M. Latrobe, at Troyes, 40 leagues from Paris, in November last, was an act of premature imprudence on the part of the fanatical bishop M. de Boulogne, the same who has been stigmatized by Madame de Staël, in her *Considerations sur la Revolution Française*; but it may serve as an example and a proof of the truth of what we have been stating. The prospect of the troubles likely to result from the efforts to extort the restoration of church property, sold during the revolution, would be less gloomy, if there existed in France any real religious feeling, or disinterested belief; if the inferior clergy had any thing like a sensible education; and if the Jesuits were less Machiavelian and unprincipled.

Paris may be said to be now, more than ever, the heart of France. Thither tend all those Frenchmen whose pursuit is either instruction, wealth, or pleasure. To all but the class of artizans, small shopkeepers, and peasants, a provincial life appears full of *ennui*. This feeling has been on the increase for the last twenty years amongst all those who possess a competence. The women, from their more sedentary habits, are particularly affected by this *tædium*. In the South and West of France the Jesuits, with their usual skill, have taken advantage of this circumstance. They have got up religious ceremonies for the amusement of the women; they have revived the magnificent processions of the Catholic church; the preparations for which occupy their imaginations before hand, and the solemnity furnishes conversation for weeks afterwards. In the confessional the Jesuits show great indulgence towards female *peccadilloes*, the most reprehensible of which result from those daily meetings of the two sexes in church, which afford such facilities

to the intriguing and inflammable natures of the women of the South. The abbé Fayet, a very keen-sighted person, has established female clubs in some of the Southern provinces. The same abbé Fayet, who is an excellent preacher, and one of the leaders of the clergy, acquired great celebrity at the court of Napoleon, by a written declaration of love that he made to the Princess of Wagram, who is of the royal blood of Bavaria, but whose want of external advantages might have secured her from such a proposition. The Jesuits are triumphant in the South of France; from Marseilles to Bayonne, and from Bayonne to Nantes and Orleans, the number of women not devoted to their interests is very few indeed. Toulouse may be said to be the head-quarters of their power; and such has been its influence, that it is not an unfrequent occurrence in that town to hear persons, otherwise not deficient in good sense, justify the death of Calas, and term the massacre of St. Bartholomew a salutary rigour. In the *Etoile*, a journal belonging to the Jesuits, and edited by M. Genoude, one of their *âmes damnées*, there was, a short time back, (Nov. 30th) an article in defence of the assassinations in Spain. One of the expressions contained in this article was *que les immolations n'étaient pas des assassinats*. This atrocious maxim has had the most astonishing success at Toulouse, where a few years since General Ramel was assassinated. But if the Jesuits reign triumphant in the South of France, they are execrated in the East and North. At Lisle, Metz, Strasbourg, Colmar, Besançon, Bourg, and Grenoble, their machinations are looked upon with horror. The people of Alsace entertain such a hatred of them, particularly since the pretended conspiracy of Colmar (one of the most unprincipled acts of turpitude on record), supposed to be of their forming, that they would scarcely hesitate to re-act the *Sicilian Vespers* against them. It then appears, that the party who wish to establish theocratic government in France, have the South along with them, but the North against them.

The two chief places where the Jesuits hold their meetings, are at Montrouge, a little hamlet near Paris, and at St. Acheul, near Amiens. They purchase land every year to the amount of 2,000,000 of francs; whence the funds come, is as yet a secret. The purchases are made in the name of a layman; so that if the government even wished, they could not seize this property. The Jesuits have also established little seminaries in several of the departments, where they educate almost gratuitously a certain number of chosen pupils. This important measure has been executed by M. de la Mennais, brother to the celebrated abbé de la Mennais, author of a work entitled *de l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion*. The Noblesse of Lyons, which dates no further back than a hundred years, being sprung from persons who made their fortunes by trade, is despised by the military Noblesse, and has embraced the cause of the Jesuits with all the zeal of a *parvenu* desirous of increasing his consideration. It is these Lyonese nobles who furnish the Jesuits with

funds for the support of the little seminaries in the twenty neighbouring departments.

These facts are well known in France, but nobody dares to publish them. The Count de Santo Domingo has lately been condemned to a long imprisonment for having revealed the present organization of the Jesuits. According to his statement, M. Fortis, General of the Jesuits at Rome, aided by a committee of eight Cardinals, directs the measures of the Jesuits in France. The celebrated Abbé de la Mennais, who will be shortly a Cardinal, is the chief of General Fortis's staff. He is at this moment at Rome. His departure from Paris furnished a subject of mirth to the higher circles for some time, for the Abbé could not conceal the grief with which he yielded to the voice of duty, that called him so far away from his mistress, the pretty and celebrated Madame C****. The Abbé Duke de Rohan is also an agent of the Jesuits at Rome; but from his want of capacity his rôle is confined to merely watching the motions of the Duke de Laval, the minister of M. de Villèle. M. de Villèle, though detesting the Jesuits, yet yields step by step to them. He sees that they will one day drive him from power; but like the Duke Decazes, he endeavours to defer that day to as distant a period as possible, by subserviency and concession to them. M. de Villèle has neglected to make an auxiliary of Leo XII. This Pope, now an *ultra* and a fanatic, was in his youth a man of intellect and pleasure, nay of libertinism. As there is no place where the Jesuits are more cordially hated than at Rome, M. de Villèle might have made use of the powerful assistance of the Dominicans, who possess great influence at the papal court. But to accomplish this, he should have had an ambassador who was both anti-jesuitical and sincerely devoted to his interests. But the Duke de Laval is far from being such a man, and is besides under the surveillance of the Abbé Duke de Rohan. There is also at Rome Madame Recamier, a lady celebrated some twenty years ago for her beauty, who has 25,000 francs a year for watching both the Duke de Laval and de Rohan. The result of this oversight of M. de Villèle is, that the Jesuits are already too powerful for him; they insult him and his prefects. These latter, dreading to lose their places, throw no obstacles in the way of these holy fathers.

It is only since the accession of Charles X. to the throne that the Jesuits avow openly that they are Jesuits: under the existing laws such an avowal renders them liable to certain pains and penalties. The fear that the Minister, seeing his ruin approach, might, from an effort of despair, put the laws in execution against them, has been the cause that the point of communication between the Jesuits of Rome and those of France is established in the convent of *Briguè* at the foot of the Simplon in the Vallais. It is now the general opinion that M. de Villèle's subserviency is nearly exhausted, and that the last step of his retrograde movement before the invading army of the Jesuits will be the *Etat Civil*,

which they now consider themselves strong enough to insist upon, but which it is said the Minister will have the courage to refuse.

To finish this sketch of the actual state of parties and passions in France, we must say a few words upon the great financial question, the indemnity to the emigrés, which will form one of the principal subjects of discussion in the session of 1825. The chief noblemen and favourites (such as the Dukes de Fitzjames, de Grammont, de Montmorency, Messrs. de Latil, de Bruges, and de Vitrolles), by whom Charles X. is surrounded, are inimical to M. de Villèle. This Minister's maintenance in power is owing solely to the persuasion which the King has, that he is the only man in France who possesses sufficient financial talent to accomplish so arduous and important a measure as the indemnity to the emigrés. M. Franchet, prefect of police, he who has earned a name for himself in the annals of French gallantry by persecuting three defenceless ladies (Lady Oxford, Mrs. Hutchinson, and the Countess de Bourke), and who has lately caused Professor Cousin to be arrested at Dresden, is a staunch Jesuit and a sworn enemy to M. de Villèle. This he has shown by endeavouring to counteract the conciliatory measures by which M. de Villèle sought to render popular the commencement of the reign of Charles X. M. de Villèle has no personal wish to give an indemnity to the emigrés; he brings forward that measure solely because it is necessary to maintain him in power. The ultra party, whom upon this occasion the Jesuits have left to the guidance of their own stupidity, a stupidity that exceeds all belief, are so totally incapable of any financial combination, that M. de Villèle is not without a hope, that the absurdity of their amendments will prevent the measure from passing in the session of 1825, and defer it for another year. The Jesuits are jealous of the emigrés on account of this indemnity, for they had hoped that that of the clergy would have accompanied it, or at least that the 900 millions proposed to be granted would have been equally divided between the lay and clerical claimants. The ultra party, thus abandoned by the Jesuits, or but luke-warmly served by them, have no other resource than to entrust the conduct of their cause to the old and wily Talleyrand, who, notwithstanding his seventy summers, has still the soundest head in France. But the actual chiefs of this party feel so sensibly their own insufficiency in presence of the genius of Talleyrand that they have, under the ridiculous pretext of his being one of the most unprincipled men in France, refused to give him the direction of their affairs.

Besides this want of capacity in the ultra party, there is also a want of unanimity. They are split into three principal divisions. The most heedless and foolish division wish that the sum to be granted may be employed in purchasing from the present possessors (for the most part peasants), the lands formerly belonging to the emigrés, so that they may re-enter upon their hereditary possessions. M. de Villèle encourages under-hand these measures, hoping that their foolish propositions may frighten Charles X. and shock the good sense of the dauphin, and thus

defer the passing of the law to the session of 1826, in which case he (Villèle) will keep firm in his place for another year. The second division following their different degrees of folly, insist that the emigrés should receive double the price for which their lands were sold, inasmuch as these lands are now, from the improvements in agriculture, &c. worth double what they were in 1794. The third division consists of the old court noblesse, a great number of whom were the companions in debauch of the Count d'Artois. This division is guided by M. de Chateaubriand; their wish is that the whole amount of the debts of the emigrés should be first deducted from the indemnity, after which the remainder to be distributed proportionably to the losses of each individual. This arrangement would be highly disadvantageous to the little provincial noblesse, whose debts are immeasurably less than those of the extravagant nobles of the court. Besides these divisions, there are still other minor shades of difference between the emigrés; but these we shall not stop to describe, trusting that we have already succeeded in conveying to the reader an accurate idea of the two great interests or passions that will animate the speakers in the session of 1825.

We trust also that we have not failed in exhibiting the character of the man who has the reins of power at present in his hands, M. de Villèle, who is a person of little conscience, but great finesse and flexibility; very prudent and cautious in his measures, unless when to please his master he finds it necessary to put his name to some absurd ordonnance. In a word, the only object of M. de Villèle is to keep in place. With this view he will endeavour to carry through the indemnity, in like manner as he undertook the war with Spain though it was against his judgment, for he thought the experiment a hazardous one for the Bourbons, not supposing the army would have been so easily won over.

The chiefs of the emigrés, the Montmorencys, the Talarus, &c., are altogether devoid of capacity, so that unless they put themselves under the guidance of the most skilful knave in Europe, Talleyrand, they will but blunder on from folly to folly.

The chiefs of the Jesuitical party are, on the contrary, amongst the cleverest men in France; the Abbé de la Mennais; M. de Latil, the Confessor of Charles X., and who was the intimate friend of all his mistresses; the Abbé Ronsin, superior of the convent of Montrouge, and chief of the Jesuits at Paris; Messrs. Fayet, Forbin, &c., have more talent and real knowledge of France, than any equal number of Frenchmen. This party must either conquer or perish; for if, before ten years, they cannot get into their hands the education of the French youth, and acquire a full control over the French press, France will become a Protestant country, or at least adopt a *reformation called for by the spirit of the age*. Indeed, the first germs of this reformation are visible to the keen-sighted in the sentiments of the society *de la Morale Chretienne*, which has been attacked with such fury by the *Etoile*, a journal belonging to the Jesuits. This society, *de la Morale Chretienne*, has for its chief

supporters, the liberal Peers, the Duke de Broglie and Boissy d'Anglas (a protestant), and Messrs. de Saint Aulaire, de Staël, and other enlightened individuals of rank. The Duchess de Broglie (daughter of Madame de Staël) has written a homily in favour of this society, which may acquire an historical importance, if the chair of St. Peter should continue to be long filled by so narrow-minded and imprudent a fanatic as Leo XII. What is most to be dreaded in any attempt at reformation in France is, the effect of that total indifference with regard to religion entertained by all those who are less than forty years of age, and have more than 6,000 francs a year. Nothing is more frequent than to hear persons of the better classes of society say at table, and with that heedlessness so inherent in the French character, "it is necessary to go to church on a Sunday, as an example to the children and servants;" and remark, that this avowal is made in the hearing of those very children and servants.

It may not be uninteresting to give some idea of the characters of those persons who for the last twelve years have most enjoyed the confidence of Charles X. M. de Vitrolles is a *roué* who plays the same part near the King as did *Chanderlos de Laclos* (author of the *Liaisons Dangereuses*); near the Duke of Orleans (*Egalité*). M. de Latil, the King's Confessor, is as profound as he is unprincipled; his political talents are of the first order, but unless he should be bribed by a present share of power, a place in the ministry, he would prefer giving the weight of these talents to the Jesuitical party, rather than to that of the Noblesse. M. de Bruges is of a daring and obstinate character; he was a General in the Prussian service, during the emigration. He is a sort of Ajax about the King. At the present moment, however, there is some coolness between Charles X. and him. The Duke de Fitzjames is rather a reasonable person upon most points, except that of birth, upon which subject he entertains all the prejudices of his ancestors, the Stuarts. He has no inconsiderable portion of intellect, but is devoid of patience, and too much addicted to gallantry and the bottle to permit him to take an active or prominent part in politics. He has been guilty of one great imprudence, that of turning into ridicule the society of *the sacred heart of Jesus*. This is a species of jugglery with which the Jesuits excite the imagination of the women in the provinces. The image before which they are called to prostrate themselves is of the most repulsive nature. It is the figure of a man with the breast cloven, and exhibiting a bleeding heart. There is no public execution in Europe at present, that offers so hideous and revolting a spectacle as this; its parallel can only be found amongst some of the horrible superstitions of India, and yet the women are enraptured with it. There is something romantic and touching in the word *heart*, which immediately inflames their imaginations. It is in presence of this bloody and frightful picture, that most of the young girls of high rank are now brought up, in an institution near the Hotel des Invalides, founded by

the Duchess de Grammont. The Duke de Fitzjames, in alluding to this circumstance, indulged in some pleasantries, but was soon made sensible of his error by the vengeance of the Jesuits, who discovered and made public the name of the man of letters who was paid by the Duke to write the speeches which he delivered in the Chamber of Peers.

Let us now take a rapid view of the perfect nullity of opinion, to which M. de Villèle has continued to reduce, within the last three years, all the public functionaries, and other persons in the employ of government. All the prefects and sub-prefects, the inspectors, collectors, officers, and clerks of the customs and excise, all the chiefs and *employés* of the administration of the domains and forests, all the receivers general and particular, of taxes, together with their subalterns, down to the lowest grade, are reduced to the same state of passive obedience as the military. A prefect of a department, as well as the poor clerk at 1,200 francs a year salary, who refuses to vote as the Minister wills, or who takes in the *Constitutionnel*, or the *Courier Français* (this last the only sincerely liberal journal in France), is dismissed without any ceremony. It often happens, that a prefect, to prove his zeal in the cause of the Minister, seizes upon these two journals (the *Constitutionnel* and *Courier*), *in transitu*, and prevents them from ever reaching the subscribers.

Great numbers of Frenchmen of mature age, who entertained sober and reasonable patriotic sentiments as long as they saw any chance of a real constitutional government with two independent chambers being established in their country, have now resigned these sentiments as chimerical, and only seek for an opportunity to sell themselves. Those amongst them who have most forecast treat with the Jesuits; the most needy succumb to M. de Villèle. The Minister, in order to find place for these recruits, has allowed 8,000 persons, who have been in the service of government for 30 years, to retire on pensions. This measure has a two-fold advantage. He makes a parade of economy, by suppressing 4,000 of these places, while, at the same time, he has 4,000 new places with which to reward his proselytes. No one, of course, will be unreasonable enough to allude to the additional expense of the 8,000 retiring pensions. M. de Villèle, it is said, does not despair of bringing to reason even the most staunch of liberal deputies. M. Lafitte surrendered last year. Messrs. C. Perrier and Delessert look with a longing eye, it is thought, towards the peerage. General Foy and Benjamin Constant are very poor, and at Paris, the worst of plague-spots is that of poverty; it soon makes a solitude around you. M. Royer Collard, the most powerful and closest reasoner of the *centre gauche*, would not, it is supposed, refuse a good place.

To conclude the sketch of the liberal party, sold, or to be sold, there remain a few words to be said upon the *Constitutionnel*, which, with its 20,000 subscribers, forms a kind of power in the state. Messrs. Etienne, deputy, Jouy and Jay, principal proprietors and editors, are thought to display some symptoms of yielding to the all-pervading influence of the

Minister. It is not probable that they will altogether range themselves under his banner, as the gross receipts of their journal being 1,400,000 francs a year, the sacrifice necessary on his part would be too enormous. But it has been remarked for some time back, that the attacks made by this journal upon M. de Villèle are far from being as direct and bitter as the circumstances would have warranted. This same species of *ménagement* for the Minister has also been observable in the speeches of M. Benjamin Constant. The only dangerous adversaries then that M. de Villèle has to fear are the headlong and furious members of the *côté droit*, Messrs. *de la Bourdonnaye*, *Delalot*, and others, who were formerly his friends. However, these individuals are far from possessing the powerful eloquence of General Foy, the deeply-wounding sarcasms of Benjamin Constant, the keen and polished pleasantries of M. Chauvelin, or the irresistible reasoning powers of Messrs. Royer Collard, Daunou, and Koecklin; these two last-mentioned persons are the most incorruptible men in France.

To conclude this rather long account of the present state of France, some mention must be made of the people. All the peasants, little country shop-keepers, and *aubergistes*, enjoy a state of great prosperity. For them the cause of the revolution has been gained since 1810. Since the assignats have been replaced by coined money, this immense majority of the French nation have gradually increased their comforts, and are now perfectly at ease, and without any inquietude. They look upon the Bourbons *comme un inconvénient, mais comme un inconvénient peu embarrassant*. They dislike the nobles a little, but it is the priests only whom they really hate. Numbers of this class, who are well lodged, fed, and clothed, frequently work only five days in the week; so prosperous is the state in which they find themselves, particularly in the East and North of the kingdom. From Rennes to Rouen, from Rouen to Amiens, and from Lisle to Metz, at Strasbourg, Besançon, Dijon, Lyons, and Grenoble, they are on a par, in point of comfort and civilization, with the peasantry of Scotland and Belgium. The peasantry of the South, towards Toulouse, Bordeaux, Rochelle, Nantes, &c. are much less happy and less civilized. The revolution has but very slightly modified them. The curates, who are much more fanatic in those parts of the kingdom, have retained too much influence. The geographical centre of France, represented by the town of Bourges, is proverbially celebrated for the stupidity of its inhabitants. The country from Moulins to Bordeaux may be considered the *Bœotia* of France.

If from the peasants we ascend to the manufacturers and tradesmen of every kind, we shall find the great majority of them prosperous and happy. From the great population of France being accustomed to be well clothed, lodged, and fed, the internal commerce of the country is in the most flourishing condition, and enriches all those engaged in it. The class of these traders and manufacturers who gain 20,000 francs a year and put by 10,000, also look upon the Bourbons, and particularly

upon M. de Villèle, as *un inconvenient*. This class has for a long time worn the order of the *Lys*, as a kind of defence against the petty persecutions of the sub-prefect and mayor; a species of dwarf tyrants, not a little formidable to the inhabitants of the province. The chief ambition of this class at present is, to get the order of the Legion of Honour, and to be on good terms with the directors of the *Little Seminaries*, and the *society of the sacred heart of Jesus*. These two last objects once attained, the sub-prefect and the mayor are more inclined to fear than persecute them. All the generals and officers on half-pay, who live retired in the provinces, are eager enough to vote for M. de Villèle's candidates, in order to shelter themselves from the *tracasseries* of the curâtes. The French military and clergy abhor each other. They are, in fact, the members of two rival bodies, who only agree in one point, that of esteeming only themselves, and maltreating all the rest of their fellow-citizens; each would wish to become an *imperium in imperio*.

It is the middling class of persons, who follow no profession or trade, but live in the provinces upon a competence of from 6 to 10,000 francs a year, that furnishes the youth that fill the schools and colleges in Paris, and who form the greatest stumbling block in the way of the Bourbons, of Messrs. de la Mennais, Ronsin, and even of M. de Villèle. This class of *liberal* young men, whose minds are imbued with the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau, and the political pamphlets of Benjamin Constant, despise equally M. Latil and the French clergy, M. Etienne, Jay, and the *Constitutionnel*, which is said to be on the turn. The idol of these young men is General Lafayette, the only great character of the revolution that remains unbought. The 8,000 richest individuals of this class come to Paris to study law and medicine; after a sojourn of four or five years, they return to their respective provinces; the young physicians all deists, and filled with a hearty contempt for the priests; the young advocates, *avoués*, and notaries, inspired with a hatred of absolute monarchy, and dreaming of the King of France being reduced to the dimensions of a President of the United States of America. Experience, however, soon divests them of the Utopian part of their opinions, so improbable in an old monarchy like France, where every one is willing to barter himself, if not precisely for money, at least for a cross or a ribbon. But as long as the press can be preserved from falling under the paralyzing control of the Jesuits, the education of the French youth, which was excellent from 1794 to 1802; debasing under M. de Fontanes and Napoleon, from 1802 to 1814; reasonable and philosophical, in despite of the professors, from 1814 to 1820; but to deteriorate which, altogether, has been the wish of those in power since 1822; this education, we repeat, must necessarily form men averse to both priests and nobles; men who will not ostensibly make any attempt to overturn the present dynasty (of the danger of that they are too well aware), but who would willingly applaud, and secretly encourage those who should be bold enough to reduce the present ruler

of France within the limits of a constitutional monarch, such as George IV. Their wish would be, to see their country governed by a constitutional king, but without a bench of bishops and predominant aristocracy, as in England. For never will French vanity allow a privileged class of nobles to take root in public opinion, and exact, as a matter of hereditary right, the deference and submission of their fellow-citizens.

UNITARIAN PROTESTS:

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND OF THAT PERSUASION NEWLY MARRIED.

DEAR M——, Though none of your acquaintance can with greater sincerity congratulate you upon this happy conjuncture than myself, one of the oldest of them, it was with pain I found you, after the ceremony, depositing in the vestry-room what is called a Protest. I thought you superior to this little sophistry. What, after submitting to the service of the Church of England—after consenting to receive a boon from her, in the person of your amiable consort—was it consistent with sense, or common good manners, to turn round upon her, and flatly taunt her with false worship? This language is a little of the strongest in your books and from your pulpits, though there it may well enough be excused from religious zeal and the native warmth of nonconformity. But at the altar—the Church of England altar—adopting her forms and complying with her requisitions to the letter—to be consistent, together with the practice, I fear, you must drop the language of dissent. You are no longer sturdy Non Cons; you are there Occasional Conformists. You submit to accept the privileges communicated by a form of words, exceptionable, and perhaps justly, in your view; but, so submitting, you have no right to quarrel with the ritual which you have just condescended to owe an obligation to. They do not force you into their churches. You come voluntarily, knowing the terms. You marry in the name of the Trinity. There is no evading this by pretending that you take the formula with your own interpretation, (and so long as you can do this, where is the necessity of Protesting?): for the meaning of a vow is to be settled by the sense of the imposer, not by any forced construction of the taker: else might all vows, and oaths too, be eluded with impunity. You marry then essentially as Trinitarians; and the altar no sooner satisfied than, hey presto, with the celerity of a juggler, you shift habits, and proceed pure Unitarians again in the vestry. You cheat the Church out of a wife, and go home smiling in your sleeves that you have so cunningly despoiled the Egyptians. In plain English, the Church has married you in the name of so and so, assuming that you took the words in her sense, but you outwitted her; you assented to them in your sense

only, and took from her what, upon a right understanding, she would have declined giving you.

This is the fair construction to be put upon all Unitarian marriages as at present contracted ; and so long as you Unitarians could salve your consciences with the equivocal, I do not see why the Established Church should have troubled herself at all about the matter. But the Protesters necessarily see further. They have some glimmerings of the deception ; they apprehend a flaw somewhere ; they would fain be honest, and yet they must marry notwithstanding ; for honesty's sake, they are fain to dehonestate themselves a little. Let me try the very words of your own Protest, to see what confessions we can pick out of them.

“ As Unitarians therefore we (you and your newly espoused bride) most solemnly protest against the service (which yourselves have just demanded) because we are thereby called upon, not only tacitly to acquiesce, but to profess a belief in a doctrine which is a dogma, as we believe, totally unfounded.” But do you profess that belief during the ceremony ; or are you only called upon for the profession but do not make it ? If the latter, then you fall in with the rest of your more consistent brethren, who waive the Protest ; if the former, then, I fear, your Protest cannot save you.

Hard and grievous it is, that in any case an institution so broad and general as the union of man and wife should be so cramped and straitened by the hands of an imposing hierarchy, that to plight troth to a lovely woman a man must be necessitated to compromise his truth and faith to Heaven ; but so it must be, so long as you chuse to marry by the forms of the Church over which that hierarchy presides.

Therefore, say you, we Protest. O poor and much fallen word Protest ! It was not so that the first heroic reformers protested. They departed out of Babylon once for good and all ; they came not back for an occasional contact with her altars ; a dallying, and then a protesting against dalliance ; they stood not shuffling in the porch, with a Popish foot within, and its lame Lutheran fellow without, halting betwixt. These were the true Protestants. You are—Protesters.

Besides the inconsistency of this proceeding, I must think it a piece of impertinence—unseasonable at least, and out of place, to obtrude these papers upon the officiating clergyman—to offer to a public functionary an instrument which by the tenor of his function he is not obliged to accept, but, rather, he is called upon to reject. Is it done in his clerical capacity ? he has no power of redressing the grievance. It is to take the benefit of his ministry and then insult him. If in his capacity of fellow Christian only, what are your scruples to him, so long as you yourselves are able to get over them, and do get over them by the very fact of coming to require his services ? The thing you call a Protest might with just as good a reason be presented to the churchwarden for the time being, to the parish clerk, or the pew opener.

The Parliament alone can redress your grievance, if any. Yet I see not how with any grace your people can petition for relief, so long as, by the very fact of your coming to Church to be married, they do *bonâ fide* and strictly relieve themselves. The Upper House, in particular, is not unused to these same things called Protests, among themselves. But how would this honorable body stare to find a noble Lord conceding a measure, and in the next breath, by a solemn Protest disowning it. A Protest there is a reason given for non-compliance, not a subterfuge for an equivocal occasional compliance. It was reasonable in the primitive Christians to avert from their persons, by whatever lawful means, the compulsory eating of meats which had been offered unto idols. I dare say the Roman Prefects and Exarchats had plenty of petitioning in their days. But what would a Festus, or Agrippa, have replied to a petition to that effect, presented to him by some evasive Laodicean, with the very meat between his teeth, which he had been chewing voluntarily rather than abide the penalty? Relief for tender consciences means nothing, where the conscience has previously relieved itself; that is, has complied with the injunctions which it seeks preposterously to be rid of. Relief for conscience there is properly none, but what by better information makes an act appear innocent and lawful, with which the previous conscience was not satisfied to comply. All else is but relief from penalties, from scandal incurred by a complying practice, where the conscience itself is not fully satisfied.

But, say you, we have hard measure; the Quakers are indulged with the liberty denied to us. They have; and dearly have they earned it. You have come in (as a sect at least) in the cool of the evening; at the eleventh hour. The Quaker character was hardened in the fires of persecution in the seventeenth century; not quite to the stake and faggot, but little short of that, they grew up and thrived against noisome prisons, cruel beatings, whippings, stockings. They have since endured a century or two of scoffs, contempts; they have been a bye-word, and a nay-word; they have stood unmoved: and the consequence of long conscientious resistance on one part is invariably, in the end, remission on the other. The legislature, that denied you the tolerance, which I do not know that at that time you even asked, gave them the liberty which, without granting, they would have assumed. No penalties could have driven them into the Churches. This is the consequence of entire measures. Had the early Quakers consented to take oaths, leaving a Protest with the clerk of the court against them in the same breath with which they had taken them, do you in your conscience think that they would have been indulged at this day in their exclusive privilege of Affirming? Let your people go on for a century or so, marrying in your own fashion, and I will warrant them before the end of it the legislature will be willing to concede to them more than they at present demand.

Either the institution of marriage depends not for its validity upon hypocritical compliances with the ritual of an alien Church; and then I do not see why you cannot marry among yourselves, as the Quakers, without their indulgence, would have been doing to this day; or it does depend upon such ritual compliance, and then in your Protests you offend against a divine ordinance. I have read in the Essex-street Liturgy a form for the celebration of marriage. Why is this become a dead letter? O! it has never been legalised; that is to say, in the law's eye it is no marriage. But do you take upon you to say, in the view of the gospel it would be none? Would your own people at least look upon a couple so paired, to be none? But the case of dowries, alimonies, inheritances, &c. which depend for their validity upon the ceremonial of the Church by law established—are these nothing? That our children are not legally *Filii Nullius*—is this nothing? I answer, nothing; to the preservation of a good conscience, nothing; to a consistent christianity, less than nothing. Sad worldly thorns they are indeed, and stumbling blocks, well worthy to be set out of the way by a legislature calling itself Christian; but not likely to be removed in a hurry by any shrewd legislators, who perceive that the petitioning complainants have not so much as bruised a shin in the resistance; but, prudently declining the briars and the prickles, nestle quietly down in the smooth two-sided velvet of a Protesting Occasional Conformity.—I am, dear sir,

With much respect, yours, &c.

ELIA.

PENSIVE STANZAS

TO

MISS M. A. T.—. A FAVOURITE ACTRESS.

She's tall, and she's straight as a pop'lar TREE!—*Rosina*.

1.

My Jasmine! my Myrtle! my Rose!

My pretty, my favourite Tree!

I shall give up the play, heaven knows!

If you give up its temple, and me!

What's *Clari* without you,—and what

Farmer Fawcett's old corn-yard?—I care

Not for *Home, sweet Home*, where you are not,—

Nor a palace, if you are not there!

2.

If I knew Mr. Bradshaw, I would
Remonstrate against your retreat !
Now Rosalind dies in the wood,
And Rosina must rot in the wheat !
Your marriage will consecrate two
With happiness, that I believe !
But what is the Public to do ?—
What the world ?—what must I do—but grieve ?

3.

Have you given us Pittites a thought ?
Your earliest admirers, Miss Tree ?
Is the love of a populace nought ?
Is *my* happiness nothing to me ?
Oh think ere you enter the *ring*,
The *prize-ring*, when you are within it,
What voice will be left us to sing,—
What voice like thine own, little Linnet ?

4.

When you sing—when you speak—Lady-bird !
You are somehow so musical-sweet ;
That one thinks your heart's echo is heard,
And one's own begins straightway to beat !
Your eye hath a music, I swear !
And your step hath a melody too !
Oh ! I think, on my life, your whole air
Is an air—and the town thinks so too !

5.

You remind me of dreams,—fairy-tales,—
Book fancies,—and poësy things ;—
Your Psyche-like voice never fails
To make my mind take to its wings !
You're the “ singing Tree,” that Fairy One,—
Which in Pantomime now one may see !
You're the orange, *bee-lov'd*, in the sun !
A person alive,—yet a Tree !

6.

Where will honest Will Shakspeare's old songs,—
Old songs of the heart,—find a tone
Fit to make mellow work of the wrongs
And the joys of true-love, when you're gone

Oh! think, dear M. A. ! ere you part,
 What Orlando will do for a mate?
 What a death-blow to Viola's heart?—
 Do you think Mr. B. could n't wait?

7.

Other singers there may be,—there are—
 Vestris, with the garb of a lad on;—
 No musical voice has Miss Carr,
 But that isn't the case with Miss Graddon.
 Miss Hallande is charming, no doubt,
 And Miss Povey sings sweetly 'tis true,
 But not these, nor the Stephens, can rout
 My remembrances, Myrtle! of you!

8.

Mrs. Orger remains,—Mrs. Bunn,—
 Mrs. West,—but then *she* has no voice!
 Oh! I think not on them!—No! nor on
 Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Harlowe, Miss Boyce!
 E'en thy seniors I once could esteem!
 Every dear old autumnal delight!
 But my Davenport now is no dream!
 And my Grove is gone out of my sight!

9.

Miss Chester in fulness of bloom,
 Her sweetness may waste on the air;
 Miss P. (Lady L.) in a room
 May warble, but I'm in despair!
 Miss Love may be merry, not wise,
 With her laugh, light and short as her gown;
 Miss Foote, with her dangerous eyes,
 May return, if she pleases, to town!—

10.

But if *you* go,—I pack up my heart!
 Take a place, for some grove, by the stage,—
 And in silence, outside, I depart,—
 To vent, in the forests, my rage!
 I'll read As you like It, and pine
 Over roots and remembrance:—And I
 Will, by Heaven! as the June-days decline,
 Cut your name on your namesake,—and die!

Bankside, Jan. 1825.

STREPHON.

HIGH-WAYS AND BY-WAYS.*

BEING aware of the fact that the "*Walking Gentleman*" labours under a troublesome incontinence of sentiment, we examined the titles of the tales composing the Second Series of High-ways and By-ways, with the design of commencing our perusal with that story, which from its subject should appear the least likely to exasperate the author's melancholy infirmity. On opening the first volume, Caribert the Bear Hunter at once arrested our attention as the very thing we desired; bear hunting seemed to us an occupation by no means sentimental, and this title accordingly promised a suspension of sensibilities; we therefore took up the tale with the hope of finding the author on new ground, and in a vein more agreeable to our taste than that in which he has hitherto delighted to indulge. How egregiously we have been disappointed, a sketch of the story will sufficiently show.

In the commencement of Caribert the Bear Hunter, we find the Walking Gentleman promenading the Pyrenees; but, lest we should draw any hasty conclusion touching his turn of mind from his taking such lofty ground, he prudently intimates that, in seeking the high places of the earth, he is uninfluenced by any motive of "*utility or ambition.*" We should hope that no human being would be so unjust as to ascribe these aspiring walks either to ambition or utility; we acquit the writer of any such motives, and it is indeed sufficiently evident that he wanders about high mountains merely for the convenience of being in the clouds. On the occasion of the present ramble, walking in the Pyrenees, it appears, was rendered rather unpleasant by very disagreeable weather, which made things look so comfortless and drowsy, that both the pedestrian and his dog took their tone from the scenery; and, what is particularly odd, the dog travelled with his nose down—but not to the purpose, for alas! he had lost the use of his nose! This remarkable incident must be told in the author's words: "Every thing looked comfortless and drowsy, and myself and my dog took our tone from the scenery. He dodged along with his nose down,—but not to the purpose. He seemed instinctively to push it to the ground, but found no use in it ———, &c." This dog, by the by, will be the death of us, he bores us most cruelly,—the author carries him about with him through all his books, and pats his head, and coaxes him, and talks to him, and calls him Ranger in such a sort, as would move a heart of stone; and then we are told how Ranger wagged his tail, and whined, and looked up, and looked down, and frisked to and fro, and all the pretty things he did, in a manner very tedious and affecting; in a word,

* High-ways and By-ways; or, Tales of the Roadside, picked up in the French Provinces. By a Walking Gentleman. Second Series. In three Volumes. London, Colburn, 1825.

we are quite tired of this dog, and shall not be sorry to learn in the next High-ways and By-ways that he has been cut off by the mange. No old woman ever bored one more intolerably with the customs, habits, and manners of her tortoise-shell cat, than the Walking Gentleman does with the amiabilities of his dog Ranger ; and, to sum up all, the dog is a sentimental dog !

After an unpleasant day passed under the circumstances above-mentioned, the Walking Gentleman had made up his mind to bivouac in a pathless desert, when happily hearing the tinkling of a sheep-bell, he springs up, follows the sound, and finds himself in the midst of a flock of goats ; and, strange to say, both man and dog pass through these terrible animals, " unmolestingly and unharmed." A goatherd is next discovered, and the author takes occasion to be immoderately witty in describing the process of making him drunk. A dram-bottle is always a sure card, an irresistible stroke of humour, in this bibacious country. By the tipsy goatherd our traveller is conducted to a public-house, where we may be well assured that an adventure of some double-distilled sentimental kind awaits him. Here he finds a landlord, who without loss of time betrays tokens of a mysterious sorrow, by shaking his head, and sighing at one of his daughters, who on her part takes the very earliest opportunity to discover the finest sensibilities, and fills her eyes with tears, in such a sort, as to convince the author that " she was fit to be the heroine of a mountain adventure—or of any other adventure," he adds, " which involved in its course deep feeling and uncommon delicacy of mind." Good for the lowlands also ; in short, the maid of the inn was a heroine of all work, and, as the Walking Gentleman forthwith engaged her in that capacity, it may be as well to give a specimen of her qualifications for the sentimental business:—

" Come along Aline, (loquitor landlord,) cheer up, look gay, my girl. It is not every day that we have such visitors in these wild parts. Do give a smile or two to this gentleman, and your poor father."

His look, as he spoke, was most affectionate. A smile of the tenderest melancholy spread across her face ; she raised her large hazel eyes full upon him : they filled in a moment with tears, and to avoid their overflowing, or at least our observation of it, she hurried towards the door. I never saw so sudden a change of countenance—of feature almost. A face which at first appeared scarcely worthy of remark, not plain certainly, but still not pretty, was by one simple touch of sensibility transformed in an instant—for an instant only it is true—into one of infinite charm. I shall leave my readers to discuss the question whether this susceptibility does or does not constitute beauty. I do not think it necessary to give a more accurate description of Aline. I may once for all say that the women of the upper Pyrenees are commonly plain, coarse, and unintellectual. The admirer of beauty and variety must seek them in the face of nature, not of the sex. This general fact has, however, like all others, its exceptions ; and I have met a few ;—one in particular pre-eminently remarkable, and which I hope on some future occasion to introduce to my readers. But Aline was not precisely such, as far as personal appearance went. Her figure was tolerably good, and was, like her face, susceptible of very graceful movement when put in action by some powerful mental impulse. Such, for example, as when she started from the fire-place towards the door, to hide her emotion from her father and me. She had many of those moments.

I wish my reader had seen her just in *one* of them, and they would have been quite convinced that she was fit to be the heroine of a mountain adventure—or of any adventure which involved in its course deep feeling, and uncommon delicacy of mind.

(P. 19—21.)

The Walking Gentleman is of course quite certain that this display of fine feeling must be connected with matter of considerable interest, and is most anxious to discover the hidden sources of these sorrows of the pot-house; an excellent opportunity to accomplish this object presents itself. There is no bed for the traveller, and it is arranged that he and the mysterious maid are to pass the night together by the fire-side. Here was room for much discovery of past, or much preparation for future mischief; but nothing can be more innocent than this tête-à-tête:—

Left to ourselves, Aline and I began very quickly and cordially to enter into conversation. The situation was somewhat singular, and rather amusing; but as she seemed to feel no awkwardness in it, I had, for my part, no objection to keep watch with a single female companion, amidst four or five sleeping neighbours mostly of my own sex. We began to talk on subjects of a very general nature, such as the pleasures and privations of a mountain residence compared with those of a town; the occupations of the inhabitants of the hills; the life of the smugglers, and so on.—(P. 30.)

The maid, however, found all this rather dull, it seems; and towards 12 o'clock, contrived several excuses for going to the door and window, as if to look out for more agreeable company: the Walking Gentleman, whose infirmity it is to sympathise with every body on every occasion, and who is in fact a sort of sentimental Busy Body, could not resist the impulse of looking out and listening too, after the manner of the maid; suddenly a whistle is heard; Aline is petrified; he offers to hand her to a chair and see what came to pass:—

I approached to offer to help her from her seat, but she motioned me to stop: and, after a few seconds, passing her hand across her brow, and then putting it to her heart, as if a pang had connected the one with the other, she rose up, and giving me one of her deep speaking smiles, she moved firmly towards the door.—(P. 33.)

A peasant called Claude enters, bearing the intelligence that Caribert the Bear Hunter and maid's lover (who has got what the Scotch call a bee in his bonnet) has escaped from restraint, and is running wild about the mountains. It is unanimously agreed that Aline shall go in quest of her mad lover, and the Walking Gentleman is so liberal and obliging as to press her to take the horse of an unconsulted guest, a dandy, who is snoring under her father's roof:—"I spoke to her then as one fully impressed with the necessity of speed, 'Do, do go, my worthy girl—delay no longer—*use no ceremony—take the strange gentleman's horse*, and you yet may be in time to save him.'" They may manage these matters differently in the Pyrenees, but in some places it is rather a serious affair to use no ceremony in taking a strange gentleman's horse out of the stable; this however is doubtless the "High-way" manner of doing business. Mounted on the pony thus irregularly obtained, Aline trots off with as little ceremony as could possibly be desired, in chase of the mad hunter of bears, to whose birth, parentage, and education we now

come, and whose history, such as it is, forms the chief part of the story:—

In the whole range of the Pyrenees, from the ocean to the Mediterranean, from Mount Aralar to Mount Carrigon, there were not two finer young fellows in their different natures than Caribert and Claude. They were both born in the district of Barrège. They were the admiration of the neighbourhood in infancy, its hope in boyhood, and its pride in youth. When as children they sported about the cottages of their respective parents, or later began to clamber up the mountains in search of young eagles, or in pursuit of a wounded izard, the fathers used to shake their heads and rub their hands together, and the mothers to smile and look up thankfully to heaven,—all four agreeing that there were no lads like them to be seen any where.—(P. 90.)

The professional pursuits of Caribert the Bear Hunter cause him to grow up of rather a morose turn of mind, which manifests itself in a decidedly bearish indifference to female society. Claude, however, who is a true piping swain after the old pattern, amiability itself, prevails upon his friend to come to a ball where he is at once smitten with the graces of Aline, who had already made a deep impression on the heart of Claude. At this fête, the maid of the inn, and the hunter of bears, as might be expected, dance into each other's affections, and, on parting for the night, Aline is described as acknowledging the pressure of Caribert's hand "*just in the proper proportion of mountain sentiment acting upon manual feeling.*" Here we should be somewhat at a loss to understand the true force of this shake of the hand, did not Caribert supply a datum; but when it is considered that the gentleman was used to the pawings of bears, it is clear that nothing short of a vigorous application of "mountain sentiment" could act on his "manual feelings." After this eventful ball, the parties fall into the regular course of lovers, moonlight walks and nocturnal assignations; but mark the dismal consequences of these bad habits, from which we extract the valuable moral, that if young people meet in the open air on cold nights they are likely to catch cold. "This continued and unsparing exposure to the night air in all weathers, and in the winter season, began to make visible ravages upon" the Hunter of Bears, while the more robust, tender Aline suffered no sort of inconvenience from these hardships of love. The poor young man grew feverish, and continual damp and cold brought on frequent attacks of illness, rheums, and such common consequences of night air, by reason of which he was wholly unable to go to his work the next day. Meantime the bears growled, the wolves ranged abroad, and Caribert's brother hunters sneered at his inaction; but, instead of keeping better hours and avoiding the night air, or taking something warm at bed-time to cure his cold, and so qualifying himself for a return to his professional avocations, "he bit his lips, and his distempered spirit fed fiercely on such nourishment." Dieted on this meat, is it surprising that our poor gentleman was in no condition to cope with bears? But lamentable are the consequences that arise from his neglect of his profession. Returning one day to the paternal roof, he sees his father with a bleeding arm, and a dog looking up with tearful eyes; but as this scene is of a very affecting

kind, we give it at length, marking in italics those passages at which the reader is expected to shed a flood of tears.

"My God! what is all this?" exclaimed he, (Caribert,) taking his father's hand in his—"What has happened? Who has done this?"

"Who!" cried the father angrily, snatching his hand away, and fixing his eyes on Caribert with a reproachful expression, "Who! you may well ask that—you did it."

"I! What do you mean?" said Caribert,—*"Tell me what has happened that I may revenge you, if"*—

"Come, come, no bullying now—it's too late. The coward that shrinks from his duty and leaves his old father to run all risks for his support, has no business to prate of revenge."

Part of this retort passed lightly over Caribert. He knew he was no coward [he was mistaken in this particular], and it was the first time the word had ever been insinuated as applying to him. He only thought of his father: and turning to his mother asked her for explanation in a peremptory tone.

Before she could reply, the father cried fiercely, "Come, come, my lad, no insolence to your mother, or I'll fell you to the earth even with this wounded arm! Give over, Marie, give over. Let alone that old withered branch—you have bound it well enough where the bark was stripped off. 'Tis nothing, I don't feel it. Let's see what we can do for *our poor murdered Fanchette* here."

Upon this he turned to the dog beside him, and Caribert seeing there was no serious injury done to his father's arm, fixed his observation also upon his favourite bitch that had followed him too in many a hard chace, and had only given up her attendance on his steps, since they had been turned down towards the low grounds, instead of leading her, as they were formerly wont to do, to the most rugged haunts of the bears, the objects of her inveterate hatred.

"Aye, you may well look at her, and never hold up your head again," said the old man to Caribert; but less harshly than he spoke before. "*See how she wags her tail and wants to lick your hand, poor thing!*"

Caribert was about to raise her up, when the old man roared out in his fiercest tone, "What are you going to do? Don't touch her;" and then, as if all at once melted by the misfortune he was about to announce, he turned aside his head, and sobbed out in smothered accents, "Let her alone, Caribert—both her hind legs are broken."

"Oh, heavens! is it possible?" exclaimed Caribert, throwing himself on his knees beside the poor animal, and leaning forwards his face which she licked with her hot and feverish tongue, *as if the rain of tears* that flowed from his eyes had brought relief and refreshment to her pain.

"My poor dear Fanchette!" continued he, "Why was I not with you when this happened. *Oh! if you could but speak, you would not leave me thus cruelly, without the miserable satisfaction of knowing how all this came about.*"

Here poor Fanchette howled piteously, as if condoling with the kind and sorrowful tone of her young master. The tender-hearted mother joined her loud sobs to the lamenting tone. Old Larcole turned round towards them, and seeing the evident sufferings of Caribert, he gave him his hand and exclaimed; "Well, well, my boy, hold up. This is too much; there's no help now; and crying like children does no good to broken bones." *He here wiped his eyes with the cuff of his knitted flannel waistcoat, and rose up.* He gave a turn or two up and down the room, hemmed and coughed, and opened his shirt collar, as if he wanted air, *struck his chest two or three times with his open hand, and spoke as follows:*

"Stand up, Caribert, be a man! I'll tell you how it happened—though after all there's no time for delaying now, for we must do something with the poor bitch. 'Tis useless to let her linger in pain."

"Why, for God's sake, Larcole," exclaimed the wife, who was fomenting the

wounded legs of her dumb patient; "what do you mean by that? you wouldn't think surely of— What do you mean?"

"Oh, it's needless to talk, you see, Marie. Go on with the warm cloths and the *Guimauve*.* Perhaps the swelling may abate —(P. 133—137.)

Here the cause of all this mischief is explained. Caribert having refused to accompany his respectable parent on an expedition against a certain bear, the father went, single-handed, to the contest, and suffered a rough repulse. The account of this disaster fires the ursal ardour of Caribert, and he takes an oath of revenge in the accustomed language of heroes of Romance. "Aye, father, to-morrow!" cried Caribert, catching the fierce tone and look of the old man, "*I swear* with you that poor Fanchette shall have her revenge." This gallant speech propitiates the old gentleman, who seems to have a pretty taste for bluster, and they then agree to shoot the wounded dog Fanchette, but she saves them the trouble by dying of her wounds—here is more pathos: the son announces the death of the dog.

"Dead!" said the father, "what do you mean?" and then stepping towards her, and seeing her *to be really, unequivocally dead*, he added, "She is, by the Virgin! When the monster caught her in his gripe, he must have not only broken her legs, but her faithful heart as well!"—(P. 144.)

They return to the house, and the mother takes up the note of sorrow. "Why, Larcole, is it all over? Is the poor thing *murdered*—dead, I mean? I heard no shot."—"Because none was fired" (admirably reasoned). "She is dead, Marie, and *not murdered*, thank God! Come out and see her *laid in the cold grave*." That "*laid in the cold grave*" is the most moving phrase in the English language, it always tells, and is a sort of sliced onion to the eye of sensibility. If, instead of Fanchette, the bear that bearishly killed Fanchette had been "*laid in the cold grave*," from the mere tear-compelling force of the expression, we, for our parts, should have felt ourselves obliged to wet a pocket handkerchief or two. But, however, there must be a limit to tears as to all other things, and if people are called upon to weep through more than a dozen pages over a dog that has met with an ugly accident, they will not have tears enough left in their heads to meet the current demands on their feelings. It is pitiable that a poor dog should have its legs broken, but it is injudicious to drain the sources of sentiment on such a subject. On the present occasion, we have to weep for several large families; there is the Bear Hunter, his father and mother, Claude, his sisters and all his good friends and relations, Aline and her family, all requiring oceans of tears. Is it fair in such a case, with so many demands on us, to put our sensibilities in requisition for Fanchette, the wounded bitch? Of a truth, if we answered all these calls on our feelings, we should die the death of the poor ladies in Rabelais, who miserably ran themselves out at the eyes as they were stringing onions.

* Marsh-mallows.

Caribert, having solemnly engaged himself to his father to hunt the bear with him the next day, repairs to meet Aline at their place of rendezvous. Claude, whose suspicions that his friend is endeavouring to supplant him in the affections of Aline have just been excited, watches him on his way, traces him to the scene of assignation, and overhears a conversation in which the perfidy of Caribert is made sufficiently apparent, and in which the Hunter of Bears reflects in a manner by no means handsome on the listener and his family. Claude, who is on the one side of a hedge, while his false friend is telling lies on the other, acts as is usual on these occasions; that is to say, he invites Caribert to come forward, that he may the more conveniently tear his heart out of his bosom. What follows may be very fine, but it seems to us particularly ridiculous.

"Villain!" exclaimed Claude, at these words, unable longer to contain himself, almost choked with rage, and bursting through the tangled briars—"Villain! come forward, *that I may tear your false heart from your bosom!*"

Aline, terrified at the recognition of his voice, in a tone so new and so shocking, uttered a scream, and threw herself close upon Caribert's breast. He was thunder-struck. He could not reply, but clasping her firmly to him with his left arm, he struck fiercely with the other in the direction of the voice. His stick met only the passive resistance of the over-hanging branches.

"Where are you, liar, odious, treacherous liar?" vociferated Claude: "are you flying from me? Stand, coward, stand!"

Caribert rushed towards the voice, dragging Aline with him, and dealing forward in the darkness his harmless blows.

"Oh, Claude! Oh, Caribert!" cried Aline, "stop in mercy! What would you do?" and here throwing herself between the enraged but invisible rivals, she put forward one hand. It met with Claude's outstretched arm, which she grasped firmly; adding, in accents faint from her fright, "Claude, dear Claude, forbear! if my father hears this, I am undone!"

"What, Aline! do you supplicate the pitiful spy?" asked Caribert bitterly; "do you call the sculking wretch, *dear Claude?* Why cannot my arm reach the injurious dog!"

Claude was arrested on the spot, his whole tide of vengeful feelings for an instant stopped. The touch of Aline's fingers acted like magic on him. He caught her arm, and while he trembled in every joint, he pressed the hostage hand repeatedly to his lips. She left it unhesitatingly in his. His embrace was like the kiss of peace, yet she shuddered when she felt Caribert's heart throbbing against hers. "For the sake of Heaven, Claude," cried she, "I conjure you, leave this fatal spot. This is a moment of destruction to us all. We know not what we are doing or saying."

"You have saved him," replied Claude—"I leave him in his guilt."

(P. 160—162.)

This scene, which is only ludicrous in a tale of sentiment, would be charming in a ballet. Let us fancy for a moment Albert and Vestris, one on one side of a hedge the other on the other, thrashing away very vigorously and harmlessly at the interposing barrier, and Noblet, in a false position between the two lovers, like many a fair lady, giving her hand to one gentleman and pressing her heart to the breast of the other! What could be more interesting? After this *esclandre*, Caribert returns to the paternal roof, and accompanies his father on the appointed expedition against the bear. The father charges the enemy with great

spirit, but Caribert, taking fright, or, to use the genteeler phrase, being panic-struck, leaves his aged parent to grapple single-handed with the bear; and, after a manful struggle on the one side, and an ursal hug on the other, the two combatants roll over a precipice twined in each other's arms, while our gallant hero (as is common with frightened folks) just recovers his courage at the moment when there ceases to be any occasion for it. Under these circumstances, Caribert goes mad with all dispatch; but how he went mad, after what fashion he lost his reason, "what he did, or said, or felt," the author plainly tells us, "we must not inquire;" and we can assure him that we feel no disposition whatever to be curious on the subject, having already supped full of sorrows. In his madness, Caribert retains the desire of rambling about, and one of his escapes from his friends gives occasion to the scene at the commencement of the tale, and Aline's pursuit of him on the unceremoniously obtained pony. Caribert is found in the mountains, is secured by his friends, put to bed, and dies in an orderly manner, and Aline comforts herself for his loss in a marriage with Claude,—thus ends the Bear Hunter.

This is indeed a barren story, but a barren story serves only as a stimulant to the genius of your sentimentalist, who, like Ophelia, has the faculty of turning every thing to prettiness; or, to descend to a less poetic simile, he is like a French cook, who relies not on the excellence of the thing he dresses, but on the richness of the sauce in which he serves it up, and who will pique himself on making a savoury dish of an old shoe. Thus also the disciples of the Lackadaisical school will take any bald incidents and endeavour to dress them up in a sort *à faire pleurer*. To draw tears is the great ambition, and the art of the sentimentalist is to furnish the necessary provocation to the eye of sensibility. The author before us seems to have attempted a short cut to the lachrymary ducts of the sympathetic reader. He seems to have construed rather too literally,—

——— Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi.

The force of example is the engine on which he appears mainly to rely; and without describing any thing moving in his scenes, he touches us at once, by representing the effect which his scenes produce on his characters; they burst into tears, and show the reader that something particularly affecting is taking place, and then he may weep too if he be that way disposed. Laughing is catching, so is yawning, and so we suppose is crying. The pity-moving machinery of the Walking Gentleman is accordingly sufficiently simple, a sigh and a burst of tears serving as wind and tide to carry on his story. His humour is not superior to his pathos, it is of an order essentially pantomimic, coarse, strained, and practical—a deep draught from a dram bottle, and an exaggerated caricature of that novel subject of ridicule, a dandy form, the pleasantries of the tale before us. Occasionally he is tempted to venture on a reflection, and provided it be serious it is really diverting. For example, in page 247, vol. i. we find him delivering himself thus: "The awe with which they

all seemed impressed was a fine lesson of human weakness, and not a slight proof of *the value of superstition for the government of that class over which it is the best, because the most natural, instrument.* I deliberately say this at the risk of drawing down the censures of all the Theophilanthropists, upon me." The Walking Gentleman may say a foolish thing without any risk whatever.

We have already observed how grievously we have been bored with the dog Ranger in our travels through High-ways and By-ways, in "Caribert," the izards are no less troublesome; it is scarcely possible, indeed, to open a page at random, without finding some discourse touching izards, and we almost doubt whether the author could have filled his 293 pages, without the aid of these izards; nay, in one place he inserts some verses on "*The Iizard-hunter*," avowedly "to fill up a page or so;" this is honest; there certainly could be no other reason for publishing the lines, but such is the way in which books are made.

The other two tales in this series of High-ways and By-ways, The Priest and the Garde-du-Corps, and The Vouée au Blanc, are, if possible, more mawkish in sentiment and uninteresting in story than Caribert.

THE CHAMBER OF PYSCHÉ.

1.

TREAD softly through these amorous rooms!
For every bough is hung with life,
And kisses in harmonious strife
Unloose their sharp and wing'd perfumes.
From Afric and the Persian looms
The carpet's silken leaves have sprung,
And Heaven in its blue bounty flung
These starry flowers and azure blooms!

2.

Tread softly!—By a creature fair
The Deity of love reposes:
His red lip's open, like the roses
Which round his hyacinthine hair
Hang in crimson coronals;
And Passion fills the arched halls;
And Beauty floats upon the air!

3.

Tread softly, softly,—like the foot
Of Winter shod with fleecy snow,
Who cometh white, and cold, and mute,
Lest he should 'wake the Spring below.

Oh, look ! for here lie Love and Youth,
 Fair spirits of the heart and mind ;
 Alas ! that one should stray from truth,
 And one be ever, ever blind !

4.

Here lie they, like lost pleasures flung
 From Eden's rich and grassy bowers,
 Nourish'd both by breath of flowers
 Once, and still divine and young :
 Sure somewhere a green home must be,
 Though paradise and faith have flown,
 Where these two may slumber on,
 Sweet friends, into eternity !

A. B. C.

 THE BRITISH CODE OF DUEL.*

As a great yearly sum of absurdity is ascribable to the uncertainty in which certain points of honour are involved, we looked with some curiosity into this little treatise, which professes to instruct the fighting world on these important subjects. The table of contents promised well, as we found in it several pithy queries, the satisfactory solution of which would prove an unspeakable advantage to society, and save many of those painful displays of spirit which grievously trouble the parties concerned, and exceedingly amuse the indifferent world. For instance, we perceived the great question, "*What is honour,*" standing conspicuously on the list of contents, and also saw with infinite satisfaction that it was canvassed in one page, while its laws have not even that space allotted to them ; here, then, we thought, the main point is to be found in a nut shell, this is the very kernel of the argument ; and, accordingly, we turned with an eager hand to the leaf which promised to lay honour, in its common acceptation, open to our view, and to discover the marks, signs, and tokens, by which it may be known. We cannot, however, say that the following perspicuous definition has much enlightened us on this head : "It may be safely agreed, with all, that honour is a principle generated by virtue, as demonstrated in useful and agreeable services to a community ; and from the appreciation of which arose those exterior distinctions to which it gives name, for the purpose of their preservation to posterity." If this rigmarole gives no sort of idea of what honour is, it makes amends for the deficiency by conveying a very just notion of what nonsense is, and we should recommend the author to refer to it under that head, were it not, that on a closer examination we find the

* The British Code of Duel : a Reference to the Laws of Honour, and the Character of Gentleman. London : Knight and Lacey, 1824.

The Young Man of Honour's Vade-Mecum, being a salutary Treatise on Duelling. London : C. Chapple.

whole book stuffed with the same description of jargon. It is certainly, however, highly desirable that men should be brought acquainted with the nature of that inestimable treasure which causes so many big words and hard blows in the world. We hear every day that honour is wounded, that honour is lost, and that honour is gained; and yet no two men can agree as to the precise nature of that thing which they thus confidently pronounce wounded, lost, or gained: it seems, indeed, by the common consent of mankind, considered as a mystery, like the spleen, in our animal economy, only good to make us quarrelsome. Every one prides himself on having got an honour to take care of, and complains loudly when it is hurt, but how he came by it, and what it is like, the owner can seldom tell; and, indeed, he generally neither thinks nor talks about it until it is lost, when from his ignorance concerning all that relates to this jewel he can take no measures to recover it. When a man loses his pointer dog, he advertises that it has a brown spot here, and a liver mark there, and that it answers to the name of Ponto; but ask a man suffering under the loss of his honour what it was like, and not one particular can he give you touching the thing he bewails, or he defines it by negatives: it was very unlike a kick, or did not relish the lie, or it could not abide the lash of a horse-whip; but as for any positive character of it he can give none. In all quarrels, the ground of complaint is the injury which honour has received; let us then have a fair view of the sufferer, and before we proceed to consider the wound let us see the patient. In nine cases out of ten, however, this word of all work is merely used to express some vague feeling of injury in the party which he does not himself very well understand, or know how to explain in more meaning language; just as nerves are made answerable for all the odd aches and pains of valetudinarians which cannot be laid to the account of lumbago, rheumatism, gout, &c. To paraphrase a very vulgar distich:

The man has a wound, and he does not know where,
He looks to his honour and finds it is there.

Affairs of honour, like causes in Chancery, are not all white or black; there are many brown: in cases where a gross insult has been offered, the phrase "injured honour" may be used in an intelligible sense; but the greater number of disputes which occur are of a purely fanciful nature, and were any rational test applied to the alleged grounds of these quarrels, much unnecessary discussion and many late duels which end, at last, in very innocent smoke and the ridicule of the world, might be spared. "*What are we angry about?*" is the question which a rioter asks in one of Foote's Farces, and it is a query, which few men who wage notes with each other, or take the morning air at Chalk Farm, are prepared to answer.

As Gentlemen only can call each other to account, it is a matter of some moment to ascertain the sort of person qualified to shoot, or be shot at by his peers—what estate, or what qualities confer on men the privilege of homicide? The Code of Duel, professes to inform us on

this point, and gives a page to the question, "Who is a Gentleman," which it resolves as happily as that touching the nature of honour: "One honourable in himself, in course, possessed of all the generous virtues and graces so implied, with full means for their exercise, without occasion to descend to offices incompatible with the generosity of his character; or of parentage, from whom those excellencies have descended to him, to be preserved." Can any one tell what all this means, or what species of monster is here described? But definitions of both honour and gentleman might puzzle a better head than that of the author of this treatise, we will therefore try him on another ground—Parliamentary quarrels.

Among our many beautiful fictions, there is none more worthy of admiration than that which has obtained touching public and personal character. Every man embarked in politics has three characters—a private character, which is always excellent in proportion to its privacy, and most perfect when the world knows nothing about it; for by private virtues, people often mean virtues which never appear: he has a public character bestowed on him by those of his own side of the question; and another public character attributed to him by men of the opposite party. The opponents of a public man are, indeed, wont to dress up his character as boys dress up their Guy Fauxes; they fashion a thing of straw merely for the sake of calling it foul names, bawling about it, and making a parade of their own patriotic sentiments; occasionally, the original, touched probably by some traits of likeness to himself in this abused effigy, takes fire at seeing the indignities heaped on his own image, and, identifying himself with his abused public character, calls the aggressor to account; then the beautiful fiction to which we have alluded furnishes a saving distinction, and preserves the integrity of men's skins—" 'Tis true, I called my honourable friend's public character, sycophant, liar, spoiler, unprincipled peculator, and so forth; but nothing was more distant from my purpose than to cast any reflection on him *personally*; there is no man in the world for whom I entertain a higher respect than for my honourable friend, for so I am proud to call him." This sort of apology, founded on the distinction we have noted, is certainly rather like the excuse of the pampered hog in Gay's Fable, which being upbraided by the gardener for destroying his darling tulips *satisfactorily explains* by saying—

Explain, Sir, why your anger burns?

See here untouch'd your tulips strown,

For I devour'd the roots alone.

The political adversary, like the hog, only makes free with a part of the public man's character, but that part is the root. But this *amende*, such as it is, seldom fails to propitiate the party concerned. Generally speaking, the rule is, that a man's public character is like his coat on a clothes-horse, which any one may beat, without ill will to the owner, as tender parents beat a child merely for its good; but when he slips himself into it, dusting the coat becomes *personal*—it is caning the man. In

such a case, if a smart stroke or two of the ratan may have fallen on the back of the party, the excuse of the servant in parliamentary phrase would be, "Sir, I meant nothing disrespectful to your shoulders, what I did was done out of regard for your apparel, and I hope you will not think of identifying yourself with your coat." The great utility of these distinctions having been perceived by the world in general, they have been made to avail by Lord Peter's logic, even where there is no public character to serve as a scape-goat; and after the most injurious language has been applied to an individual, peace may be made by the assurance that nothing personal was meant. Disavow personality, and you may kick some men from London to York. In a book professing to instruct the world on affairs of honour, we certainly expected to find these refinements canvassed with some nicety, and to see the nature of personal affronts clearly defined, so that the fighting public might know the exact point at which a man should begin to be personally sensitive; what measure of foul words—liar, scoundrel, &c. and how many cuts of a whip, and of what force, amount to a personality. Respecting all these matters however, The British Code of Duel leaves the reader in the dark, and even on the subject of Parliamentary Quarrels; it contents itself with informing us that great men in the House of Commons use very bad words. "Buz, buz, we know it."

With regard to "*Posting, Horsewhipping, and Pulling the Nose*," the author assures us that these courses are seldom resorted to by honourable men; because the individual who executes such delicate offices usurps to himself the prerogative of the Crown, as the origin of these respectable customs may be traced to the form used in the degradation of knights. Of a truth, people little dreamed that pulling a man's nose was an usurpation of the Royal Prerogative, and that his Majesty alone is privileged to handle such nice matters. Another argument is, however, urged against the two first measures which will probably prove more potent than the preceding with an unchivalrous generation, namely, that they render the parties amenable to the law.

In the instructions respecting the examination of arms, the choice of ground, distance, and the etiquette of affairs, we do not see any thing which every body does not already know, excepting perhaps the following passage which seems to have some sense in it.

To determine upon, and then measure, the distance. This determination has been formed according to the various degrees of magnitude of the dispute. It is however now but little reckoned upon; as when combat is found to be the only resource, such considerations must generally be supposed to have ceased. And moreover nice calculators have often found, that from the parabola described by the ball on its projection, twelve or fourteen paces are at times more dangerous than eight. The distance nevertheless is entirely in the discretion of the seconds, *ten paces of not less than thirty inches* being, however, always the *minimum*. And here the controul of the second may be called into operation by the passion of principals, which might lead them to fight muzzle to muzzle. It must also be recollected by gentlemen that eagerness for extreme proximity has always more the semblance of bravado than bravery. "Slugs and a saw-pit," is the proposition of a bravo in a play; and has been used by those who never intended to employ them

even above ground. The ground being paced is to be sufficiently marked by any means at hand, and no advance is to be made beyond it. The parties, if they step at all, are to step to it, not from it, as otherwise they gain a pace of each other, which shortens the distance two paces.—(*British Code of Duel*, p. 46, 47.)

It is now pretty generally determined as it should be, that the parties fire by signal. This may be by motion of handkerchief or any other object, in the manner familiar to military men, or even common observers of a parade. It prevents that decisive aim, which might give one party the advantage over another, and is always to be avoided. The custom of alternate firing is now justly exploded; the only end which could ever have authorized it, is answered by the party offending beyond power of redress being bound not to fire upon his opponent.—(*British Code of Duel*, p. 48.)

Alternate firing was unquestionably an advantage to the man of weak nerves, who in simultaneous firing is very likely to be hurried and disturbed while taking his aim by the apprehension of his adversary's coming shot. In alternate firing, after having escaped his antagonist's ball, such a person felt the assurance of momentary safety, and consequently acquired the self-command requisite for the use of his weapons; but when the discharge is simultaneous, the party is likely to think more of himself than of his antagonist. We shall now close *The British Code of Duel*; which is a jejune treatise written in a strange incomprehensible style, that in common parlance passes under the description of rigmarole; the oddness of the subject, indeed, alone entitles the book to notice, and excites a curiosity which its contents disappoint.

The Young Man of Honour's Vade-Mecum, or Salutary Treatise on Duelling, by Abraham Bosquett, Esq. is a more original production by far than that which we have above quoted. Mr. Bosquett was admirably qualified to instruct us in the practical part of this subject, having been, as he informs us, four times a principal, and twenty-five times a second; his experience he therefore very safely avers must be pretty extensive, and on the strength of it he lays down the law of duel with a dogmatical professor-like air that is amusing enough, and which reminds one of the martial pedantry of Dugald Dalgetty. We extract some directions for the attitude to be taken on the ground.

But to return;—much depends on the position which a man takes when he fights a duel, which is, at least, as one to four, that he is, or is not killed or wounded. The attitude, therefore, to be taken, is that which presents the least surface; this being premised, it is almost unnecessary to say, that a direct front face is always to be given over the right shoulder, which presents a surface more than one-fourth less than a side face. I have known the ball make a groove across the ear, the side of the head grazed, and on two occasions, the side locks carried away: had the side face been presented, the consequences would have been fatal in all these cases. Due attention also should be had to the position of the body; the side, which is by much the narrowest, should carefully be given, the belly drawn in, and the right thigh and leg placed so as to cover the left; at the same time, the right hip twisted a little, in so much, merely, as to cover or guard the lower extremities of the belly. Balls have been frequently known to graze from one shoulder to the other, making a furrow across the chest, and in like manner across the back; whereas were the front presented, all such balls would take place, perhaps, mortally. Numberless instances might be given of these hair-breadth escapes, due to a good position;—lastly, do not lower your pistol hand until your adversary has fired, as it is a

partial guard to your head, arm, and shoulder.—(*The Young Man of Honour's Vade-Mecum*, p. 11, 12.)

We are, by no means, convinced by the experienced author's argument—much may be said for a full front. If a man presenting his side be shot in the side, the ball traverses the longest horizontal line of his body, and the chances are many against its missing a vital part—it is like raking a ship fore and aft, the broadside undoubtedly is an easier mark to hit, but the mischief is less considerable, as the space swept by the shot is shorter. On the whole, we incline to Sir Lucius O'Trigger's way of thinking :

Sir Lucius. Pray now how would you receive the gentleman's shot.

Acres. Odds files ! I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius, there—a side front, hey ?—Odd I'll make myself small enough, I'll stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius. Now you're quite out, for if you stand so when I take aim Well, now, if I hit you in the body my bullet has a double chance ; for if it misses a vital part in your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed in the left But then fix yourself so—let him see the broad side of your full front—there—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do you any harm at all Aye, may they, and it is much the genteelst attitude into the bargain.

Both the books which we have noticed in this article are deficient in several important particulars, respecting which it is extremely desirable that the fighting world should be better informed. We cannot read in a newspaper the correspondence which has taken place in an affair of honour, without feeling that there is some foundation for the complaint made by the Orator in the Mayor of Garret, of the miscarriages owing to the ignorance of the great people in the curious arts of reading and writing ; it therefore seems to us particularly desirable that some hints should be given to young gentlemen of fashion, concerning the framing of those letters, in which they set forth their wrongs and blazon their honour to the world. In former times the parties never took the grey goose-quill into their own hands. In cases of appeal to arms, the language was, " I will go to our chaplain, and get him to pen me a challenge ; " of late years the letter-writing business in affairs of honour has fallen into hands of less clerkly skill, and of a truth they make sad work of it—the discord of the subject creeps into the grammar. Much, however, turns on the manner of these notes, and we remember indeed a case, in which even the date of a challenge served to impress the world with an alarming opinion of the writer's resolution. In a famous affair between two learned Barristers, the challenge was dated *Slaughter's* Coffee-house, the very place congenial with the spirit of one bent on fee-fa-fum doings. A collection of epistles in the vernacular tongue, containing challenges and explanations adapted to various affronts, appears to us the article most wanted in a treatise on duelling, and until some work of the kind be published, it would be well if a school-master were employed in affairs of honour to superintend the epistolary department, for there is generally more need of his skill than of the surgeon's.

The very last correspondence before the public, that between Colonel

Berkeley and Mr. Horatio Clagett, furnishes an example of the common failing we have noted :—

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

Fladong's Hotel, December 31, 1824.

Sir—You will much oblige me by giving the enclosed correspondence an early insertion in your Paper.—I am, Sir, &c.

HORATIO CLAGETT.

London, Fladong's Hotel, Dec. 28, 1824.

Sir—A Morning Paper of Saturday contains two letters from you to Miss Foote mentioning my name and conduct in terms which I do not purpose here to discuss, but to which you will see it is impossible for me to submit without a satisfactory explanation.

For that purpose, Mr. Spooner has accompanied me *from London*, in whom I have placed my honour on this occasion.—I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

Colonel Berkeley, &c. &c. Berkeley Castle.

HORATIO CLAGETT.

Berkeley Castle, December 29, 1824.

Sir—I cannot have the least hesitation in assuring you, that in the mention of your name in a correspondence, lately published, unauthorized by me, *that it was not my intention to make any insinuation prejudicial to your character ; and that, as I never had the pleasure of your acquaintance, I beg you to believe, that, in the exercise of my authority over my children, I totally disclaim any wish of giving personal offence to you.*—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

To H. Clagett, Esq.

W. FITZHARDINGE BERKELEY.

The thing which strikes us most particularly in Mr. Clagett's letter is, that he performs in it what the Irish account an impossibility, "he is in two places at once like a bird." The letter, according to the date, was written in London ; and yet the writer informs the Colonel in it, that Mr. Spooner *has* accompanied him *from London*. But possibly a performance of such labour was commenced in London and finished at Berkeley. Besides this miracle, we remark several ugly dislocations in these six lines, which a skilful schoolmaster would have put in joint. But the Colonel's reply is even more curious still, the grammar is rather deranged, but the logic is the most extraordinary we ever observed : "As I never had the pleasure of your acquaintance, &c. I totally disclaim any wish of giving personal offence to you." The conclusion implied here must be particularly alarming to Colonel Berkeley's acquaintances. Thus it is that for want of a little skill in these matters, a man says things most foreign to his meaning. "A man of Honour's complete Letter-Writer, or the Duellist's Assistant," would prevent these awkward blunders. Future writers on duelling would also confer a great benefit on the fighting world, by giving individuals a clear view of their honour (if they have any), by which they may distinguish plainly when it is wounded, the extent of the injury inflicted, and the remedy which the case demands ; it is also expedient that people should be instructed in some logical process, by which they may discover what they are angry about, as much vague and irritating discussion arises in quarrels from the obscurity in which this important point is invariably involved.

HISTORY OF NAPOLEON AND THE GRAND ARMY IN 1812,

BY GENERAL COMTE PHILIPPE DE SEGUR.*

It was mentioned in the letter from Paris in our last Number, that two very remarkable works had just issued from the French press. The first is intituled *L'Histoire de Napoleon, et de la Grande Armée pendant l'Année 1812, par M. le Général Comte de Segur*. The second has for title *Le Manuscrit de 1813, par M. Le Baron Fain, l'un des Secretaires de Napoleon*. These two interesting historical productions bear evident marks of a judicious imitation of Sir Walter Scott. This celebrated romance writer has caused a revolution in French literature. Without being conscious of it probably, or aspiring to the honour, he is the chief of what is called in France *le parti romantique*. All the women adore him, and there is no literary name which so frequently falls from their lips as his. Moreover, the strong attachment felt or feigned by Sir Walter Scott, for all that smacks of ancient institutions, and his consequent want of enthusiasm for those innovations and improvements, which tend to ameliorate the present social state of mankind, have rendered him a distinguished favourite with the Ultra-party, to which party belong, at least, three-fourths of the female readers of his romances. The History of the Dukes of Burgundy, by M. de Barante, and the two works mentioned at the commencement of the article, will find their way into every chateau in France, as they are calculated to excite strong emotions without exacting from the reader any great effort of historical acumen.

But the difference of merit in these three compositions is immense. M. de Barante is an adroit rhetorician, who has taken care not to give umbrage to the powers that be by unpalatable deductions. This author was an under-secretary of state, and writes only to fill up his enforced leisure, until some favourable chance shall throw another *portefeuille* in his way. While reading him, the conviction is irresistibly impressed upon the mind, that we are communing with a man who has all the patriotism of one of Buonaparte's prefects, joined to the frankness and candour of a diplomatist. M. Fain writes history as he would prepare a report for the royal and imperial eyes of his late master. M. de Segur is a writer *sui generis*, and displays the independence of character and depth of thought, which are indispensable in the 19th century to secure an elevated rank in the republic of letters. To make a book which shall be correctly written is now, from the spread of education, an effort within the reach of seven-tenths of those belonging to the richer classes of

* The writer of this article was himself an officer of the Grand Army, and had peculiar means of observation.

society. Hundreds there are, who, like M. Villemain,* the king of modern rhetoricians, can string together a set of fine phrases; the difficulty is to append thoughts to them.

The history of the Campaign of Moscow in 1812, by the Count de Segur, is a work that soars far above the vulgar class of similar attempts. It is a true, nay, a sublime picture of that grand experiment upon the heart of man—the retreat from Moscow. Having myself been a partaker in that deplorable catastrophe, I can bear witness to the unerring truth of M. de Segur's narrative. Though some of the details appeared to me under a different point of view, yet this circumstance can in no wise detract from the veracity of M. de Segur, neither would it lead me to doubt the pains which the author must have taken to collect accurate information upon the various subjects connected with the ever-memorable march from Moscow to Königsberg. M. de Segur evidently adores the great man in Napoleon, at the same time that he perceives and contemns the various moral maladies that despotism and the enforced absence of all truth from the atmosphere by which he was surrounded engendered in his elevated mind. M. de Chambray, an officer in the royal guards, published about a year ago an account of the Campaign of Moscow. This officer, a man of intellect and acquirements, would have willingly told the truth, had not his hopes of promotion under the Bourbons checked his pen. And thus obliged to affect ultraism by not daring to do justice to Napoleon, the veracity of his narrative undergoes various eclipses. It would not be an uninteresting exercise, particularly to military men, to compare the accounts of this officer playing the Ultra with those of M. de Segur. In the work of the former there is scarcely any thing but mere military details, these being the only ones where his pen had liberty to be veracious. M. de Segur had not space for all these details, his work being rather a philosophical and political, than a military, history of the event, and merits, as well as the history of the Revolution by Mignet, to be translated into every civilized language. It is certainly more interesting in the perusal than Redgauntlet, and Napoleon is another guess sort of personage, compared with the poor Pretender Charles Edward. Having said so much, and with perfect sincerity, of the author's merits, we shall now advert to his defects. M. de Segur has too closely imitated the History of the Anarchy of Poland by Rulhière. Before 1815, this work was decidedly superior to any historical production that had appeared in France for 50 years. The minds of Frenchmen, emasculated by the puerile refinements and morbid taste of the court of Louis XV. only gave birth to those pale and feeble productions, which communicate so affected and effeminate a physiognomy to French literature from the year 1756 to 1789. The

* The author of a History of Cromwell, and various minor pieces. He is a Member of the French Academy, and a celebrated lecturer on the Belles Lettres in Paris.

stunted and pigmy intellects of that period were unable to grapple with great historical questions. Voltaire alone, by the force of his wit, arose above the mist which covered the literature of his country. The father of General Segur, the Count de Segur, formerly Grand Master of the Ceremonies to Napoleon, may be taken as the representative of the literati of the reign of Louis XV. He has compiled an endless Universal History, in 30 volumes, 8vo. written in the style which was in vogue before the Revolution, and equally colourless and inanimate as that of Abbé Millot, and other intellectual heroes of the same epoch. The Count de Segur, Grand Master of the Ceremonies, exhibits several of the little vanities and affectations of that period; for instance, he has prefixed to his enormous compilations of 30 volumes, a *fac simile* of his own hand-writing. Rulhière, in his History of the Anarchy of Poland, sought to imitate the style of Seneca; the work was not published for several years after his death, for the manuscript belonged to government, from whom Rulhière received during twenty years a pension of 8,000 francs for writing it. It would never probably have seen the light, but for the rupture between Napoleon and the Emperor of Russia. Napoleon then caused it to be made public, for the purpose of dishonouring the Russians in the eyes of the world, and showing to the civilized portion of Europe what barbarians those were by whom they were threatened to be over-run. M. Danou, one of the three or four writers of first rate talent, who have abstained hitherto from selling themselves either to Napoleon or the Bourbons, was the editor of Rulhière's history, but unfortunately the Jesuits, who are to be met with every where, and on all occasions, had previously exercised their censorship upon the original manuscript, and the strongest passages were either altogether effaced or considerably mutilated by these arch-hypocrites. *Par parenthese*, whenever you hear of a *fripponerie* of this kind in France, you may set it down, without much fear of being mistaken, to the account of the knavish children of Loyola. I have spoken at some length of Rulhière's work, for two reasons; first, it forms the proper and almost necessary introduction to the history of General Segur; and secondly, as it is the model which M. de Segur seems to have had most constantly in view, and which he has, unfortunately for his own literary reputation and the reader's pleasure, too closely imitated. I also cannot help objecting to the obscure metaphysical speculations upon the character of Napoleon, in which M. de Segur but too often loses himself, as also to his endeavours to find proofs of the immortality of the soul in the fortuitous events of the Russian campaign; and lastly, I must deplore that affected brevity of style, which often forces upon the reader the conviction of it being the result of considerable labour. In the very first sentence of the work the author has committed a grammatical error, in a vain endeavour to compress, like Tacitus: "*Depuis 1807, l'intervalle entre le Rhin et le Niemen était franchi et ces deux fleuves devenus rivaux.*" But these are blemishes more than compensated by

the various and novel information contained in the work, and which, besides, has many passages written with great force both of style and expression. The only really ridiculous pages are those of an affected and mock-pathetic dedication to the veterans of the grand army, whom, after the example of Cæsar, in his Commentaries, M. de Segur calls his 'companions.' This sacrifice of good taste was probably necessary to secure a favourable report of the work in the *Constitutionnel* and other liberal journals, who find it their interest to flatter the partizans of Buonapartism, and without whose aid no literary production can have any success in France.

This dedication, however, is curious, as affording a specimen of the manner in which the French military were accustomed to talk of themselves. Of this species of vain boasting there is a very spirited and faithful description in the first volume. The soldiers themselves, though influenced by this ranting, were not unconscious of its absurdity, and gave it the name of *blogue*. To be understood by the French soldiery, and even by a great majority of the officers, it was necessary to adopt this species of *blarney*. Marshal Augereau was a perfect master in this detestable style of declamation; which is directly the contrary of that simple and natural language made use of by English officers in their dispatches or addresses to their soldiers. The secret of this *blogue* is for the orator to talk in unmeasured terms of praise of himself and his soldiers. The truth is, that this kind of wordy *dramming* is necessary to the French soldier, who would remain altogether unmoved by the plain matter-of-fact address of an English General. A philosopher like Catinat would be powerless at the head of a modern French regiment, to lead which on to the cannon's mouth, it requires a ranting player such as that madman, the brave, and foppish, Murat. M. de Segur very clearly explains how the jealousy which Napoleon was weak enough to feel towards Marshal Davoust (the only one of his Generals who foresaw the precise species of obstacle that proved ruinous to the Russian expedition) led him to suffer himself to be influenced by the gasconading Murat, whose *brilliant* manœuvres caused the loss of 50,000 horses before the army reached Moscow. Amongst the other unskilful advisers by whom Napoleon was surrounded, M. de Segur has ventured to designate only Prince Berthier, and two or three others now deceased. Those who survive, not being in the sunshine of court favour, M. de Segur has generously abstained from further adding to their gloom by his reproaches. The author does full justice to the firm, frank, and *ungasconading* character (this last quality a very rare one in France) of Messrs. Caulincourt, Daru, and Ney. General Segur, as son to the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, was enabled to acquire the fullest information upon what took place in the interior of the court; consequently his account of Napoleon's diplomacy, both preparatory to, and during the campaign, is singularly interesting and entirely new. One of the drivellers (whom in the pride of his despotism Napoleon

had about him in number) dissuaded him from sending Talleyrand, the most skilful intriguer in Europe, on a mission to Constantinople and Stockholm, in order to secure the co-operation of the Sublime Porte and Bernadotte, then Prince Royal of Sweden. I know not if Talleyrand would have succeeded in these missions; but this I know, that if Napoleon had been then the same *unspoiled* great man he was in 1796, if the habitude of despotism had not made him prefer talentless sycophants to men of energy and tact, he would have left no effort untried to secure the support of Bernadotte, and particularly that of the Sublime Porte, without whose co-operation the right wing of his army was devoted to destruction. The presence of Talleyrand at Constantinople was then a most indispensable preliminary, and the Emperor was woefully punished for not sending him there, by the disasters at the Berezina. All that portion of M. de Segur's work, relative to diplomatic details, and the intercourse of Napoleon's court, is a *chef-d'œuvre*.

In his description of these interesting matters the author throws much novel light upon the character of Napoleon. He declares his profound admiration for the great and extraordinary qualities of the hero, but in a very different style from the indiscriminating and childish adoration of *Las Cases*, that perfect incarnation of the *beau idéal* of a Chamberlain. We learn from this work some singular and interesting details of several severe attacks of indisposition, which the policy of Napoleon concealed from the army, but which often reduced him to a state of almost utter feebleness, in those very critical moments when he had most need of all his physical and mental energy; as for instance, on the day of the battle of the Moskowa. The author in another passage shows that despotism, which by the vulgar is considered so useful, nay, indispensable, in commanding an army, often counteracts its own objects. Napoleon's jealousy of Davoust (Prince d'Eckmühl) so convinced the other Generals that the Emperor was very unwilling to see any of them evince talent superior to his own, that they considered it prudent to play the part of mere automatons, and abstain from acting upon their own judgment, even where the imperious exigency of the case required it. How different was the system pursued in 1796, during the immortal campaign of Italy, when every one, fired with Republican enthusiasm, obeyed with zeal, but when the orders of the Commander-in-Chief arrived not, *dared to invent*. The debasing effects produced by Napoleon's despotic wilfulness cannot fail to strike the most inattentive reader in the account of the battle of the Moskowa (7th Sept. 1812). The battle might have been gained five times over if Napoleon had been on the field, or if his Generals, at the same time so brave and so timid, had ventured to take upon themselves the risk of following up their success. Napoleon was a league distant from the field of battle, suffering under an excess of fever. Under these circumstances, if the Russians had been commanded by a Blücher, who would have recommenced the battle on the 8th, the French army would in all likelihood have met with the same

fate as they since experienced at Waterloo; and, as they were 99 leagues from Poland, not a single soldier would probably have escaped the just vengeance of the Russians. For the only entire *corps d'armée* the Emperor had then with him was his guard, about 20,000 strong, and mostly composed of young recruits, who were evidently unable to withstand the shock of the Russians. If the disastrous probability above mentioned had taken place, it would have been solely attributable to the timidity with which the Emperor had inspired his Generals. It was the absence of this timidity that enabled the fool-hardy Murat to play so brilliant a *role* in that campaign.

The character of Napoleon as a great captain was eclipsed, on the field of the Moskowa, by the superior conduct of two of his Marshals—Ney, whom Louis XVIII since put to death in breach of the capitulation of Paris, and as the French say with the connivance of the Duke of Wellington, aided by the base subserviency of the Chamber of Peers. The other was Davoust (Prince d'Eckmuhl), who, when in Egypt, gave but few signs of talent, but between 1800 and 1812 showed himself a man of genius, in war and *espionage*. It was Davoust who gained the battle of Jena in 1806, and who, at the Moskowa, pointed out to the Emperor, at the same time offering to execute it in person, and in two hours time, a manœuvre which would have saved the lives of 10,000 Frenchmen. Napoleon on this occasion conducted himself like a drunken captain of grenadiers, in ordering his soldiers to attack barbarians such as the Russians in front, instead of turning them. One word will suffice to show the murderous effects of such a system of attack; 43 Generals were either killed or wounded at the affair of the Moskowa. M. de Segur is too much of a Bonapartist to record this truth; however, every reader of his book, gifted with a spirit of deduction, and who examines minutely the military details of the campaign, will draw this inference from the facts, which M. de Segur narrates with impartiality, but the consequences of which he sometimes omits to bring forward.

Ney was a truly great captain: after the victory of the Moskowa, if such a frightful battle merit the name, the first word he said to Napoleon, the 7th September, at nine o'clock at night, was, *Sire, you must retreat*. The expression of this honest advice was highly honourable to the speaker, particularly when it is considered, that it was addressed to Napoleon, when he was all irritation from disease and from the consciousness that the frightful loss he had just sustained was attributable in a great measure to his own want of generalship. Still all was not lost; for if Napoleon had, four days after the battle of the Moskowa, marched upon Smolensko, the distance to which, 83 leagues, he might have got over in 20 days, he would have found himself on the banks of the Borysthenes on the 6th of October, until which time the sun shone brilliantly, and the degree of cold was only sufficient to brace and not incommode. By such a movement he might have made Poland his own, and the next year have made a

summer march of it to Moscow, between which and him there would have been but 93 leagues and two or three battles.

Prince Eugene Beauharnois and King Murat presided at the frightful butchery of the Moskowa, like men who seemed to think there was no such thing as death,—Murat braved it like a ranting actor, and with a constitutional gaiety, which, though a little *de mauvais ton*, was all powerful in its effect upon his soldiers. The extravagant costume of this theatrical king, the plume of feathers two feet high, dancing above his casque, and his headlong valour, made him the admiration and rallying point of the troops. The bravery of Prince Eugene, who always preserved much of the Marquis of the *ancien regime*, was cold, simple, and *de bon ton*. It was remarked that his refinement of feeling was greatly shocked when, during some moments of the day being on foot, he was obliged to march ankle deep through the pools of blood that thickly intersected the plain. Seeing his finest regiments mowed down like grass, he sent to the Emperor for aid, informing him that the troops could hold out no longer. "I cannot remedy that," replied Napoleon, who was endeavouring to assuage his fever thirst with copious draughts of tea. Napoleon had considerably increased his malady by passing the night of the 6th until four in the morning upon horseback, reconnoitring the enemy's position within gun-shot of their lines. Indeed, it may be said, that upon this memorable occasion, Napoleon was a General only during that night. His principal fear, as well as that of the army, was, that the Russians would escape a second time.

My intention is to terminate this article by extracts from the work of M. de Segur. Many of these inspire so deep an interest, that it would be in vain to expect that any one, after reading them, could lend his attention to any further reflections of mine. I shall therefore, before giving these passages, here insert a few of those recollections and observations awakened in my mind by the perusal of M. de Segur's work. Though unwilling to speak of myself, I must, as a title to the reader's confidence, commence by stating that I served in a regiment which took part in the action of Moskowa.

All the military defects engendered by despotism in the great mind of Napoleon were tripled as to their fatal effect upon the army by the incredible incapacity of the Major-General Berthier, Prince de Neufchatel. The physical force of this poor man was nearly exhausted; and, as to his mind, it was not many degrees removed from dotage. A march of eight or ten leagues on horseback left him unfit for further exertion. A great portion of the disasters which signalized this campaign would probably have been avoided, had this superannuated Prince de Neufchatel fallen sick at Dresden, and been replaced by Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia; the same man, be it said *en passant*, who at present (Dec. 1824) is seen each morning going to mass with a huge prayer-book bound in red morocco carried before him. Under

Napoleon he was a great general, but under the Bourbons he has dwindled into a hypocritical worshipper of the power of the Jesuits.

But to return.—So desirable a change as that of Soult for Berthier was not possible at that time, for Napoleon had become a hater of all transcendent merit; servile plodding mediocrity was the quality which found most favour in his eyes, and unfortunately this disposition of the master was a secret for no one. He was seen, at Dorogubué I believe, half-way between Moscow and Smolensko, to redden with suppressed rage at being forced to name Gouvion St. Cyr Marshal of the Empire, one of the greatest military characters modern France has to boast of. At Watipek, where he commanded, and where he was ably seconded by Count Amadée de Pastoret, Count Gouvion St. Cyr gave battle twelve times to the Russians, who sought to break the French line of communication and cut them off from Poland and France. These engagements cost the Russians more men than General St. Cyr had under his command. Marshal St. Cyr has been Minister of War since the restoration, and in that capacity conducted himself with scrupulous honour. In 1822, he published the *Memoirs of his Campaign in Catalonia*, a work equally remarkable for good sense and simplicity of style. He has finished writing a similar work upon the Campaign of Moscow, which will not a little shock the Buonapartists; for the writer not only asserts, but proves, that during the fatal year 1812, Napoleon not only evinced incapacity as a general, but gave signs of *etourderie*, which seemed the result of a head turned by pride. Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr has, for what reason I know not, omitted to make any mention of the frequent indispositions of the Emperor. Napoleon was extremely nervous; and sickness prostrated his bodily and mental faculties to such a degree, that he became almost an inert mass. On these occasions he sometimes slept for twelve hours consecutively, and on awaking endeavoured to excite his faculties by drinking large quantities of tea, in which a small portion of brandy was mixed. But afterwards, as misfortunes thickened around him, this tea became strong brandy-punch, so strong, that a single glass of it was sufficient to set the excellent and simple Duroc to sleep. On some occasions the Emperor has been known to drink as much as two bottles full of this beverage. When Marshal St. Cyr denominates Napoleon a *médiocre* general, he must forget the Italian campaigns in 1796, and those in the neighbourhood of Paris, in 1813. It is true, the bodily powers of this great man failed him at Brienne, and at Montmirail. On this last day, to rouse his sinking powers, he drank three bottles full of brandy-punch. Of this the army suspected nothing, for those about his person would have considered it foul treachery to have made known the circumstance.

The only individuals who, at the Kremlin, while Moscow was burning, had the courage to speak the truth to the Emperor, were the Count Daru, then Secretary of State, and the Grand Marshal Duroc. The harsh and abrupt observations of Daru irritated and checked Napoleon for the

moment ; while the mild reasoning and long-trying friendship of Duroc bade fairer to produce an effect upon his mind ; but the base flatteries of several individuals still living, but whom I shall not name, aided by the blind wilfulness attendant on despotic power, engaged the Emperor not to quit Moscow until four days after the conflagration. He entered that extraordinary city on the 14th of September. At that time the army was perishing for want of food ; so little precautions had Count Dumas, then Intendant General, taken to provide for its support. The city continued to burn during the 14th, 15th, and 16th ; when the conflagration had ceased, there were found in the cellars a large store of good dried fish, and so much excellent wine, that the best claret was sold at three francs a bottle. The soldiers of the guard had the privilege of pillaging, and they carried on the trade in wine, and also in fur pelisses, which those who were prudent took care to provide themselves with. The army, thus refreshed, could and ought to have left the city on the 19th of September, but they did not do so till the 19th of October. For this fatal delay of 30 days, they paid dearly on the banks of the Berezina, and in the environs of Wilna. It would have been better to have marched upon St. Petersburg than have remained at Moscow. The Russian army could scarcely have come up with the French before they were half-way to Petersburg. If the French had once got there, it is not improbable but the inhabitants of that city, much more selfish, and less patriotic than those of Moscow, would have opened their gates like those of Vienna and Berlin. To march upon St. Petersburg would certainly have been a folly ; to leave the army at Moscow during the winter under the command of Davoust, while Napoleon repaired to Paris, would also have been one ; but still either of these two would have been less hazardous than setting out the 19th of October for Smolensko.

It was at this moment that the imbecility and incapacity of the Prince de Neufchatel were evinced in a most fatal manner—he frightened the whole army by directing their attention to the 600 dreary leagues that separated them from France. From the 12th of October, straggling bands of 30 and 40 deserters, with their baggage and *arms* tied upon the backs of a small race of horses, called by the soldiers *coniates*, set out from Moscow for Smolensko, by Borodino and Doragubué. Berthier, instead of having the firmness to order the first of these deserters who abandoned their eagles and set out for home *en voyageurs*, to be shot, authorised in some measure this infamous desertion ; and Napoleon, who had acquired the habit of maltreating those who revealed the truth to him, either was ignorant of the circumstance, or, if he knew it, had not the energy to put a stop to it. These are the principal causes of the unheard-of desertions that accompanied that retreat. They are chiefly to be attributed to the Prince de Neufchatel, and the fops in red pantaloons who were his *aides de camp*. During this fatal march, the Russians committed the most extraordinary errors in

tactics ; posterity will, in vain, endeavour to comprehend the excess of stupidity which hindered these barbarians from destroying the bridges and causeways in the swamps of the Berezina. Had they done so, the whole French army must have met with a fate similar to that of General Pastoveu's division. I was with that army, and yet I do not hesitate to say that it would have been fortunate for France had Admiral Tschitchakoff and General Tschaplitz possessed the ordinary military skill of an English or French Colonel. In which case, Bonaparte's ruin would have been inevitable. So conscious was he himself of his dangerous position, that he entertained the idea of committing suicide ; which, if he had then attempted, it would not have been vainly, as at Fontainebleau, in April, 1814, when he took a preparation of stramonium, invented by Cabanis, and tried with success by Condorcet. In the event of Napoleon's death, the army would have been made prisoners, the great majority of whom would have perished with cold and hunger ; but never would the barbarians have ventured to cross the Rhine, then the limits of France. The King of Rome, under the direction of Cambaceres, and a well-chosen regency, would have enabled the Senate to recover its influence ; in which case the French would not now have to deplore the excess of debasement into which they have fallen—led as they are at present by the Jesuits, and obliged to follow the car of the Holy Alliance.

Before justifying, by extracts, the praises given to M. de Segur in the beginning of this article, I cannot omit again animadverting on his style, which in too many instances is affected, elaborate, and full of pretension. It is under this point of view particularly that I think this work will be eclipsed by the Memoirs of Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr, which are written with the simplicity peculiar to a great mind. I should recommend to M. de Segur to suppress in the second edition all the vague metaphysical discussions upon materialism, and the immortality of the soul ; also to clear up a great number of passages that have become obscure, from the great pains taken to make them resemble those of Tacitus and Rulhière ; and, lastly, to correct that affected *tournure* of phrase which is peculiar to modern French writers, instances of which are to be found in but too many pages of this otherwise remarkable production. The extracts which follow relate to three different epochs :—1. The passage of the Niemen, and entrance upon the Russian territory.—2. The battle of the Moskowa.—3. The horrors of the retreat in the environs of the Berezina.

In page 116, of the first volume, we find that the system of plunder in which the army indulged was not confined to the soldiers, but that general officers, and even princes, took part in it. M. de Segur says :

However, the Emperor wished there should be some order in this disorder. Amidst the accusing cries of the subjects of the two monarchs, our allies, his anger selected the names of certain individuals. We read in his letters upon this occasion : " I have reprimanded the generals * * * and * * *, I have suppressed the brigade of * * *, I

have caused it to be notified to * * * (the present King of Wurtemberg), that he would draw upon himself the most disagreeable consequences if he did not put an end to such a system." Some days after, meeting this prince at the head of his troops, Napoleon, still full of indignation, cried out to him, "You disgrace yourself by setting an example of plunder. Be silent, or return to your father; I have no need of your services."

In page 117 is the following passage on Berthier and Davoust.

At Marienbourg the Emperor rejoined Davoust. Be it natural or acquired pride, this Marshal was unwilling to acknowledge any one for his chief but he who commanded all Europe. Besides, he was of a despotic, obstinate, and unbending character, and almost as little inclined to yield to circumstances as to his fellow men. In 1809, Berthier was his superior in command during some days, and Davoust gained a battle, and saved the army by disobeying his orders. Hence arose a terrible hatred between them, which, during the peace, went on increasing, but without bursting forth, as they were separated—Berthier being at Paris, Davoust at Hamburg; but this war brought them together. Berthier had become enfeebled. Since 1805, war appeared odious to him. His chief talent was in his active habits and business, and excellent memory; he was always ready to receive and transmit, at all hours of the day and night, the most multiplied dispatches and orders. On some of these occasions, he took upon himself to transmit orders upon his own authority. These orders were ill received by Davoust, and their next meeting, which took place at Marienbourg, in the presence of the Emperor, ended in a violent altercation; Davoust expressed himself in the harshest terms, his anger carried him even so far as to accuse Berthier of incapacity or treason. They mutually menaced each other; and when Berthier quitted the apartment, Napoleon, influenced by the naturally mistrustful character of the Marshal, exclaimed, "It sometimes happens to me to doubt of the fidelity of my oldest companions in arms, but then my head becomes crazed with grief, and I hasten to repel such cruel suspicions." While Davoust was enjoying perhaps the dangerous pleasure of having humbled an enemy, the Emperor set out for Dantzic, and Berthier, burning with a desire of vengeance, followed him. From that moment the zeal, the renown of Davoust, his preparations for that new expedition, all, in fine, that should have tended to raise his reputation, turned to his disadvantage. The Emperor had written to him: "that they were going to make war in a desolate country, where the enemy would have destroyed every thing, and that it was necessary that every one should be prepared to supply his own wants." Davoust replied to him by enumerating his preparations. "He had 70,000 men in a state of the completest organization; they carried provisions for 25 days with them. To each company were attached a certain number of swimmers, masons, bakers, tailors, shoemakers, armourers; in a word, workmen of every kind. They carried every thing necessary with them; his army was, in fact, a colony: they were even provided with hand-mills. He had foreseen all their wants: and all the means of supplying them were ready." Such precautions merited commendation; they were, however, ill received, and maliciously interpreted. Insidious observations were made in the Emperor's hearing: "This Marshal," it was said, "wishes to foresee, to order, to execute every thing. Is the Emperor then to be only a spectator of the expedition? Is all the glory to fall to Davoust?" "In fact," exclaimed the Emperor, "it appears that it is he who commands the army."

At page 125, we have the following spirited description of the French army.

As to the French, he found them filled with ardour. Amongst the soldiers, this arose from habit, curiosity, the pleasure of appearing as masters in a foreign country, the vanity of the youngest particularly, who had need to acquire some renown, that they might afterwards boast of it with that charlatanism so much liked by soldiers; these narratives, big with their great deeds, were moreover indispensable to occupy their leisure

moments. Besides all this, there was also the hope of plunder; for the ever-craving ambition of Napoleon had often discontented his soldiers, as their depredations had tarnished his glory. A compromise then became necessary. Since 1805, there seemed to have been a tacit convention that they should not object to his ambition, nor he to their plundering. However, this pillaging, or rather marauding, was in general confined to provisions, which, in default of the regular distributions, were exacted from the inhabitants, but often with too little regard to moderation. The more reprehensible species of pillage was that committed by the stragglers, of whom there were necessarily a great number during the forced marches; but these disorders were never tolerated. In order to put a stop to them, Napoleon left brigades of gendarmes and moving columns to follow the route of the army; and when these stragglers rejoined their regiments, their havresacks were examined by their officers, or even, as at Austerlitz, by their comrades, who, in case of delinquency, did strict justice upon them. The last levies, it is true, were too young and too feeble; but the army had still a great number of vigorous men enured to action, accustomed to the most critical situations, and whom nothing could astonish. These were easily recognised by their martial looks and conversation: all their reminiscences and anticipations were of war, which was the only subject of which they spoke. Their officers were worthy of them, or became so: for, to maintain the ascendancy of their rank over such men, it was necessary to be able to show your wounds, and talk of the brave actions you had performed. Such was then the life of these men; every thing was action—even their words. Sometimes they boasted too much, but even this engaged them to act, for they remained not long without being put to the proof, and then it was necessary to appear as brave as they had represented themselves; this is more particularly the character of the Poles; they represent themselves more brave than they *have* been, but not more so than they are capable of being. They are a nation of heroes! boasting of themselves beyond the bounds of truth, but afterwards making it a point of honour to make true what had at first been neither true nor likely to be so. As to the old generals, some of them were no longer the rigid and plain-mannered warriors of the republic; honours, fatigues, age, and the Emperor most of all, had changed many of them. Napoleon compelled them to live in a luxurious manner by his example and his orders; it being, according to him, one of the means of swaying the multitude. Another motive probably with him was, that it hindered them from amassing large fortunes, and becoming, in some measure, independent of him; for being the source which supplied them with wealth, it was his policy to keep them in such a state as should necessitate a continual recurrence to him for a fresh supply. He thus enclosed his generals in a circle from which it was difficult to escape; forcing them to pass incessantly from want to prodigality, and from prodigality to a state of want, which he alone could satisfy. If he granted them lands, they were those of a conquered country, subject to all the chances of war, and which war alone could preserve to them. But to retain them in dependance, renown, which had become a habit with some, a passion with others, and a necessary acquirement for all, sufficed; and Napoleon, absolute master of his age, and commanding even history, was the dispenser of that renown. Although he made them pay a high price for it, they dared not retract; they would have been ashamed to have acknowledged their weakness in presence of his force, and stop short in a career which he, who had already attained such a height of renown, still pursued with unabated vigour. Moreover, the eclat of so great an expedition had its charms; the success appeared certain; it promised to be no more than a military march to Petersburg and Moscow. It was but one effort more and all their labours would probably be at an end. It was a lost occasion which they would have repented to have passed by: they would be annoyed by hearing the glorious event of the campaign recounted by others.

The passage of the Niemen is thus described:

The 23d June, before day light, the imperial column reached the Niemen, but without

seeing it. The borders of the great Prussian forest of Pilwisky, and the hills which rise immediately from the river, concealed it from the view of the grand army about to cross it. Napoleon, who had come thus far in a carriage, here mounted his horse at two o'clock in the morning. He reconnoitred the Russian river without disguising himself, as it has been falsely asserted. As he approached the bank, his horse stumbled and threw him. A voice exclaimed, "This is a bad omen, a Roman would be deterred by it!" It is not known if it was the Emperor, or one of his suite, who pronounced these words. After reconnoitring, he ordered that the next evening, at night fall, three bridges should be thrown across the river, near the village of Porriemen; he then retired to his quarters, where he passed the whole of that day, alternately in his tent and in a Polish house, stretched, seemingly bereft of force, in an immoveable attitude, in the midst of a heavy oppressive heat, and seeking, but in vain, for repose. As soon as night returned, he again approached the river; a few pioneers in a little skiff first crossed it. Astonished at meeting with no obstacle, they quitted the boat and set foot upon the Russian soil. There they found peace; it was only on the opposite side that the appearance of war existed: all was tranquillity upon this foreign soil, which had been painted to them in such menacing colours. However, a subaltern officer of Cossacks, commanding a patrol, soon approached them. He was alone, and seemed to consider it a time of profound peace, and to be ignorant that Europe was in arms before him. He asked the strangers who they were: "Frenchmen," replied they; "What do you want," demanded the officer, "and why do you come into Russia?" A pioneer bluntly replied to him: "To make war upon you! to take Wilna! to deliver Poland!" The Cossack retired and disappeared amidst the forest; upon which three of the soldiers, carried away by their ardour, discharged their muskets. Thus the feeble report of three muskets, and to which there was no answer, told us that a new campaign had opened, and that a great invasion had commenced. This first signal of war, be it prudence or presentiment, threw the Emperor into a state of violent irritation. Three hundred voltigeurs then passed the river to protect the construction of the bridges. Some time after, all the French columns issued from the vallies and the forest. They advanced silently towards the river, under favour of a profound darkness. To be conscious of their presence, it was necessary to touch them; it was forbidden to light any fires, or even strike the smallest spark; the soldiers slept with their arms in their hands, as if in presence of the enemy. The green barley, wet with a heavy dew, served the men for beds and the horses for food. At 300 paces from the river, on the most elevated ground, was seen the Emperor's tent. Around it all the hills to their very tops were covered, and the vallies filled with men and horses. As soon as the sun shone upon these moving masses and their sparkling arms, the signal was given, and immediately this multitude began moving in three columns towards the three bridges. The ardour was so great, that two divisions of the advanced guard, contending for the honour of passing the first, were near coming to blows; it was not without some difficulty that order was restored. Napoleon hastened to set his foot upon the Russian soil; he made, without hesitation, this first step towards his ruin—he first kept near the bridge encouraging the soldiers by his looks, who saluted him with their accustomed cries. They appeared more animated than himself; whether it were that he felt so enormous an aggression weigh upon his heart, or that his enfeebled body was unable to support the excessive heat, or that he was already astounded at finding nothing to conquer; at length a fit of impatience seized him. He suddenly dashed forward, and plunged into the forest that borders the river. He put his horse to his utmost speed, and appeared as if, in his eagerness, he wished all alone to come up with the enemy. He rode forward, thus unattended, the distance of a league, and then returned towards the bridges; after which he descended the bank of the river, with his guard, towards Kowno. We thought, at one time, we could hear the roaring of cannon; we listened while marching, to learn on what side the battle had begun. But on that and the following days, with the exception of some troops of Cossacks, the only enemies we met with were the elements. For scarcely had the

Emperor crossed the river, when an indistinct sound was heard in the air ; soon after the sky became obscured, the wind arose and brought to our ears the sinister mutterings of thunder. This menacing sky, this soil without a shelter saddened us. Some even who had been before enthusiastic, became alarmed, looking upon the circumstance as a bad omen. They thought that these thunder-riven clouds gathered around our heads, and descended towards the soil to forbid us entering upon it. It is true that this thunder storm was as gigantic as the enterprise in which we were engaged. For several hours the black and heavy clouds continued to increase, their sombre masses covering the whole army ; from the right to the left over a line of fifty leagues the troops were menaced by incessant lightning, and deluged with torrents of rain ; the heat of the atmosphere was suddenly replaced by a piercing cold. Ten thousand horses perished in the march, and particularly during the bivouacs. This same day a particular misfortune was added to this general disaster. Beyond Kowno, Napoleon, finding the march of Oudinot interrupted by the river Vilia, the bridge over which the Cossacks had destroyed, became irritated, and affecting to despise it, as he did every thing which interrupted his designs, he ordered a squadron of the Poles of his guard to cross the river. These chosen men dashed into it without hesitation ; at first they went forward in good order, and even after getting beyond their depth they still continued, their horses swimming, till they reached the middle of the river ; there the strength of the current divided them, their horses took fright, and were swept away by the violence of the waters ; their riders struggled for a long time, but in vain, their strength failed them, but just before the waters covered over them they suspended their dying efforts, and turning their heads towards Napoleon, they shouted *Vive l'Empereur*. Three in particular were seen, whose lips alone were above the water when they uttered this cry, and immediately sunk. The army was seized with horror and admiration.

Battle of the Moskowa.

It was half-past five in the morning when Napoleon arrived near the redoubt that had been taken on the 5th of September. There he awaited the first appearance of day, and the first musket shots from Poniatowski's detachment. The sun arose, and the Emperor pointing it out to his officers, exclaimed, " Behold the sun of Austerlitz," but it was unfavourable to us. It rose on the side of the Russians, enabling them to see us distinctly, while it dazzled our eyes. It was then discovered that during the darkness our batteries had been stationed out of reach of the enemy. It was necessary to advance them ; this we did without receiving any obstruction from the enemy. They seemed unwilling to be the first to break this terrible silence. The attention of the Emperor was directed towards the right, when suddenly on the left the battle began ; he soon was informed that one of Prince Eugene's regiments, the 106th, had carried the village of Borodino, and the bridge, which they should have broken down, but that, hurried away by their success, in despite of the cries of their general, they pushed on to attack the heights of Goreki, from whence the Russians swept them by a fire in front and flank. Further information soon arrived that the general commanding this brigade had been killed, and the 106th would have been entirely destroyed, had not the 92d regiment, of its own accord, rushed forward to their aid, and sheltered and brought back the survivors. It was Napoleon himself who had given orders to his left wing to begin the attack furiously. Probably he thought that he would have been but half obeyed, and that he wished only to draw the attention of the enemy to that side. But he so multiplied his orders, and overstrained his excitements, that the attack which he had planned as an oblique one was directed against the front of the enemy. During this action, the Emperor, judging that Poniatowski was already engaged upon the old road to Moscow, had given the signal of attack before him. Suddenly, from that tranquil plain, and those silent hills, were seen shooting up volumes of fire and smoke, followed by a thousand explosions, and the whistling of balls that tore the air in every direction. In the midst of this astounding noise, Davoust, with the divisions Campans, Desaix, and 30 pieces

of cannon in front, advanced rapidly upon the first hostile redoubt. The fusillade of the Russians began, to which the French artillery alone replied. The infantry advanced without firing, wishing to arrive close to the enemy before pouring in a volley; but Campans, at the head of this column, and his bravest soldiers, fell wounded; the remainder, disconcerted, halted under this shower of balls in order to reply to it, when Rapp rushed forward to replace Campans; he hurried the soldiers forward, and brought their bayonets to the charge in double quick time against the enemy's redoubt. Already he himself the first had touched it when he was struck by a shot: this was his 22d wound. A third general succeeded to him and also fell; Davoust himself was wounded. They bore Rapp to Napoleon, who said to him, "Eh! what Rapp, always! But what are they doing above there?" The *Aide de Camp* replied that the guard would be necessary to conclude the affair. "No," said Napoleon; "I shall take good care not to let them go, I do not wish to see them destroyed. I shall gain the battle without that necessity." Ney then with his three divisions reduced to 10,000 men, threw himself into the plain, and hastened to succour Davoust; the enemy divided their fire; Ney pushed on. The 57th regiment of Campans, seeing itself supported, recovered its ardour, and making another desperate effort, attained the enemy's intrenchments, escalated them, came up with the Russians, whom they drove before them at the point of the bayonet, killing those who still stood their ground. The remainder fled, and the 57th established themselves in the position they had conquered. At the same time Ney attacked the two other redoubts with such impetuosity that he wrested them from the enemy. It was now noon; the left of the Russian line thus forced, and the plain clear, the Emperor ordered Murat to lead the cavalry thither and finish the affair. In an instant this prince was seen upon the heights, and in the midst of the enemy who had re-appeared there, for the second Russian line and some reinforcements, led by Bagawont and sent by Tuchkof, had come to support the first. All were hurrying forward to retake their redoubts. The French, who were still in the disorder of victory, were astounded and retired. The Westphalians, whom Napoleon had dispatched to aid Poniatowsky, were traversing the wood which separated the prince from the rest of the army, when they perceived through the dust and smoke our troops retrograding. From the direction of their march they took them for the enemy, and fired upon them; this mistake, in which they persisted, increased the disorder. The enemy's cavalry followed up vigorously their good fortune; they surrounded Murat, who forgot himself while endeavouring to rally his troops; already they had stretched forth their hands to seize him, when he escaped from them by throwing himself into the redoubt; but there he only found a few frightened soldiers who had given themselves up for lost, and were running round the parapet seeking for an issue by which to make their escape. The presence and exhortations of the King at first reassured some of them. He himself snatched up a weapon, and while using it with one hand, with the other he raised and shook in the air his white plume, by which he brought together his troops, and re-inspired them by the influence of his example with their former valour. At the same time, Ney had got his divisions into order. His fire checked the enemy's cuirassiers, threw confusion into their ranks, and they at length gave way; Murat was then relieved, and the heights reconquered.

We must here omit several farther details, too long and too unintelligible for our *non-military* readers, and come to the description given of Napoleon during this terrible day.

Napoleon was seen during this entire day either slowly pacing up and down or seated in front, and a little to the left of the redoubt which had been taken on the 5th, on the borders of a ravine, far from the battle, which he could scarcely perceive since it had moved beyond the heights; he seemed to feel no alarm when it re-appeared and approached him, and expressed no impatience either against his own troops or the

enemy. He showed only by signs a kind of sad resignation, when from time to time he was informed of the death of his best generals. He rose frequently, walked a few paces, and then sat down again. Those around him looked upon him with astonishment. Hitherto during the shock of battle he was accustomed to evince a calm activity, but on this occasion it was a lethargic calm, a feeble mildness, devoid of activity: some took it for that prostration of spirit, the usual result of violent sensations; others imagined that it arose from his mind having become blunted (*blasé*) to every thing even to the "rapture of the fight." The most zealous attributed his immobility to the necessity, which required that the commander in chief of an extensive line of military operations should not too often change his position, in order that the reports from his generals might easily reach him. Others, in fine, ascribed it to the more probable motives of the debilitated state of his health, and his violent and severe indisposition. The generals of artillery, who were astonished at the inaction in which they had been left, promptly took advantage of the permission they had just received to fight. They were soon seen upon the summits of the hills, whence 80 pieces of cannon were discharged at once. The Russian cavalry first advanced, but were soon broken and forced to take shelter behind their infantry. The infantry then came forward in thick masses, in which our balls made wide and deep fissures; and yet they continued to advance, when the French batteries redoubling their fire mowed them down with grape shot. Whole platoons fell at once, and the soldiers were seen endeavouring to keep together under this terrible fire; every moment blanks were made by death, but still they moved close to each other over the dead bodies of their comrades. At length they halted, not daring to advance farther, and yet not wishing to retire, whether it be that they were struck, and, as if petrified with horror in the midst of this immense destruction, or that at the moment Bagration fell wounded; or that their first disposition failing, their generals were incapable of changing it, not possessing, like Napoleon, the difficult art of manœuvring rapidly, and without confusion, such numerous bodies of troops. In fine, these inert masses allowed themselves for the space of two hours to be mowed down, without giving any signs of motion, but that occasioned by their fall. The massacre, upon this occasion, was frightful, and the enlightened valour of our artillerymen wondered at the immobile, blind, and resigned courage of their enemies.

It was towards four o'clock that this last victory was gained; there had been several during the day: each division got the better of the enemy opposed to them, without being able to follow up their success, and decide the battle; for, not being supported in time by the reserve, they were obliged to stop short from exhaustion. But, at length, all the principal obstacles were surmounted. The noise of the artillery diminished, and was heard at a greater distance from the Emperor's position, whither officers were hastening from all parts of the field. Poniatowski and Sebastiani, after a desperate struggle, had also been victorious; the enemy had halted and retrenched themselves in a new position. It was late in the day, the ammunition exhausted, and the battle over. It was only then that the Emperor mounted his horse with difficulty, and rode slowly towards the heights of Semenowska. He found there a field of battle, but incompletely gained, for the cannon balls and even the bullets of the enemy still disputed it with us. In the midst of these spirit-stirring sounds of war, and the still flaming ardour of Ney and Murat, Napoleon remained the same; his spirits sunk, his voice languishing, and addressing his victorious generals only to recommend prudence to them: after which he returned at a slow pace to his tent behind the battery, which had been carried two days before, and in front of which he had remained since morning, an almost motionless spectator of all the vicissitudes of that terrible day.

On entering his tent, he appeared not only enfeebled in body but prostrated in mind. The field of battle he had visited told him in more convincing terms than his generals, that this victory so long pursued, so dearly purchased, was incomplete: Was it him, who was accustomed to follow up his success to the last possible results, that Fortune now found frigid and inactive when she offered him her last favours? For the loss was

immense and without proportionate result. Every one around the Emperor had to deplore the death of a friend, or a relation, for the havoc had been great among the officers of high rank. Forty-three generals had been killed or wounded. What mourning in Paris! What triumph for his enemies! What a dangerous subject of meditation for Germany. In his army, even in his tent, victory appeared silent, sombre, isolated, neglected even by his flatterers! Those whom he sent for, Dumas, Daru, &c. listened to him, but replied not: but their attitude, their downcast looks, their silence, was sufficiently intelligible. At ten o'clock, Murat, whom twelve hours' fighting had not tired, came to ask for the cavalry of the guard. "The enemy," he said, "were passing hastily and in disorder the Moskowa; and he wished to surprise and destroy them." The Emperor repressed this sally of immoderate ardour, and then dictated the bulletin of the day. He was pleased to inform Europe that neither himself nor his guard had been exposed. Some attributed this to an excess of self-love. Others, better informed, judged differently, for they had never seen him exhibit gratuitous vanity: they thought that distant as he was from France, and at the head of an army of foreigners who could be kept together only by victory, he felt how indispensable it was to preserve untouched a chosen and devoted body of troops. Those who had not lost sight of Napoleon during the whole of that day, were convinced that this conqueror of so many nations was vanquished by a burning fever. They then called to mind what he himself had written down fifteen years before in Italy. "Health is indispensable to a soldier, its place can be supplied by no other quality;" and also an expression, unfortunately but too prophetic, which the Emperor made use of on the field of Austerlitz, when he said, "Oudinot is worn out; a man can make war but for a certain time; I myself shall be capable for six years more, after which I should stop."

The remaining extracts relate to the disasters in the neighbourhood of the Berezina.

A remarkable conversation which took place on the night of the 23d November will serve to show how critical his position was, and in what manner it affected him. It was late in the night, and Napoleon had retired to bed. Daru and Duroc, who remained in his chamber, were communicating to each other, in a low voice, thinking the Emperor asleep, their sinister conjectures: but he was listening to them, and when he heard the expression "prisoner of state," he exclaimed, "What, you think they would dare!" Daru, after recovering his surprise, answered, "that if forced to surrender they should make up their minds to the worst that could happen; that he had not much confidence in the generosity of an enemy; and that those who had the power, generally invented a morality for themselves, and disdained the previous law." "But France," interrupted the Emperor, "what will she say?" "Oh, as for France," continued Daru, "we may indulge in conjectures more or less agreeable, but none of us will be allowed to know what passes there." He then added, "that for his principal officers, as well as for himself, the most fortunate circumstance that could happen would be the escape of the Emperor, either through the air or otherwise, since by land it was impossible, for that, by his presence in France, he might more efficaciously serve them, than by remaining amongst them." "I am as you may then," replied Napoleon smiling, "Yes, Sire. And you do not wish to be a prisoner of state?" To which Daru replied in the same tone, "I should think myself well off to be so." After this the Emperor remained for some time absorbed in silence, and then with a grave air, said, "Have all the reports of my ministers been burnt?" "Sire, hitherto you would not permit their destruction." "Well, go and destroy them, for it must be confessed we are in a deplorable position!" He then turned himself to sleep. On approaching Borizoff, we heard a loud shouting, some ran forward thinking it was the attack which had commenced. It arose from the army of Victor (Duke of Belluno), which had come up to await the passage of Napoleon. This *corps d'armée*, entire and

in good spirits, when the Emperor appeared, received him with their usual acclamations, the sound of which he had almost forgotten. This division was ignorant of the disasters that had befallen us: they had been carefully concealed not only from the soldiers, but their chiefs. So that when, instead of the grand conquering column of Moscow, they perceived behind Napoleon only a flight of spectres covered with tattered uniforms, women's pelisses, pieces of old carpets, and dirty cloaks, scorched and holed by the fire, and whose feet, instead of shoes, were enveloped in rags of every hue, they started back with consternation. With feelings of affright they saw defile before them these miserable emaciated soldiers, their faces of an earthy hue, and scarcely distinguishable amidst a hideous grisly beard, without arms, without shame, marching confusedly, their heads dropping on their chests, their eyes fixed upon the earth, and moving along in silence like a convoy of captives. What was still more astonishing was, the immense number of colonels and generals isolated from their regiments and divisions, and only occupied with providing for themselves, or looking after the remainder of their baggage, many of them mingled indiscriminately with the private soldiers, who paid no attention to them, to whom they had no longer any orders to give, and from whom they had nothing to expect, for all the bonds of discipline were broken, all distinction of rank effaced by the common misery. The soldiers of Victor and Oudinot could scarcely credit their senses. Their officers, moved to pity, with tears in their eyes, stopped those whom they recognized in the crowd. They shared with them their provisions and clothes, and then asked them where were their *corps d'armée*. And when those, pointing out a slender platoon of officers and non-commissioned, grouped about a chief, instead of the thousands of men the inquirers expected to see: these last, still incredulous, repeated the same question. The view of such a dire disaster exercised from the very first day a fatal influence upon the 2d and 9th corps. Insubordination, the most contagious of disorders, infected their ranks. And yet the disarmed, and even the dying, though they were fully aware that they had to cross a river and cut their way through a fresh enemy, did not despair of succeeding.

After the passage of the Berezina, Napoleon marched at the head of the slender remnant of his army towards Zerubin, whither Prince Eugene had preceded him. It was remarked that he still commanded his marshals, now soldierless, to occupy certain positions upon the route, as if they had still armies under their orders. One of them made this observation to him with some bitterness, and began a detail of his losses; but Napoleon, determined to listen to no more reports, lest they might degenerate into complaints, interrupted him bluntly by saying, "Why do you wish to deprive me of my calmness?" And upon the other still continuing, he silenced him by repeating in a reproachful tone, "I ask you, Sir, why do you wish to deprive me of my calmness?" An expression which shows the demeanour, that, in his misfortune, he imposed upon himself and wished to exact from others. At each bivouac during the dreadful march, numbers sunk under their suffering to rise no more. Upon these occasions were mingled together men of various professions, rank, and ages, ministers, generals, &c. Amongst these, one individual was particularly remarkable. He was a nobleman of the *ancien regime*; and every morning this general officer of 60 years of age was seen seated upon the trunk of a tree covered with snow, occupying himself with the most imperturbable gaiety, as soon as the day appeared, with the details of his toilet: even during the most violent tempest he never omitted having his head frizzled and powdered with the most minute care, as if he mocked his sufferings and the rage of the elements that assailed him.

The following is the appalling picture exhibited by the remains of the army after Napoleon had left it.

The winter in its utmost rigour now overtook us, and by filling up the measure of each individual's sufferings, put an end to that mutual support which had hitherto

sustained us. Henceforward the scene presented only a multitude of isolated and individual struggles. The best conducted no longer respected themselves. All fraternity of arms was forgotten, all the bonds of society were torn asunder, excess of misery had brutalized them. A devouring hunger had reduced these unfortunate wretches to the mere brutal instinct of self-preservation, to which they were ready to sacrifice every other consideration—the rude and barbarous climate seemed to have communicated its fury to them. Like the worst of savages, the strong fell upon the weak and despoiled them: they eagerly surrounded the dying, and often even waited not for their last sigh before they stripped them. When a horse fell, they rushed upon it, tore it in pieces, and snatched the morsels from each other's mouths like a troop of famished wolves. However, a considerable number still preserved enough of moral feeling not to seek their safety in the ruin of others, but this was the last effort of their virtue. If an officer, or comrade, fell alongside them, or under the wheels of the cannon, it was in vain that he implored them by a common country, religion, and cause, to succour him. He obtained not even a look: all the frozen inflexibility of the climate had passed into their hearts; its rigidity had contracted their sentiments as well as their features. All, except a few chiefs, were absorbed by their own sufferings; and terror left no place for pity. Thus that egotism, which is often produced by excessive prosperity, results also from extreme adversity, but in which latter case, it is more excusable; the former being voluntary, the latter forced; one a crime of the heart, the other an impulse of instinct, and altogether physical; and indeed, upon the occasion here alluded to, there was much of excuse, for to stop for a moment was to risk your own life. In this scene of universal destruction, to hold out your hand to your comrade or your sinking chief, was an admirable effort of generosity. The slightest act of humanity was an instance of sublime devotion.

The following is the closing scene of many of these once invincible warriors.

When unable, from total exhaustion, to proceed, they halted for a moment, Winter, with his icy hands, seized upon them for his prey. It was then that, in vain, these unfortunate beings, feeling themselves benumbed, endeavoured to rouse themselves. Voiceless, insensible, and plunged in stupor, they moved forward a few paces like automats; but the blood, already freezing in their veins, flowed languidly through their hearts, and mounting to their heads, made them stagger like drunken men. From their eyes, become red and inflamed from the continual view of the dazzling snow, the want of sleep, and the smoke of the bivouacs, there burst forth real tears of blood, accompanied by profound sighs; they looked at the sky, at us, and upon the earth, with a fixed and haggard stare of consternation: this was their last farewell or rather reproach to that barbarous nature that tortured them. Thus dropping upon their knees, and afterwards upon their hands, their heads moving for an instant or two from right to left, while from their gasping lips escaped the most agonizing moans; at length, they fell prostrate upon the snow, staining it with a gush of livid blood, and all their miseries terminated. Their comrades passed over them without even stepping aside, dreading to lengthen their march by a single pace; they even turned not their heads to look at them, for the slightest motion of the head to the left or the right was attended with torture, the hair of their heads and beards being frozen into a solid mass.

Scenes of still greater horror took place in those immense log-houses, or sheds, which were found at certain intervals along the road. Into these, soldiers and officers rushed precipitately, and were huddled together like so many cattle. The living, not having strength enough to remove those who had died close to the fire, sat down upon their bodies till their own turn came to expire, when they also served as death-beds to other victims. Sometimes the fire communicated itself to the wood of which these sheds were composed, and then all those within the walls already half dead with cold, expired in

the flames. At Joupranoiii, the soldiers set fire to whole houses in order to warm themselves for a few moments. The glare of these conflagrations attracted crowds of wretches whom the intensity of the cold and of suffering had rendered delirious : these rushed forward like madmen, gnashing their teeth, and with demoniac laughter precipitated themselves into the midst of the flames, where they perished in horrible convulsions. Their famished companions looked on without affright, and it is but too true that some of them drew the half roasted bodies from the flames, and ventured to carry to their lips this revolting food.

SONNET.

You, the choice minions of the proud-lipp'd Nine
 Who warble at the great Apollo's knee,
 Why do you laugh at these rude lays of mine?
 I seek not of your brotherhood to be :
 I do not play the public swan, nor try
 To curve my proud neck on your vocal streams.
 In my own little isle retreated,—I
 Lose myself in my waters and my dreams :
 Forgetful of the world, forgotten too,
 The cygnet of my own secluded wave,
 I sing, whilst dashing up their silver dew,
 For joy, the petty billows try to rave :
 There is a still applause in solitude,
 Fitting alike my merits and my mood.

MEDDLING'S JOURNAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

You could not recollect what the fellow said—could you ?

Sir Fretful Plagiary.

SIR,—The great success which has attended the publication of a Journal kept by a certain light dragoon, though heavy writer, of Lord Byron's long last moments of conversation, and the celebrity which Mr. Colburn has acquired by indisputable *Private Journals* and *Public Advertisements*, having driven every acute friend of an eminent man or woman to recollect himself, and to set about recollecting all that has dropped from the lips of the dear deceased in his or her most unguarded moments, my valued and valuable acquaintance Captain Meddling has penned and confided to my hands his manuscript "*Journal of the Conversations of Dr. Kitchener, noted during a residence with his Cookship in the years 1823 and 1824 ;*" and has strictly enjoined me to preserve it with the utmost secrecy and caution, until a departure

of the enlightened and excellent hero of this Journal from the Globe and the Gridiron shall have made a publication desirable. To a delicate mind such an injunction was needless, and indeed as the Captain has not thought proper to trust to my honor, I feel relieved from any moral obligation, and accordingly hasten to possess you with such extracts and observations as I conceive will be beneficial to your interests and amusing to your readers. I am under no bond to my friend, and he, I believe, is not in any legal form pledged to Dr. Kitchener not to publish his life, during his life;—for what is a man's talk but his life? though it must be allowed that until a gentleman *has done*, a biographical work, being necessarily incomplete, comes out under some disadvantages. Thus much I can assure you, that my friend Captain Meddling has seen Dr. Kitchener more than six or seven times, and that on one occasion he spent a very long evening with him between tea and supper; and therefore of all other persons he is perhaps the most qualified to report the admirable observations and solid talk of the Doctor, and to sketch his character for public contemplation. The Captain has played at bagatelle with Dr. Kitchener for half an hour together, and has sounded him on many abstruse points during the game. The Captain tells me that he is sure his account will be the first of the kind published on the great Cook; and I verily believe that, if all is properly managed, and an interest can be excited, Mr. Colburn will offer a thumping nominal sum for the copy-right. Mr. Colburn, I am told, says that if he has it, he will have a handsome title-page built for the occasion, and he is pretty sure the work will be well spoken of in the New Monthly Magazine, and the Advertisements;—and you, Mr. Editor, know the value of praise from an impartial Journalist. *Our Journalist* has been very careful not to record any of the Doctor's sarcasms on Mr. Campbell, Mr. Galt, or Mr. Urban, (the three eminent men of the day,) so that no prejudice will exist against him in the Periodicals.

I have but a few words to say on the subject of publications of this confidential nature; and having said them, I will no longer detain you from the very curious and spirited manuscript which my friend has entrusted to my care. It is well for the world of authors and readers that all walking bureaux of interesting and delicate memoirs are not *Moore*s and *Littles*; otherwise, in the hurry to sacrifice to a few of the *very alive*, not only the living in general would suffer, but the dead: those who wish "to speak after long seeming dead," might as well at once bury themselves and their self-histories in one of Bridgman's iron repositories, as hope to accomplish a posthumous explanation of dissipated, that is, departed days. Fortunately, in the present age, the Medwins, the Dallas's, and the Meddlings swarm in every family, and there is not a Fitzgerald that has not his domestic historian, or a scribbling green-grocer that has not his Boswell. The conversations and the letters of every breathing curiosity that wags a pen, from the Irish Giant of prose to the Tom Thumb of poetry, are treasured up, and very properly, in albums and

night-books,—in diaries and *nocturnaries*, with a zeal highly creditable to this incurious age. Every private action—every petty malice—every sleepy or tipsy observation is recorded; so that the moment a gentleman's great toe is against the roots of the daisies, his bosom friends very unreservedly and affectionately out with every small conjecture and fact of easy virtue; and the scull of the illustrious late-lamented is served up, like every other calf's head, with a garnish of its own tongue and brains. In reporting conversations, too, it is not necessary to have been present when they took place, as they can be pretty faithfully gathered from servants, friends, and enemies.

Such poets and prosers as Lord Byron and Doctor Kitchener are not to be met with every day, and we are therefore not a little bound to be grateful for the labours of our brace of Captains. The reader will observe a singular coincidence in several of the circumstances and conversations of the Peer and the M. D.; but great men will hit upon similar feelings, failings, and fancies, (alliterative!) and it is always truly interesting to trace the corresponding characteristics of your heirs of immortality.

Finally, I must observe, that I should have thought it prudent to suggest to Captain Meddling the suppression of certain passages, but that he is all abroad, at Brentford, and moreover that he might have taken it into his head to have suppressed the whole, which I could not afford. I find, too, that the doubtful passages are the favourites with the Journalist, as they are more immediately from his own pen; and therefore, on due consideration, I sell the whole, like George Robins' unredeemed pledges, without reserve.—I am, your's, &c.

E. A.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL
OF DR. KITCHENER'S NOTED CONVERSATIONS,

BY T. MEDDLING,

*Captain of a Light Company, and Author of "Assurance, the Wanderer;"
a Romance of Real Life.*

PREFACE.

* * * * *

"A great Author is of no parish. His works are public property. They are injunctionless, and may be pirated by every Benbow on the face of the globe. His meat is for every mouth!"—Such were the enlightened sentiments of Dr. Kitchener. Am I not right, therefore, in picking as much as I can from his worthy old bones, and making a hash of his joints for my own repast?—The Doctor has no country,—he has no property. Every child may put a finger in his plate. He is as much the offspring of Benbow as of Constable and Co. "I will carve him as a dish fit for the gods!"—(p. ii.)

* * * * *

The world will wonder how I knew so much of this great man, but the fact is I read all I could about him, and listened to all his "damned good natured friends," who of

course were the more unreserved, since they enjoined me to secrecy. I listened to his acquaintance behind his back, and so got a bite at the truth. I wrote all down that I could rake together, for the sake of reference only, and I now refer the world to my notes; thus keeping my original object honourably in view. This is strictly correct. I love to be of the Light Company even of Truth. This Journal has only been shown to one Mr. Hill and the town crier, so that no one knows a syllable about it; and I should never have suffered it to see the light, if I were not assured that the manuscript of the Cook's Oracle was destroyed.

I despise mere book-making, and shall therefore only make a quarto of my work. It is not large enough for an octavo. I know that my publisher will sell the volume, as Abydos's Bride's Selim sold his life, as dearly as he can:—It will be therefore my duty to make it as big as I can for the money.—(p. iv.)

* * * * *

I have noted down my illustrious friend's ideas, as nearly as my recollection served, in my own words. The workings therefore of two minds will be seen together. The spirit of his voice, the beauty of his fancy, the pungency of his sauce, the novelty of his wine, the music of his spinette, who could do justice to? His pocket bottle, which gave a life to the whole, who could forget?—(p. vi.)

Man sat before the proof spirit's decoctor,—
And worshipp'd at once Curacoa and the Doctor!—
Woman, who felt his sweet tones were bewitching her,
Sigh'd in the drawing-room over the Kitchener!

THE JOURNAL, &c.

* * * * *

During the few minutes the Doctor was engaged in finishing a receipt for calf's foot jelly, I took the opportunity of drawing his portrait in my pocket-book. He sat with his back to me, so that I had every opportunity of completing the picture, and unobserved.

From his appearance behind, I should judge him to be under sixty years of age, several feet high, and of a remarkably youthful aspect. As was said of Mr Paap, the Dwarf, he narrowly escaped being long and thin. His face was firm,—his forehead extending almost to the back of his head,—he looked florid and melancholy. His hair was grey, graceful and perfectly straight,—and his head seemed to be assimilating itself fast to "the sleek last Maw-worms." He was very long behind. In criticising his features, it might perhaps be said that his eyes were too near his ears, and that they differed in size, in the proportion of half a crown to a sixpence, which gave his look a fine irregular expression. His eyes had a peculiar brilliancy when looking at the fire, and set your feelings quite upon a simmer. His teeth seemed competent to any joint, and I afterwards found that he was very particular in his use of them.*

* * * * *

"Among our countrymen at Hornsey I made no new acquaintances. Croly, singing Tinney, and Tom Dibdin were almost the only great London people I saw. We talked of the *Universal* on the banks of the New River.—What is become now of my butter-boat? It never was worth much, and I valued it. When I and Croly and Dibdin went to discover the source of the New River, we were in great danger at the Sluice House, near where the romantic Dyer nearly died. It would have been interesting to have perished there. Croly, who is an angler, was at the river much oftener than I:

* To this end he told me he was in the habit of using every little delicacy of the season,—and as he ate very eagerly, he was forced under his chin to put a napkin.

indeed at all hours of the day and night. *His* great rage is also a butter-boat. We are having two made, after patterns of our own at Spodes."—(P. 17.)

* * * * *

We occasionally rode about the city: and often returned by Newgate and Ludgate.

"Newgate with its hanging debtors' door, and Dr. Dodd-like doom reminds me," said the Doctor, "of the prison in Horsemonger Lane."

I thought the observation not inapt. He then remarked the heavy vehicles that rolled away from the City, and which, when they reached the vale at the bottom of Holborn Hill, we missed. He watched the olden crowds of evening as they appeared.

"It is fine," said the Doctor, "but no cabriolets are to be compared with those of Maberley. They are too heavy for any horse, and defy any driver. My rides indeed would be tame without the grand melancholy of Mab's Cabs. Ask Liston?"

"Stand on Blackfriar's Bridge," said Dibdin. "Cast your sixpenny eye, if you can afford it, into the Thames when it is on fire, then follow in and out till you get to Battersea Mill (erroneously called the Horizontal); and tell me if anything can surpass mock turtle at Cuffs'?"—(P. 20, 21.)

* * * * *

"I am sorry said he not to have a copy of my Cook's Oracle to show you. I gave it to Fitzgerald, or rather to Fitzgerald's nine little children, at Turnham Green. I remember saying here are 2000lbs. for you, my young Fry. I made one reservation in the gift,—that I was to share the profits as long as I lived with Constable, and that he was to have the whole at my death."

"I have no objection to copies being bought.—In fact, the work had gone through many editions. Among others, Mrs. Rogers, the Banker, borrowed a copy, and on returning it, admitted that she had transcribed every useful receipt. This was shabby: and we put her on the Kitchen fire. Ever since this happened, Alderman Birch has been urging me to take the *Mes S* into my own hands. There are few bad stews or wretched broils in which I have been concerned in the book. The second volume will prove a good lesson to old Cooks, for it will treat of improper *courses*, and will shew the fatal consequences of dissipation with Cape wine. It will deal with few dishes that may not, and none that will not, be relishing to old Gentlemen."—(P. 34, 35.)

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At another time he said,

"A very full account of my best broil is contained in the Cook's Oracle: after it was completed I requested Mrs. Kitchener would taste it. She declined."—(P. 35.)

* * * * *

"When I married, and I cannot recollect the time, my wife and I had separate kitchens; this could not last long. Pounds and pounds melted away before the two fires. My last knuckle of veal, which we had to dine upon, was seized by the Sheriff, who had no bowels in committing such an act. Mrs. Kitchener went to a country town for a short period, until the spit and the times should turn round. She wrote me the price of the markets; and you will judge of the terms on which poultry was parted with when she commenced her letter with,—*"Dear Duck!"*

"I have prejudices about women. I like to see them eat. Mrs. Glasse liked her glass, and was *un peu gourmande*; her cutlets are not at all according to my taste. I do not like to be interrupted in my victuals. Mrs. Kitchener once came in, in the middle of a made dish. I was standing before the kitchen fire ruminating over it, she came up and said *"Kitchener! am I in your kitchen?"* to which I replied *"Damnably."* I afterwards informed against myself for the oath, and was fined. Sir Richard Birnie hardly understood what I said."—(P. 42.)

* * * * *

"The gravest accusation that has been made against me is that of having admired Mrs.

Grove of the English Opera House, and of introducing her to old Mr. Linley, &c. &c. There never was a more unfounded calumny."

* * * * *

"During one day at Mr. Orme's (who was a good sort of man, but that he made a joke of a leg of mutton) I broke a grinder, and could not avoid showing that I was annoyed, as dinner was not half over. "It will do you good," said Lucy Aching "I am glad of it!" I gave her a tart!"—(P. 45.)

* * * * *

"—The Price Current was the only paper that ever took up my cause. And Lady Barrymore, the only lady in the titled world that did not look upon me as a bore.

I once sent some Coins to her that made her my friend for ever. She had just quitted Mr. Vickery. The cause of my sending them was her being excluded from a certain cabinet of the beauties of the day. She will soon be at Marlborough Street, and I will shew her you.—(P. 48.)

* * * * *

There are two things that strike me at this moment, which I did at Hornsey. I fought Mr. Wordsworth for writing *The Pet Lamb*:—and prevented Fitzgerald from burning one of his odes, by shewing him the compliment passed upon him in the *Rejected Address*.—(P. 62.)

I observed to the Doctor one day I had heard that he drank through his own skull. D. K. took no notice of this remark.—(P. 64.)

* * * * *

"I was at this time a mere luncher—a great man at coffee houses and beefsteak clubs. My days were spent in visits, luncheons, and dinners and suppers,—not forgetting drinking. If I had known you early in life, you would have been *cold meat* by this time. I remember Henry Hunt—X Sheriff P——— and myself clubbing a trifle and losing a dinner at little chicken-hazard, which may be called *poultry*! H. and P. quarrelled, and H. wanted me to lend him my pocket pistol, but I excused myself by assuring him that the cork was out. I knew my answer would have more effect than four sides of prosing.

* * * * *

I will give you a specimen of the epigrams I wrote to my friend Wilberforce.

Hey for the flask! 'tis surely done!

The worse for me and you!

'Tis now *five* years since we drank *one*,

And *four* since we drank *two*!

And another on his sending me a goose in May by Mr. Rogers, which ended thus foolishly:

"You may send a goose in the season,
Let us, prythee, have none for to-day."

* * * * *

"I will show you an ode," with this he read the last feeling lines recited by Fitzgerald at old Anderson's Fund Dinner. After he had finished, he repeated the lines

"God bless the Regent and the Duke of York," &c.

and said they were perfect!

I should have taken them, said Croly, for a rough sketch of Campbell's.

"No," replied the Doctor—"Campbell would have printed them in Colburn's *Minor Periodical*, if they had been his."

I afterwards had reason to think this ode was the Doctor's, he praised the lines so highly.

Talking after dinner of swimming, he said: "Cadell published a note I wrote him from Islington, which might have seemed an idle display of vanity; but the object of my writing was to contradict what George Dyer had asserted of the impossibility of crossing the New River from one side to the other in consequence of the tide."

"One is as easy as the other. I and Lady Barrymore did both. Turning to his cook he said, 'Flitcher! How far did I and her ladyship swim?' Flitcher replied, three yards and a half (of course he did not exaggerate), the whole width of the New River. The current is prodigiously strong, and I had a tureen under one arm. I was the Leander of this stream, and Lamb says Dyer was the Hero! I caught a cold in the head, and Lady Barrymore was taken out half drowned by a little boy, angling for bites."

I remember being at Brighton some years ago, and having great difficulty in seeing a tree—I wanted to cross for the wooded shores of Calais, and luckily the tide was just setting out. Mr. ——— (I think he said Parkins) was with me.—(P. 116.)

"Parkins urged me not to publish my work on Spectacles, he said it would damn my eyes, and demoralize me for ever. Croly, who is no bad judge of others, however he may fail in writing himself, says my "Spectacles" are the finest things in the world, and worthy of Dollond, and backs them against any other optical illusions."—(P. 126.)

I cannot resist presenting the public with the following song written by the Doctor, after one of our suppers.

"I'm a Yorkshireman just come to town,
My coming to town was a gay day;
For fortune has just set me down,
Waiting gentleman to a fine lady!"
&c. &c. &c.

I fear giving more, on second consideration, as these lines have never been in print; and the Doctor is particular about original poetry.

Discussing the different actors of the day, he said: "Macready who hated Miss Boyce, used to say her acting Lady Ann in Richard reminded him of an undertaker's wife. But whatever her Lady Anne might be, Miss Tidswell in Jane Shore never surpassed Miss Boyce in the waiting woman in Macbeth."

"Macready is a great man. The actresses are afraid of him. He exhausted the audience so in Richard the Third, that it went into fits. He and Howard Payne have done much towards reforming the stage. He can *do* for a play if he likes!"—(P. 136.)

"Mr. Cadell, of Edinburgh pretends he has lost money, I hear, by my Oracle. My joints have been his sheet anchor. He is a cautious man and likes a book to sell, before he praises it. Without Constable I know not what would become of me:—Cadell is not an easy man to deal with."

* * Here we are compelled to stop, though much curious matter is still in our hands; indeed we know not what E. A. could imagine our space could be, for he has furnished us with MS. sufficient to make a very heavy quarto, as quartos go. We leave our readers to judge of the work itself from the extracts we have given.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MR. MUNDEN :

IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

HARK'EE, Mr. Editor. A word in your ear. They tell me you are going to put me in print—in print, Sir. To publish my life. What is my life to you, Sir? What is it to you whether I ever lived at all? My life is a very good life, Sir. I am insured at the Pelican, Sir. I am threescore years and six—six; mark me, Sir: but I can play Polonius, which, I believe, few of your corre—correspondents can do, Sir. I suspect tricks, Sir: I smell a rat; I do, I do. You would cog the die upon us; you would, you would, Sir. But I will forestall you, Sir. You would be deriving me from William the Conqueror, with a murrain to you. It is no such thing, Sir. The town shall know better, Sir. They begin to smoke your flams, Sir. Mr. Liston may be born where he pleases, Sir: but I will not be born at Lup—Lupton Magna, for any body's pleasure, Sir. My son and I have looked over the great map of Kent together, and we can find no such place as you would palm upon us, Sir; palm upon us, I say. Neither Magna nor Parva, as my son says, and he knows Latin, Sir; Latin. If you write my life true, Sir, you must set down, that I, Joseph Munden, comedian, came into the world upon Allhallows' day, Anno Domini 1759—1759; no sooner nor later, Sir: and I saw the first light—the first light, remember, Sir, at Stoke Pogis—Stoke Pogis, comitatu Bucks, and not at Lup—Lup Magna, which I believe to be no better than moonshine—moonshine; do you mark me, Sir? I wonder you can put such flim flams upon us, Sir; I do, I do. It does not become you, Sir; I say it—I say it. And my father was an honest tradesman, Sir: he dealt in malt and hops, Sir, and was a Corporation man, Sir, and of the Church of England, Sir, and no Presbyterian; nor Ana—Anabaptist, Sir, however you may be disposed to make honest people believe to the contrary, Sir. Your bams are found out, Sir. The town will be your stale puts no longer, Sir; and you must not send us jolly fellows, Sir—we that are comedians, Sir,—you must not send us into groves and Charn—Charnwoods, a moping, Sir. Neither Charns, nor charnel houses, Sir. It is not our constitutions, Sir. I tell it you—I tell it you. I was a droll dog from my cradle. I came into the world tittering, and the midwife tittered, and the gossips spilt their caudle with tittering. And when I was brought to the font, the parson could not christen me for tittering. So I was never more than half baptized. And when I was little Joey, I made 'em all titter;—there was not a melancholy face to be seen in Pogis. Pure nature, Sir. I was born a comedian. Old Screwup, the undertaker, could tell you, Sir, if he were living. Why, I was obliged to be locked up every time there was to be a funeral at Pogis. I was—I was, Sir. I used to *grimace* at the mutes, as he called it, and put 'em out with my mops and my mows,

till they could'nt stand at a door for me. And when I was locked up, with nothing but a cat in my company, I followed my bent with trying to make her laugh, and sometimes she would, and sometimes she would not. And my schoolmaster could make nothing of me : I had only to thrust my tongue in my cheek—in my cheek, Sir, and the rod dropped from his fingers : and so my education was limited, Sir. And I grew up a young fellow, and it was thought convenient to enter me upon some course of life that should make me serious ; but it would'nt do, Sir. And I was articled to a drysalter. My father gave forty pounds premium with me, Sir. I can show the indent—dent—dentures, Sir. But I was born to be a comedian, Sir : so I ran away, and listed with the players, Sir ; and I topt my parts at Amersham and Gerrard's Cross, and played my own father to his face, in his own town of Pogis, in the part of Gripe, when I was not full seventeen years of age, and he did not know me again, but he knew me afterwards ; and then he laughed, and I laughed, and, what is better, the drysalter laughed, and gave me up my articles for the joke's sake : so that I came into court afterwards with clean hands—with clean hands—do you see, Sir ?

[Here the manuscript becomes illegible for two or three sheets onwards, which we presume to be occasioned by the absence of Mr. Munden, jun. who clearly transcribed it for the press thus far. The rest (with the exception of the concluding paragraph, which seemingly is resumed in the first hand writing) appears to contain a confused account of some lawsuit, in which the elder Munden was engaged ; with a circumstantial history of the proceedings on a case of Breach of Promise of Marriage, made to or by (we cannot pick out which) Jemima Munden, spinster, probably the comedian's cousin, for it does not appear he had any sister ; with a few dates, rather better preserved, of this great actor's engagements—as “Cheltenham (spelt Cheltnam) 1776 ;” “Bath, 1779 ;” “London, 1789 ;” together with stage anecdotes of Messrs. Edwin, Wilson, Lee Lewis, &c. over which we have strained our eyes to no purpose, in the hope of presenting something amusing to the public. Towards the end the manuscript brightens up a little, as we have said, and concludes in the following manner.]

—— stood before them for six and thirty years, [we suspect that Mr. Munden is here speaking of his final leave-taking of the stage] and to be dismissed at last. But I was heart-whole, heart-whole to the last, Sir. What though a few drops did course themselves down the old veteran's cheeks ; who could help it, Sir ? I was a giant that night, Sir ; and could have played fifty parts, each as arduous as Dozy. My faculties were never better, Sir. But I was to be laid upon the shelf. It did not suit the public to laugh with their old servant any longer, Sir. [Here some moisture has blotted a sentence or two.] But I can play Polonius still, Sir ; I can, I can.

Your servant, Sir,

JOSEPH MUNDEN.

LETTER FROM ABRAHAM TWADDLER.

MY DEAR SIR.—You ask me what I think of the first number of the New Series of the London Magazine, which I may be permitted to observe is also the last—first and last, a puerile point, perhaps, but let that pass—such as the number is, however, whether first or last, whether alpha or omega, I hasten to convey to you my sentiments on its contents, in the spirit of candid criticism, and in compliance with the tenour of your request. I shall consider the articles in the order in which they occur.

“The Thames Quay.” The main objection which suggests itself on perusing this paper, turns on a matter of fact. “Soane, Nash, and Macadam,” says the writer, “are stoning the streets to death as though they were so many St. Stephens.” Is this statement warranted, or is it not, if I must use a harsh expression, rather incorrect—has the writer taken pains to inform himself on the point, has he had opportunities of making personal observation, has he ever been in London, or if he has been in London, has he ever seen any of those streets of London which have been Macadamised? If you reply in the affirmative, how are we to account for so remarkable and important a mistatement, as that which I have quoted in the very threshold of the argument, in the first sentence of the article—“Soane, Nash, and Macadam, are stoning the streets to death, as though they were so many St. Stephens.”—Soane, Nash, and Macadam, I confidently reply, are not stoning the streets; the fact is, the very reverse of what is stated; the truth is, that they are taking up the stones and grinding them to dust. What reliance, let me ask you, my dear Sir, can be placed on the architectural views of a writer, who cannot inform us at this time of day, whether they are taking up or laying down stones in the streets of London? But this little slip satisfies me that the author of this article can know nothing whatever about architecture. Take my word for it—and you are pretty well aware that I am not often mistaken—he has not the skill necessary to the construction of a house of cards, or a grotto of oyster shells. I have yet another objection to his proposed plan;* he colours the Surrey side of the Thames lilac, and the London green; had I sufficient space, I could demonstrate to the satisfaction of every man blessed with eyesight, that the London side should be lilac, and the Surrey green—observe the green hills of Surrey, while on the London side what is the prevailing colour? surely not the livery of nature.

“The Vagrant Act.” Without saying one word about the spirit and execution of this article, I shall at once take exception to the tendency of it. A REVERENCE FOR THE LAWS, my dear Sir—but you know

* It has escaped our correspondent, Mr. Twaddler, that he has as yet presented no objection to the proposed plan.—Ed.

the sentiment I would express. Let us endeavour to cultivate a deference to authority, and inculcate a becoming respect for those measures which have received the sanction of the collective wisdom of our enlightened land.

"Memoir of Mr. Liston." This is, indeed, a valuable piece of biography, containing many curious facts which were not generally known, concerning the private history of this popular comedian. The style of writing is extremely pleasing and original; and it is evident throughout that the author has kept his eye steadily fixed on Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, and caught much of the spirit of the great original. I know no writer of the present day, who bids so fair to excel in biography, as the author of this interesting article—I know of no one who so enviably unites a strict adherence to historic accuracy, with profound philosophical reflection, and the breathings of an imaginative genius. Homely in detail, and sublime in sentiment, never departing from the track of truth while aspiring to the regions of fancy, he reminds me of those giants of old, who walked with their feet in the narrow ways of the earth, and their heads in the clouds; or, if I may be allowed another illustration, with happy art he makes a garden of sweets on the barren rock of facts. The account of young Liston's loss of the best of masters, is given with a pathos that must awaken the touch of nature in the most insensible bosom; and for my part I am not ashamed to confess, my dear Sir, that it has beguiled me of many a sweet tear of sympathy. I cannot resist the temptation of quoting the passage, though you doubtless have it by heart—for these are things which come home to the heart. "It seems they had been walking out together, master and pupil, in a fine sun-set, to the distance of three quarters of a mile west of Lupton, when a sudden curiosity took Mr. Goodenough to look down upon a chasm, where a shaft had been lately sunk in a mining speculation (then projecting, but abandoned soon after, as not answering the promised success, by Sir Ralph Shipperton, knight, and member for the county). The old clergyman leaning over, either with incaution, or sudden giddiness, (probably a mixture of both), suddenly lost his footing, and to use Mr. Liston's phrase, disappeared; and was doubtless broken into a thousand pieces. The sound of his head, &c. dashing successively upon the projecting masses of the chasm, had such an effect upon the child, that a serious sickness ensued, and even for many years after his recovery, he was not once seen so much as to smile."

If I were asked whether I saw any flaw in this gem, I should reply in the eloquent language of the Frenchman, who, being asked a question to the same effect, with regard to a friend's tragedy, answered, "Faults! how can I see faults when my tears blind me?" This I should say, because I would not lose a fair opportunity of saying a fine thing; but nevertheless, it is a profound truth, that nothing is perfect in this world; and were it put to my conscience to declare whether I found any thing amiss in this incomparable passage, I should feel compelled to confess

that the phrase, "and was, doubtless, broken into a thousand pieces," seems to me susceptible of some improvement. The conjecture is extremely rational, I allow; but as it is not strictly matter of fact, is not the expression somewhat too homely? would it not have been better to have turned it thus, for instance, "he was, doubtless, precipitated into eternity?"—"broken into pieces," seems to me to convey a mean idea of crockery ware—man is frail, 'tis true, but his frailty is not as that of china or delph—he is as clay, but not as clay that has been fashioned by the potter's hands, and baked into fragility. But this is hypercriticism—why should I dwell on so minute a blemish, or urge so fanciful an amendment? it is like the cavil of the old woman in the Arabian Nights, who declared that the palace of Aladdin, built of precious stones, fell short of perfection, insomuch as it lacked a roc's egg, suspended from the centre of the dome.

To conclude my notice of this article—could not the writer be prevailed on to give us the lives of all the actors in the same manner; or I should like still better to see a Life of Lord Byron, from his pen—take my word for it, he would eclipse Medwin and Dallas. Of a truth, a faithful biographer is now much wanted! But hold, I have been rash in my unqualified commendation; may not serious objection attach to the "Memoir of Mr. Liston," on the score of its unveiling the secrets of private life? The truth is not to be spoken at all times. It behoves us to consider this point seriously. I have been too hasty.

"*Theatricals.*" This paper is full of mistatements that must excite an honest indignation in every British breast. The theatres are represented as deserted by the gay people, while we all know that they are nightly filled to suffocation with beauty and fashion, or the newspapers lie; but there is a consistency in their paragraphs, and an agreement among them on this point only, that give the best assurance of truth. And I am the more ready to doubt Mr. Pickle's word, because I have detected him in one fib. He states his intention of going to see the Drury Troop "when that piece is brought out, in which Elliston, blowing a trumpet, is to ride on four horses at once." You will be shocked and surprised, my dear Sir, to learn that no piece of the kind is to be brought out, or was ever heard or thought of; that it is, in short, a pure invention from beginning to end. I speak advisedly. I have the fact from excellent, I may say the best, authority; and grieved will you be to discover, that your respectable publication has been the medium of circulating so idle and unfounded a tale. But setting aside the improbability of the thing, did not the impossibility strike you; for how, as was shrewdly observed to me, can a man ride four horses at once?—as the divine poet truly observes, "what's impossible can't be, and never, never, never comes to pass." Confess, my dear Sir, that in this instance, your accustomed acumen has failed you.

"*A Vision of Horns.*" Fidon!

"*Railways.*" This article would endeavour by specious arguments

to reconcile us to the ruin of those widows and orphans * who hold shares in navigable canals. May every better feeling of the human heart rebel against the sophistry that would sacrifice innocence and helplessness under the sordid pretext of promoting our commercial prosperity. For my part, I would rather go to Liverpool by the way of the North Pole, than take a short cut, trampling over the vested interests of suffering shareholders in navigable canals. "Improvements must always injure some class," says your considerate philosopher (who must possess the heart of a cherry); more shame for improvements then, I reply—What, are we cannibals to eat each other up in this manner? Let things be as they are—let well alone, is my maxim; but above all things let us be cautious how we interfere with concerns so closely connected with the main source of our national greatness as canals: is it not to navigation that we owe our proud preeminence over other nations? and are not canals navigable and navigated? Nay, how many of our hearts of oak have learned the rudiments of their profession on canals? and what would become of that meritorious body, the bargemen, if railways should supersede the truly British method of transporting goods—Heaven avert the omen!

Apropos to this subject, I cannot but think, my dear Sir, that you are getting on too fast. In your number before me, I should prefer seeing your articles making their objects by the long sea, or tortuous canal passage, instead of getting on, as they now do, like a house on fire; and if I must speak my mind, and may be permitted a play on words, you are falling more into the railing way than your friend Twaddler can approve.

"*Sterne at Calais and Montreuil.*" The novelty of the subject is what most particularly pleases me in this article.

"*Advice to various Persons, in various Walks of Life, &c. by a Philanthropist.*" Shall I give you my candid opinion on this article? shall I frankly confide to you the doubt that occurs to my mind? Do not take it amiss, my good Sir, if I confess that I much question whether this paper be really written, as is stated, by a philanthropist. I form no rash judgments, I come to no hasty conclusions, I would injure no man by vague suspicions, but there appears in this article some advice which I am persuaded can never have been dictated by the pure spirit of philanthropy. The proposed *amusement* of spilling cold water on people's toes in intensely cold weather; the suggestion of slides on the foot paths; the recommendation to shop-boys to disregard the safety of passengers, and to knock them on the head with their shutters; the instructions to button holders how to ASSASSINATE their friends.—Shame! shame! are these the admonitions of a philanthropic breast? Forgive me, my dear

* This is merely the language of course, it does not follow that any widows and orphans are concerned, but on these occasions the widow and orphan are always, as a matter of form, put in the front of the battle: our friend, Mr. Twaddler, is a considerable shareholder in several canal speculations.

Sir, if I am mistaken ; we are all liable to err in our judgments—but I doubt, very much doubt, whether this gentleman be really a philanthropist in his heart.

“ *Letters from Paris by Grimm's Grandson.*” Here you have again been deceived, my dear Sir ; this letter never came from Paris, believe me. Nay, I will incontestibly prove, in a few words, that it *cannot* have been written in Paris. It is a notorious fact, that the people of London know better what is passing in the French capital than the people of Paris ; as the people of Paris, on the other hand, are better informed concerning the affairs of London than our fellow citizens. If we desire to learn what is occurring on a certain spot, we must go to some distance for the news. When you wish to examine a great object, and to acquire a just idea of its nature, you do not go close up to it—or if you are so ill advised as to do so, you see nothing but the few bricks or the large stone immediately before your nose—but you remove yourself to some distance from it, and then the eye is enabled to take in all the bearings of the fabric. I then lay it down as a maxim, that a certain intervening space, proportionate to the magnitude of the place to be considered, is necessary to a correct view. It follows then, that the accuracy of the view and the size of the object being given, the distance may be determined. Paris is a large metropolis. Your Correspondent, M. Grimm, presents in his article an accurate view of its literature, &c., ergo M. Grimm must have written his letter at a considerable distance from the French capital. It would take up more space than I can give to the subject, to prove by a like incontrovertible process of reasoning, that London must be the true date of the letter ; but I think you will now confess at least, that a letter containing such correct information cannot have been written on the spot. No one knows his own duck-pond better than B—— of the Quarterly Review knows the North Pole ; but do you imagine he would know so much about the matter if he had ever been there ? Nay, if he went there to-morrow, it is my firm belief that the visit would upset all his knowledge. His own wine-cooler is now not more familiar to him than the frigid zone ; but a more intimate acquaintance with the spot would freeze his theories, and set him fast in the icebergs of mist, doubt, and uncertainty. Professor Buckland is as well informed touching the manners and customs of antediluvian hyænas, as if he had enjoyed their society ; but can you be so simple, my dear Sir, as to fancy that he would have understood their economy equally well if he had lived in their age and neighbourhood ? The further things are removed from us, the more certain is our knowledge of them, and we are indeed most assured of those truths which are altogether beyond the reach of human ken.

A fact, I affirm, is like a round shot from a great gun when it first comes forth,—the spectator on the spot, stunned by a loud report, dazzled by some fire, and blinded by much smoke, has no distinct view of the thing sent into the world ; but the further it travels the more visible it becomes, when nearly spent its configuration is clearly discernible, and

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when it has traversed a certain distance and falls to the ground, you may take it up, weigh, and consider it, in your hands.

"*The French Cook.*!" A Review of a Cookery Book! Is not this a little *infra. dig.*?

"*The Street Companion.*" An article about shoes. Surely, surely this is descending, methinks, rather too low.

"*Madam Campan's Journal.*" It would be well for the reading public were the sale of books under false pretences punishable like other misdemeanors of the same stamp."—Have you thoroughly considered, my dear Sir, the innovation suggested here? have you seriously weighed the consequences which would attend so bold a step in legislation? have you duly reflected on the wise sentiment of our ancestors,—*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*? have you carefully examined the probable effects of the change which would thus be worked in our venerable constitution? have you reconciled yourself to the heavy punishments which must in such a case be inflicted on certain *enterprising* booksellers? have you pictured to your mind's eye the unhappy bibliopole forced into exile, torn from his agonized wife and weeping children, and hurried into ignominious banishment? In a word, when you propose such a law, are you prepared to witness the operation of it? Can you contemplate unmoved the idea of Colburn tried for a title-page, arraigned for selling twaddle under false pretences, found guilty, sentenced to Botany,—his tears, his entreaties, his advertisements for mercy and compassion? Could you see the wretched bibliopole torn from his pleasant shop and all he sells dear, carted like a baser ware for foreign exportation, bound in boards on the rude ocean, and lettered larcenous for transportation? O! O! O! I shed a tear at the touching picture which has presented itself to my too busy imagination. No, my friend, these are things which you cannot see unmoved; your generous mind would disdain to add the vengeance of the law to the terrors of criticism. It is enough, and more than enough for your compassionate nature to know, that poor Mr. Colburn is, even now, alas! broken-hearted,—he refuses all nourishment, turns a deaf ear to the consolation of his friends, and takes to nothing but advertisements, finding his only earthly comfort in the first page of the newspapers. There he appears day after day, telling the same sad tale of sorrow to the public, while he wastes away in stamp duties, or pines in paid paragraphs. I confess that I cannot witness these things unmoved—of all "*the cases of real distress*" that I have seen in the newspapers, that of poor Mr. Colburn seems to me the most touching. Come, come, make no more words about the matter, forget and forgive, he will never do so any more—shew the spirit of a Christian Critic, and send this very day to ask how he does, and whether he has slept since the accident.

"*Juaniana*:" never having read Don Juan (who has?) I cannot pronounce any opinion on this Article.

"*Letter to an Old Gentleman whose Education has been neglected.*"

"I send you a bantering Epistle to an Old Gentleman whose Education

is supposed to have been neglected." I have in the first place to remark on this introduction, that it is extremely unhandsome to *suppose* that any old gentleman's education has been neglected. Why suppose any thing so uncivil? Then it is a *bantering* epistle to an old gentleman. Now what is the meaning of the word to banter?—"to play upon," "to rally," "to turn to ridicule," says Johnson. Is this right, is this becoming I ask? is old age a proper subject to play upon, to rally, to turn to ridicule? Then for the instructions he gives this worthy old gentleman,—he tells him that his preceptor "must be capable of embracing all history so as from the countless myriads of individual men, who have peopled this globe of earth—for it is a globe," &c. What offensive pedantry! what obtrusion of learning! Most people, who are not ignorant, know perfectly well that it is a globe rather flattened at the top and bottom like an orange—for my part, I have two globes, one in each window seat, and often divert myself with spinning them, the use of the globes being an agreeable relaxation of a wet day.

"*Letter to a Friend in Natchitoches.*" I know that it is the fashion to admire this article and to commend it for its wit; but what there can be admirable or commendable in turning *such a man* as Mr. Southey into ridicule, for the life of me I cannot discover; and so far from laughing at this production, I rather feel disposed to weep over the depravity of human nature. It has been profoundly remarked that..... envymerit..... detraction.... great man..... censurepresumption. Who is it presumes, &c. to decide, &c. such a man as Southey? *

The attempt to prove that the Quarterly Review did not kill Keats is the most brutal thing I ever read in my life; this writer will next deny that Blackwood threatened to send Hogg over to Italy to assassinate Leigh Hunt.† And after I have been weeping the murder of Keats for years,

* To publish the passages omitted here would fill our present number and a good part up the next. We therefore give the catch words or cues, and leave the reader to fill up the blanks with the words of course; or, if he desire to see this *argument* more at length, we refer him to the article on Southey, in Blackwood's Magazine for December last; our correspondent, Mr. Twaddler, it will be discovered, merely echoes the sentiments of Blackwood. For example:

"His only enemies are a few pert critics,—scarcely one of whom would dare to open his lips in Mr. Southey's presence;—and the miserable ruffraff of Cockneydom,—none of whom one can willingly imagine to occupy even one second of the serious attention of such a man, and such an author as he.

"Had Southey and Byron been thrown together in life, we are certain, there would have been nothing but kindliness of feeling between them. It is now too late to pray for this;—but we are sure the world will not thank the survivor for anything tending to prolong unnecessarily the existence of feelings which never ought to have existed at all."—*Ed.*

† I urge no groundless accusation. In the 71st number of Blackwood, page 780, will be found these words: "If he (Leigh Hunt) dares to go to Rome, we shall send

am I to be told at this time of day that it is all my eye? is my heart to be steeled against the woes of mankind, by persuading me that I have been tricked out of my tears, swindled of my sorrows, that my sensibilities have been imposed on, and that I have been choused of my sympathy? A person of the smallest humanity would have been fond to encourage the belief that the Quarterly killed Keats, seeing the innumerable touches of pathos and sentiment to which that dismal anecdote has given birth; and further, is this contradiction of an old established story quite fair to the Quarterly? If you should, as is extremely likely, kill Colburn, how would you relish a denial of the fact—how would you like to hear it affirmed that the bibliopole puffed himself into a consumption, that he in fact pined away from excessive advertising—and died the death of a broken-winded trumpeter? Give the devil his due—that's my motto.

“Ode to George Coleman the younger,”

Come, Colman! Mrs. Gibbs's chum!

Virtue's protector! Come, George, come.

Wrong, wrong, very wrong indeed. This is violating the sanctity of domestic life; fie; for shame!

“*The London Tithe Question.*” A lively subject learnedly handled.

“*The Athenæion.*” Here you appear guilty of a gross inconsistency. In your letter to an old gentleman whose education has been neglected, you advise him not to put himself to a day school, objecting the unsuitable nature of the rewards and punishments to one advanced in years; and in this article you recommend Sir Richard Paul Joddrell, Messrs. Bulwer, Pearson, Codd, and Capper, to submit themselves to the government of the parish school-master. What reliance, my dear Sir, can be placed on a publication which thus blows hot and cold in one breath?

Thus have I gone through the Magazine, assigning to each article, without favour or prejudice, that share of praise or blame which I think fairly its due. The errors which I have noted will be easily avoided if you will but resolve never to publish any thing which may give offence to the prejudices or taste of any body, or perhaps rather never to publish any thing which will not please *every* body; thus all the world will be your friends, and you will have as many allies as that timid animal in the fable, who

————— in a civil way,

Complied with every thing like Gay.

For my part, my good Sir, I must confess to you that I think the Magazine improvable; you will say that I am like the before-mentioned old

over Hogg to ASSASSINATE him.”—*Twad.* It is curious that in this very number of Blackwood, page 698, we also find these words:

“*Odoherly.*—What a shame it is to banter such a respectable man as Dr. Southey at this rate—so uncalled for—so out of taste—so indefensible—so scurrilous.”

Appearances are against our correspondent; if he be guiltless of plagiarism, there is certainly a wonderful sympathy between him and the Northern Maga.—*Ed.*

woman in the Arabian Nights, who found fault with the palace of precious stones that lacked a roc's egg; but in truth, I think you do want some of those amusing articles and embellishments which relieved the pages of your periodical predecessors. I should like, for instance, to see now and then a view of a parish church, a beautiful wood cut; or the copy of an ancient inscription—a song, “When Damon on the plain appears,” with the music; Honour, or Virtue, an allegory—arithmetical facetiæ with their solutions worked at length, a herring and a half for three half-pence, how many for sixpence? Then for the utilities; a letter on smut in wheat, a cure for a cold, a receipt for a cooling drink, and such matters, which if not of the first importance, yet come home to the every-day business of life; for the lighter reading, for relaxation, I should desire to see some of those rebuses, charades, riddles, conundrums, acrostics, anagrams, &c. &c. &c., with their answers in the next number, by Phyllis, Chloe, and Strephon, which served to amuse our forefathers, who were, I think I may venture to say, my dear Sir, *at least as wise as ourselves*. Our sage ancestors took delight in

“My first is the name of a fish,” &c.

and why should their children affect to be less easily pleased; surely fastidiousness is not wisdom.

Trusting, my good Sir, that you will take these hints in good part, and excuse the candour with which I have pointed out what appear to me to be the defects of your publication, I subscribe myself,

With every sentiment of regard and esteem,

Your most obedient servant,

ABRAHAM TWADDLER.

LE MOIS BUBBLOSE,

OR

THE A. S. S. COMPANY.

IF we named the several divisions of the year after the French revolutionary fashion, by the phenomena observable in them, we should, from our experience of January, 1825, call it *Bubble*. It has been a month of most flagitious and flourishing knavery.

The definition of a bubble we take to be an undertaking which is blown up into an appearance of splendour and solidity, without any probability of permanence; and the name, we take it, is derived from the specious products of puffing and soapy water, with which most of the ingenuous youth of this realm have been long familiar.

Our readers, who, like all other persons' readers, are eminently enlightened, know, no doubt, how to blow a real and innocent bubble with a tobacco-pipe; but the formation of the metaphorical but more mischievous

bubbles which have been of late floating up and down the kingdom is not generally so well known, but merits quite as well to be so.

Mr. Jeremiah Hop-the-twig, attorney at law, perceives a great probability of advantage to the public, from a more safe and easy communication with the moon, and from the introduction and general use of the pig's wool with which it is well known that satellite abounds. The benevolent mind of Mr. Hop-the-twig immediately conceives the idea of directing the "surplus capital" in which in these days of wonderful prosperity this country abounds, to the formation of a Joint Stock Company for the outfit of air balloons, the purchase of herds of swine, and the other requisites for a flourishing lunar commerce. Mr. Hop-the-twig, therefore, seated on his joint-stool, forms the *Æronautical, Swine-shearing Lunarian Joint Stock Commercial and Agricultural Company*—Capital, One Million, divided into 10,000 shares of 100*l.* each. Nothing now is wanted but directors, and subscribers' money, and an Act of Parliament.

Mr. Hop-the-twig, the Company *ad interim*, opens an account with a respectable banking-house, in the name of the Lunarian A. S. S. Company, which the respectable bankers have no scruple in doing, as the "opening an account" signifies nothing more than receiving the benefit which is to be derived from the use of money paid into their hands.

Mr. Hop-the-twig, or the Company, now applies to a number of respectable merchants, gentlemen, and Members of Parliament, to accept the offices of directors in the Lunarian A. S. S. Company, which promises (a good word) the highest advantages to the subscribers and the country. These respectable men are informed by Mr. Hop-the-twig that by so doing they incur no sort of responsibility, and have a very fair prospect of respectable gain. If "the Lunarian" come out at a premium, as from the respectability of the parties there is every reason to hope it will; the directors, having the distribution of the shares, will have all the advantages to be derived from the premium. If they come out at a discount they need not be burthened with them.

On these terms a respectable direction is soon formed. It now becomes high time to form an establishment. Mr. Jeremiah H. and Co. are, by the very constitution of the A. S. S. Company, its Standing Solicitors. Mr. Hop-the-twig's son-in-law is Secretary; and some of the respectable directors taste the sweets of patronage in the appointment of clerkships, purveyorships of long-haired swine, balloon builder-ships, &c. &c. In a word, the establishment is suited to the prospects of the Company; *id est*, to the prospect of money enough being got to pay the officers, after discharging the first claim in law and gratitude—the continually accumulating bill of Hop-the-twig and Co. The son of a highly respectable director is appointed Standing Counsel.

The speculation now bears every mark of respectability, and is advertised in the respectable newspapers. Tenders for shares are received, and

deposits, at the respectable banking-house of ——— and Co. and at the office of the respectable solicitor of the Company. As many active persons as can be engaged by promise of shares to exert themselves by talking or writing in favour of the A. S. S. must now be procured. Their zeal, the well-known respectability of the direction, and the general opinion that "every thing comes out at a premium," bring in applications for shares in abundance. Mr. Hop-the-twig takes care to have it stated that the applications for shares exceed four-fold the amount which can be granted—so favourable are its prospects, and so great is the quantity of unemployed capital. A. S. S. shares bear a premium by anticipation, and are quoted in the market.

Mr. Hop-the-twig and the directors now form themselves into a share committee, for the distribution of shares, and take measures for reaping the fair reward of their exertions. The very extensive arrangements which they have made; the negotiations they have entered into in the moon; the inquiries concerning the best breed of swine; the scientific investigations of the comparative merit of the several kinds of shears; and finally, the value which the public sets upon the A. S. S. stock; justify them in taking a contractors' premium. Mr. Hop-the-twig and Co. demand from their subscribers 5*l.* on each 100*l.* share, and a deposit is called for of 5*l.* more, applicable to the purposes of the Company. A large reserve is made of shares, for the respectable directors, for their respectable friends, and for the respectable persons who have been employed in promulgating the merits of this highly beneficial institution.

Here it is that the management becomes delicate. Hitherto the matter has been easy—hitherto the bubble has been firm on the bowl of the tobacco-pipe; it is now to be shaken off, and to rely on its own firmness and buoyancy. The point is this: to know how many shares to distribute among the persons who really speculate on eventual profit from the swine-shearing in the moon; how much to retain for the respectable friends of the respectable authors of the scheme, who purpose to sell them in the share market for the sake of the immediate premium. The dilemma is this,—if all the shares are kept for the respectables, in order to sell them at a premium, no premium will they bear; if none are kept, no premium can be got by selling them, whatever premium may be offered. Wisdom lies in the middle course.

The practised astuteness of Mr. Hop-the-twig, and the experience and "knowledge of the market" of the respectable directors, enable them to hit the proper line between blind cupidity and prodigal liberality. The deposits are paid; but the applications for *Æronautical Swine-shearing* shares having very much exceeded the quantity distributed, the shares are in demand at 15*l.* viz.: deposit, 5*l.*; contractor's premium, 5*l.*; premium in the market, 5*l.*

The brokers in the share-market know that if there is no buying there can be no selling, and if there is neither selling nor buying there can be no brokerage. Mr. Timothy Gudgeon, Senior, who has had a

mortgage just paid off, and has bought three per cent. consols, finding that he gets only 3*l.* 3*s.* 2½*d.* per cent. for his money, inquires of his broker what is the character of the A. S. S. shares. The broker informs him that they are very well spoken of, that the names connected with them are highly respectable, that they are much inquired after, are at 15*l.* a share, and are looking up. Mr. Gudgeon calculates that for 600*l.* which produces him only 18*l.* 19*s.* 1½*d.* a year, he can buy 40 shares of the A. S. S. Company, which promise a large return. He therefore sells out the requisite quantity of consols, for which he pays seven half crowns brokerage, and buys 40 shares of the A. S. S. Company, for which he has the following document delivered to him.

<i>Bought by ——— for Mr. Timothy Gudgeon, Senior.</i>		
40 shares of A. S. S. at 15 <i>l.</i> per share.....	£ 600	0 0
Brokerage, 2 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> per share	5	0 0
	<hr/> 605 0 0 <hr/>	

The ultimate distribution of Mr. Timothy Gudgeon's consols appears to be the following:

To the respectable friends of Mr. Hop-the-twig, or of the respectable directors, <i>premium 5<i>l.</i> per share</i>	£ 200	0 0
To the respectable directors, and the respectable Mr. Hop-the-twig, in their character of contractors, contractors' premium, 5 <i>l.</i> per share	200	0 0
To the deposited fund for the payment of Mr. Hop-the-twig's bill, and to residue applicable to the payment of salaries of secretary, clerks, swine purveyors, &c. 5 <i>l.</i> per share	200	0 0
To broker, 2 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> per share	5	0 0
	<hr/> Total 605 0 0 <hr/>	

Mr. Timothy Gudgeon's consols are thus satisfactorily disposed of, and probably his identical 3 per cents. stand the next day in the names of the respectable directors and the respectable directors' respectable friends, who are almost as well satisfied with the exchange as Mr. Gudgeon.

Mr. Gudgeon, the day after his purchase, sees the A. S. S. quoted at 16¾ to 17½, congratulates himself on his seasonable purchase, and explains to the somewhat incredulous Mrs. Gudgeon the manner in which he is to derive 600*l.* a year from the sum which formerly only produced 18*l.* 19*s.* 1½*d.*, and informs her that his capital has already received an increase of 12 per cent. equal to nearly four years' interest in consols. Mr. Gudgeon informs his neighbours of his wonderful good fortune, and advises them to invest their capital in A. S. S.

Now if the respectable friends and the respectable directors make an orderly retreat, the purpose of the establishment is answered, and thus the unemployed capital of the country is put into full activity; the consols of the Gudgeons and their friends passing into the names of the Hop-the-twigs and their friends, with great ease and rapidity. Any thing like a *sauve qui peut* among the respectables is to be avoided.

What is to become of the Gudgeons is not contemplated by the respectable projectors, and may be told in a few words ; A. S. S. " looks down," the Gudgeons try to sell ; there are " no buyers." The " quotations are nominal." A second instalment is called for, the Gudgeons hesitate ; their shares are forfeited. The speculation, though still very promising, is unfortunately frustrated by the default of the adventurers, and there being only the sum of 10,000*l.* in the banker's hands, applicable to the payment of Mr. Hop-the-twig's bill of 10,073*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* that respectable solicitor is defrauded of the sum of 73*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* ; which in strictness he might claim of Mr. Timothy Gudgeon, and the other adventurers, but which, with his accustomed liberality, he does not sue for.

This is the rise and fall of a legitimate and respectable bubble, from which we may infer that a solicitor and his respectable coadjutors in forming bubbles can only lose by the chivalrous and extraordinary generosity which we have here attributed to Mr. Hop-the-twig. In the first place, the solicitor has a prior claim upon all the funds. If he advances " work and labour" done beyond the extent of these funds, he may incur a loss as we see Mr. Hop-the-twig has done ; but this imprudence, however strongly a liberal spirit may be tempted to indulge in it, is easily guarded against, and will, we hope, be guarded against in future by the lesson which we have read in our apologue. The directors, too, cannot lose, because none but themselves judge how many shares they are to take. As in an old Company, the proprietors elect the directors, so, in a new one, the directors elect the proprietors. They take as many shares as they can sell at a profit ; and if they cannot sell them at a profit, it is unreasonable that they, who, without any emolument, undertake the management of a new and arduous speculation, should be burthened with them. Every respectable man can become a director, or if the direction be full, he can set up another bubble. It is quite clear, therefore, that respectable men cannot lose, and must gain. The loss falls upon persons not respectable, upon those who have little to lose, and who therefore ought to lose that little. Capital is thus thrown into large masses, which is a great advantage (see the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 80), and the respectability of those who are respectable is still further increased. Respectable men can afford to indulge in greater luxury and splendour, which raises the standard of opulence in the country, and excites the ambition of the enterprising classes (*ibid.*). A number of small annuitants are deprived of their whole properties, and besides the lesson which is thus read them on the imprudence of being ruined, they, by being reduced to destitution, are compelled, if young and healthy, to sweep the crossings, to brush the shoes, to clean the plate, to hang behind the carriages of the respectable men whom they have contributed to aggrandize, or to exert themselves in some other productive branch of industry, instead of vegetating on their incomes as persons of small possessions are too apt to do. If they are old, though they are not allowed to starve, as in a more healthy state of the community they would do,

though they form as inmates of the parish workhouses a serious burthen upon capital; yet there is no doubt they will both live a shorter time, and be supported at less expense than they would, if left in possession of their properties; whereby a very considerable saving accrues to the nation, besides that being set to pick hemp, or employed in some other business suitable to their age and strength, they are not altogether unproductive.

Long live respectability! long live bubbles!

THE ART OF ADVERTIZING MADE EASY.

WITH SPECIMENS OF THE MOST APPROVED KINDS

For the Use of Tradesmen and Others.

BY A LOVER OF THE FINE ARTS.

ADVERTIZEMENT writing is an art in itself, and as it opens a direct and safe way to wealth, I have thought a few simple directions, with illustrations, from one who has made it his peculiar study, may not be an uninteresting or unworthy offering to those readers who are about to declare war against the freckles of the face,—to invent a new coffee by which gentlemen may be *inflated* with a breakfast from dried peas of their own breeding,—or to refine upon the most rectified sperm oil for bald people and those who have shadows of roots which they may wish to encourage. Modest merit never did succeed; and if an inventor or an improver be not capable of giving the world assurance of his skill, he might as well let the infallibles be buried in endless obscurity, as hope to do himself any good by their discovery.

An advertizement should be written as it were in letters of brass; for it is intended to record the merits of the great and the good. The style should be firm and forcible, calculated to command respect and attention, and not going tenderly and gingerly to work merely to solicit observation. Judgment must be passed, not prayed for. The public must be cautioned against every thing on earth but the identical article advertized. The world must be challenged for a certain amount (a hundred guineas is an approved sum). The trade must be defied. The inventor must be “ever anxious,” or “always emulous,” to check imposition. Nothing of a misgiving or retiring nature will succeed, for the public, like silly Roderigo in the Play, is only desirous of being *satisfied*! It is pretty well known, that a celebrated prose writer of the present day was induced by Bish to try his hand at those little corner delicacies of a News-paper,—the Lottery puffs; and that his productions were returned upon his hands as being too modest for use. Poor soul! He thought he could write; and florid

Mr. Atkinson, with a pen dipped in his own curling fluid, wrote a flourishing paragraph that put him quite beside himself.

The best advertizement writers of the present age are in my opinion Russia Oil—Prince; Macassar—Rowland; Fluid or Fluent—Atkinson; Anchovy—Burgess; Minor-periodical—Colburn; Cape-Madeira—Wright; Symmetry—Wallace; Jet-black—Day and Martin, and Cat-reflected—Warren. These are certainly the most eminent composers in the genuine line,—the directors, as they may be called, of the Advertizement Assurance Office. Prince is, perhaps, a little too florid on the bald places; but Atkinson's flowers, as though they were nourished by his own fluid, become sensitive plants, and literally curl and flourish of themselves. While we admire the delicacy yet firmness with which Miss Wallace "relies on the basis" of her own corsets, we cannot but be all alive at Charles Wright's eternal purchases of all the growths of all the champaigns in France:—Burgess is lofty on Anchovies,—but Colburn and Warren surprize you with the variety, brilliancy, and country-circulation of their advertizements. The former of the two has not yet, I believe, like the other, had his name white-washed in letters twice as long as his Magazine upon the walls of the metropolis and the Park-palings of the country. This is, however, a popular and striking mode of advertizing; and was, if I rightly recollect, first started by that staunch friend to publicity, the Bonassus, though it has since been more extensively patronized by gentlemen in the blacking and medical line.

Example, I have always been led to understand, is the best and surest of preceptors, and I shall therefore hasten to delight the reader with some of the most ingenious and attractive compositions of the Day (and Martin), illustrative of the art which I am truly anxious to see flourish throughout England. An attentive perusal and careful consideration of the specimens which I shall now produce will, I trust, make the modestest reader and inventor a complete advertizer. Carstairs professes to teach writing in six lessons; I undertake to teach it in one lesson.

Sheridan, in one of his esteemed productions, has endeavoured to class what he calls "Puffs" under their separate heads; but as I cannot consider a scientific exposition of merit to be a puff, I regret that a deserving and intelligent author should have lent himself to the ridiculing of an art which has the best interests of a certain class of society for its principal object. Advertizements may certainly be classified as Mr. Sheridan arranges his puffs, and the reader will be struck, while perusing the following addresses, with the various modes of taking the town, by the advertizement collateral, the advertizement by implication, the advertizement direct.

If a man is confident, and the discovery be of vital importance, the advertizer must judiciously rush in *medias res*, and either invite competition or defy it. He should appeal directly to the passions or the pocket of his reader. For instance—

ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS REWARD.

THE attention of the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, is respectfully solicited to LAWTON'S PATENT LOCK, so strongly recommended by the POLICE, and allowed by the most eminent artists of the present day to stand UNRIVALLED for SECURITY. It is adapted to every purpose where Locks can be used, and is so constructed as to resist force, consequently less liable to be out of repair than any Lock ever yet offered to the Public. Its PRINCIPLE renders it PROOF AGAINST PICKS or FALSE KEYS, and if the whole of the Keys that were ever yet made could be collected, none other than that absolutely made for ANY PARTICULAR LOCK, while in the hands of the workman, would have the least effect in opening it.

So confident is the PATENTÉE of its INVINCIBILITY that he offers the above Reward of ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS to any ARTIST who by means of PICKING may succeed in opening ANY LOCK offered for Sale by him on his PATENT PRINCIPLE.

Common Locks on Iron Safes or Chests may have the Patent Principle attached at a trifling expense.

LAWTON'S PATENT ANTI-PECULATOR, with which, by means of a key weighing only a few grains, every door in an establishment may be rendered secure even against its own key, is a valuable acquisition to those who are in the habit of living in Hotels, Chambers, &c. &c. where master keys are kept.

Manufactory, 78, Fleet-street, where a stock of Iron Chests, Deed Cases, Cash Boxes, &c. &c. are kept ready fitted up.

PROOF OF PUDDING IS IN EATING. In short, there are various articles for the Hair, now advertised, but it is proved that Prince's Original Russia Oil is the best for preserving and promoting the hair of Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, and if used constantly, not a hair will fall off or turn grey, and is such a nourisher to the Hair, that if it has began to turn grey, will restore it again to its natural colour. Several ladies have declared, about three years ago, their hair began to turn grey, and by using constantly since Prince's Russia Oil, have now a good head of hair, without a single grey. Is the pleasantest for ladies to dress their own or false hair; will make it always look elegant, soft, glossy, and will curl beautifully any way: clears the scurf, and keeps the head and hair clean, and by using it regularly for a few months, will restore the hair on the bald part, if the least signs of roots are remaining, which has been proved by hundreds.

Ask for Prince's Russia Oil. The ounce bottle five shillings; a large bottle, containing five ounces, one pound, which is a saving. Sold by the sole Proprietor, A. Prince, No. 9, Poland-street, Oxford-street, London; and by most principal perfumers and medicine venders. Be particular, and observe his address, "A. Prince, 9, Poland-street, Oxford-street, London," on the cover of each bottle: without, it is not genuine, and cannot answer the purpose. Purchasers ought to be particular, as counterfeits are in circulation.

OF IMPORTANCE to GENTLEMEN.—The very high prices charged by Tailors who make the best Clothes is well known; in consequence of which, WM. TAYLER, tailor and breeches-maker, 72, Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square, respectfully submits a List of Prices, which are for articles not to be excelled:—

Superfine extra Saxony cloth coats of any colours, except blue or black.....	£3 3 0
Blue and black superfine ditto.....	3 18 0
Best double-milled kerseymere breeches.....	1 6 0
Ditto double-milled kerseymere or cloth trousers.....	1 11 6
Blue and black ditto.....	1 16 0
Kerseymere waistcoats.....	0 15 0
Best white and all other coloured cord riding breeches, interlined at the proper parts to secure them from splitting.....	1 2 0
Drab, milled, superfine, or any other coloured great coats, except blue, with back and front skirts lined with silk, &c.....	4 4 0
Super extra-milled driving ditto.....	4 4 0

None but the very best materials used, therefore but one price. The principle on which the business of this house is conducted will be found quite different from those of the advertising shops. A suit of Livery complete, 4l. 4s. A stable dress, 1l. 5s.—72 is one door from Queen Ann-street. Gentlemen waited on within 10 miles from the metropolis by addressing a letter post paid.

These three foregoing specimens are perfect in their kinds. Lawton is almost sublime, where he states how the case would be, "if the whole of the keys, that were ever yet made, could be collected." Prince, however, in his own discursive way, plays round the bald head with inimitable lightness. No roots could resist *his* oil! He is the one to teach the young ideas how to shoot. Mr. Tayler, the breeches-maker, nevertheless speaks, like Mr. Hume, in figures, and brings "the best superfine Do's" home to the business and bosoms of men.

Where health is at stake, I should recommend the high reasoning, the sounding, elevated style. Sick people, or those who fancy themselves so, which makes people sick, cannot be too strongly assured of the infallibility of the article recommended, and of the dangers of delay. The following (particularly the first) are master-pieces of the art.

GOUT, RHEUMATISM, COUGHS, & COLDS.

LIFE PILLS, entirely vegetable, discovered by the Rev. C. CARRINGTON, Vicar of Berkely, one of His Majesty's Deputy Lieutenants, &c. for the County of Gloucester. By increasing the energy of the brain, and pouring new life and vigour into the constitution, they enable nature to make incredible efforts for the expulsion of disease, before organic destruction. In Colds, Coughs, Rheumatism, Atonic Gout; in Female Complaints; in Flatulence, Sickness, and Pains of the Stomach; in Nervous Affections; the bursting agony of sudden Grief, or the deep Heart Ache of settled melancholy; in every Spasmodic Pain, from the slightest Cramp to the most excruciating Cholera, their stupendous success obscures all former remedies. *Even in the most aggravated cases of Gout in the Stomach, they often arrest the progress of Death, and lead to a recovery, &c.*

TONIC LOZENGES, prepared from the Sulphate of Quinine.—The success which has attended the employment of the Sulphate of Quinine as a tonic and febrifuge, since its introduction into England by Mr. Morson, is a sufficient proof of its containing, in a small compass, the entire active principle of the Yellow Bark. In the cure of Intermittent Fever it has seldom or never been known to fail; and in impaired Digestion, and all cases requiring the aid of a tonic, it has been found most valuable.—These Lozenges, which are prepared under Mr. Morson's immediate inspection, from Sulphate of Quinine, prepared by himself, will be found a convenient form for administration. Eight of the Lozenges are equivalent to half an ounce of Yellow Bark, &c.

In cases of personal defects, the advertiser must invariably flatter himself and his reader, and talk morally and loftily on his subject. Who would have a moment's hesitation at getting rid of a hesitation, after reading the following unanswerable address of Mr. B.? And what lady would remain a *corkscrew* that could be rendered a *fork*, when once apprized of "the firm basis" on which Miss Wallace "relies."

STAMMERING EFFECTUALLY CURED.—The noble faculty of speech which the Divine Creator has bestowed upon mankind alone, claims the warmest gratitude from all who enjoy without impediment that pre-eminent blessing, destitute of which the mind is embarrassed, the beauty of eloquence destroyed, together with a train of unpleasant circumstances which constantly attend the incapability of perfect utterance. The system now offered for the advantage of those who labour under this galling infirmity, merits their particular attention, as they may, with feelings of pleasure, anticipate the moment when they will possess the power of expressing their conceptions with ease and fluency. The extraordinary success attendant on the means embraced by this system, so completely dissipates the defect, that a relapse is rendered totally impossible. Terms may be known by application to Mr. B. at A. Cameron's, Esq. No. 9, Howland-street, Fitzroy-square. Letters addressed to whom (post paid) will be respectfully attended to. Private attendance in town or country. A respectable reference can be given, wherein the powerful efficacy of the above system has been singularly verified.

SYMMETRY.—If acknowledged utility and extensive patronage are the criterion of merit, MISS WALLACE, 38, New Bond-street, may freely challenge competition; confidentially anticipate the attention of Ladies to her celebrated CORSET (without seams) constructed à la mode de Paris; strongly recommended by the Faculty as the most infallible preventative of deformity and strengthener of the human frame, as the distinguished preference of our truly discerning Female Nobility daily and amply testify. On this firm basis, Miss Wallace relies for continuance of public favour.—38, New Bond-street.

The nervous and the demi-mad are best attracted by some mysterious hope held out to them of mental consolation, some confused comfort offered to the mind, which they do not understand.

PREVENTION OF INSANITY.—A Gentleman afflicted with great Depression of Spirits, or a painful apprehension of impending Insanity, may meet with something that will probably gratify his wishes. By letter (only) addressed (post paid) to M. D. at Mr. Hewes's Library, 51, Lisson Grove.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—The Public are respectfully reminded that the New Series of this Work, which is edited by one of the most distinguished writers of the present day, is conducted on a new and very improved plan, combining the several characters of a Magazine, a Review, and an Annual Register. The First Number of a New Volume, in which Mr. Campbell resumes his Lectures on Poetry, appeared on the 1st January, and those who desire to avail themselves of that favourable opportunity for commencing, are requested to send their orders forthwith, to any Bookseller or Newsmen in their neighbourhood.

NERVOUS INVALIDS.—A Nobleman, or Gentleman of fortune, inclined to rusticate, may meet with something suited to his rank and circumstances, and particularly calculated to promote his recovery. By letters (only) address, (post paid,) to M. D., at Mr. Hookham's Library, Old Bond-street. The most satisfactory references will be given to the highest professional characters.

Schoolmasters at rectories, married clergymen, M. A.'s, and professors of private tuition, are recommended to show a little of the elements of composition in their newspaper addresses to, what the Yorkshire people

call *fond* fathers. The workman is seen by his chips. And, as fears are often not improperly entertained of the head being fed at the expense of the belly, it is recommended that the larder and the learning be enlarged upon in the same sentence. Mothers love *polish*, and therefore it will not be amiss, at the same time, to promise fine manners as well as a full meal, in order that all appetites may be satisfied. I give a model of this kind of writing. It is perfect.

EDUCATION.—The improvement of the understanding, morals, and manners, is the chief design of education. The first cannot be attained without the habit of attention, thinking, and reading; the second, without better principles; the last, without polite school associations. The advertiser's peculiar plan of education induces the habits of attention, thinking, and reading; it raises the tone of moral feeling, and polishes the roughest manners. The Principal, who is a member of the University of Cambridge, and highly graduated, having long found his peculiar plans remarkably successful, would not hesitate to guarantee extraordinary improvement in classical, mathematical, and useful learning, including the modern language of Europe, &c. From the certainty of the success of his system, and the abundance of his table, where no appetite is restrained, every parent may repose in confidence of the happiness of his children, and expect his sons to become excellent scholars and good men. The school is near London, and select. Terms, 60, 80, or 100 guineas per annum, including every expense. An outline of the course of education may be had at Mr. Ebers', 27, Old Bond-street; and Mr. Letts', 32, Cornhill.

Improvements in articles of every-day use may be introduced to the public in the form of "A Card," or "An Address," or with the particular goods put as a heading. I like country papers, because they do not object to a picture or cut. Here it is desirable to be "always emulous," or to be thirsty only for the "public good;" but, indeed, the judicious advertiser must invariably live but for the benefit of the world at large. Abuse of the advertising system is occasionally not without its advantages. I subjoin a few honest manly specimens of the tradesman's advertisement.

A N ADDRESS.—In this epoch of British Commerce, when a system of deception is become so prevalent, by misnomers in advertisements, and alluring quotation of prices, it is hardly credible that Tradesmen acting on the equitable principle of selling goods for what they really are, of warranted fabrics, and moderate prices, should meet with any attention.—DISON and Co. Lace Manufacturers and Importers, grateful for the increasing patronage they receive, respectfully apprise the Nobility, Gentry, and Ladies in general, that they will tenaciously adhere to the system of selling articles they can warrant, by their genuine appellations, and at prices that shall defy competition, the honourable test of which they are ever desirous of courting. Their Stock is now replete with every Novelty in Foreign and British Lace, more particularly in Blonde Laces, Pelerines, and Chantilly Veils, Point, Brussels, Mechlin and Valenciennes Laces, Colonnade and Flounced Bobbin Dresses, &c.—N. B. A few choice specimens in Real Point a l'Aguille and Brussels Veils for Wedding Presents.—Orders executed to any design with dispatch.—No. 237, Regent-street, facing the Argyll Rooms.

A CARD.—To the Nobility, Gentry, and Public at large.—The opening of a New Year naturally excites the proudest emotions of gratitude for the unprecedented patronage which Messrs. ROWLANDS have been honoured with respect to the continued great sale of their original and genuine MACASSAR OIL; also, they retain their grateful acknowledgments for the immense patronage they have been honoured with by the Female Nobility, Gentry, and Ladies of the United Kingdom, with respect to the increasing sale of their KALYDOR, for the Complexion—a more flattering demonstration of its unrivalled properties could not be given.

CABINET and UPHOLSTERY GOODS.—*Always emulous*, C. MILLS asks a comparison of his Stock of Cabinet and Upholstery Goods with other warehouses; comprehending Pedestal and other Sideboards, excellently made; Dining Tables correspondent; Chairs in morocco of the most approved colour; also Library articles, solid Rose-wood and other Chairs, with Tables, &c. to suit them; French and four-post drapery Beds, &c. &c.—The frequent remarks of gentlemen inspecting the above (since customers) of having been too premature, has induced C. Mills to submit a comparison as the best mode of choosing.—Regent Park House, opposite Devonshire-street, High-street, Mary-le-bone.

Dison and Co. are frank and free, but "*always emulous*. C. Mills" is a cabinet maker of a thousand! He is, indeed, an eloquent encourager of "library articles."

But of all eloquent writers, Macalpine shines out as the brightest and the best: he really should give lectures on the poetry of hair-cutting.

C. MACALPINE,

*Hair Cutter and Peruquier, to His Majesty George the Fourth,
No. 47, Threadneedle-street,*

ANIMATED with feelings of heartfelt gratitude for the pre-eminent patronage a generous Public has enriched him with, begs to reiterate to the Fashionable World his former pledge of having his taste and fancy ever and anon engaged in some new discovery for the embellishment of his Votaries. Hebe herself wears not a more youthful nor Venus a more lovely appearance than do the British Fair when adorned by the magical touch of Macalpine. The Horatii and Curatii of old were the most comely youths of their age, but Macalpine's skill imparts to the sons of Britain, that distinguished *je ne sais quoi* which Greek or Roman never possessed. Macalpine feels diffident in thus eulogizing himself, but as there are arrogant and empirical pretenders in his immediate neighbourhood caution becomes an imperative duty. *It is distressing to witness the havoc these voracious and superficial quacks make on a head of hair, for with heads as senseless, as barren as their wooden blocks, they cut and cut, and heav'n knows that's all.* Macalpine, on an average operates personally upon three hundred heads of hair weekly, and pledges his professional reputation, which he values more than life, that others are paid for disfiguring that beautiful ornament which a skilful man can alone preserve in classic and luxuriant tresses. Macalpine being the only hair-cutter who ever obtained a prize, and that of 200*l.* challenges all Europe to a trial of skill for 100 guineas. Come the four quarters of the Globe, with comb and scissars, and his great superiority has "stomach for them all!!!" He will hurl them to the tomb of the Capulits. The Rubicon is crossed and now it must be, —*Aut Macalpine, aut Nullus!*

This is classical indeed!

In all advertisements, I should particularly urge the writer to dwell mainly on counterfeits,—to caution,—to intreat,—to challenge,—to bully,—to rave against counterfeits. To protest that such are abroad!! So shall all doubt as to the originality of the advertiser's article be fully and properly removed. So shall every man look to the label before he takes his patent medicine. Some gentlemen prefer touching on this point at the bottom of their advertisements. But I love Warren's "Imposture Unmasked," which comes upon one at once, in capitals, like a moral power,—or Day and Martin's "ever anxious to prevent Imposition," which shows them to be in so laudable a state of ever virtuous agitation. Atkinson, too, is great with his "Imitation Bear's Grease" at the very opening of his address. It is fit that all frauds *should* be made public, as truly a man, verging on wiggism, scarcely knows how now-a-days to rub his head with safety.

IMPOSTURE UNMASKED.

THE progress of MERIT, although frequently assailed, is not impeded by Envy and Detraction. The aggression of ambuscade terminates in defeat; and conscious rectitude ultimately triumphs in the attainment of the grand object—public approbation. The test of experience is the guarantee of favour, and has established WARREN'S BLACKING in general estimation; of which there exists not a stronger proof than the tacit acknowledgment of a host of servile imitators, who surreptitiously obtrude on the unwary a spurious preparation as the genuine article, to the great disappointment of the unguarded purchaser, and manifest injury of WARREN, whose character and interest by this iniquitous system are equally subject to detriment. It becomes, therefore, an indispensable duty to CAUTION THE PUBLIC against the manœuvres of UNPRINCIPLED VENDERS, who having no character to lose, and stimulated by avarice in their nefarious pursuits, aim at the acquisition of money through any medium than that of honour! The original matchless BLACKING bears on each bottle a short direction, with the signature of ROBERT WARREN.

BURGESS'S ESSENCE of ANCHOVIES.—Warehouse, 170, Strand, corner of the Savoy-steps, London.—John Burgess and Son, being apprized of the numerous endeavours made by many persons to impose a spurious article for their make, feel it incumbent upon them to request the attention of the Public, in purchasing what they conceive to be the Original, to observe the Name and Address correspond with the above: the general appearance of the spurious descriptions will deceive the unguarded, and for their detection, J. B. and Son submit the following cautions,—some are in appearance at first sight, "The Genuine," but without any name or address:—some "Burgess's Essence of Anchovies;"—others—"Burgess's"—and many more without Address.

John Burgess and Son having been many years honoured with such distinguished approbation, feel every sentiment of respect towards the Public, and earnestly solicit them to inspect the Labels previous to their purchasing what they conceive to be of their make, which they hope will prevent many disappointments.

BURGESS'S NEW SAUCE for general purposes having given such great satisfaction, continues to be prepared by them, and is recommended as a most useful and convenient Sauce: will keep good in all climates.

Warehouse, 170, Strand, corner of the Savoy-steps, London.—(The original Fish-sauce Warehouse.)

I scarcely know what Burgess means by his "*sauce for general purposes*," but, I suppose, it is that which Lady Barrymore is in the habit of using.

IMITATION BEAR'S GREASE.—James Atkinson, Perfumer, respectfully cautions the Public against numerous imitations of the Bear's Grease imported by him. The pots and wrappers in some are exactly similar, only his name is omitted. The words being on the counterfeit, "Genuine Bear's Grease," and on his, "Atkinson's Bear's Grease," and on the wrapper round the pot he affixes his signature, to counterfeit which is felony. The article he sells is sent out just as imported, only a little perfume to keep it sweet. It is procured from the animal in its native climate, that being the state in which it is recommended by all writers on natural philosophy. The repute it has long held for restoring the hair, is now indubitably established by numerous recent instances, and for dressing the hair nothing can better answer the purpose. It gives strength and elasticity to weak hair, and makes it, however dry and harsh, soft and glossy as silk, price 2s. 6d., double 4s., and perfumed with Otto of Roses, 3s. and 5s.—Sold by J. Atkinson, perfumer, 44, Gerrard-street, Soho-square, London, and most perfumers and medicine venders.

I have been looking a little into the country papers, and am extremely glad to find that the art is receiving every encouragement and attention in the districts: I hope to live to see the day, when the provincial trader and speculator will be as flowery and smooth in his periods, as Mills, Miss Wallace, or even oily Prince! I give the two following bits from an Exeter paper, as a brace of ingenuities worthy of a metropolitan pen. Who can doubt of getting the genuine Bear's Grease from Piper, Junior, when he "respectfully announces his intention of killing a *large Russian Bear* on MONDAY NEXT?" The day fixed!—the dead warrant come down! The guard too, Bond, is quite right, being a disinterested person, in asking the Defiance to explain how it has happened that the Subscription Coach has come to be the best and safest mode of conveyance.

PIPER, Jun. 238, HIGH-STREET, EXETER.

RESPECTFULLY announces his intention of killing a *large RUSSIAN BEAR* on Monday next, which has for some time been fattening for the express purpose of obtaining BEAR'S GREASE in its GENUINE STATE, free from the fat of other animals, which the Russian Exporters are so often in the practice of using, and which must be very destructive to the Human Hair. The present Bear being extremely fat it will naturally produce a considerable quantity of Grease, which will be rendered to the public in its PURE STATE, being merely clarified and perfumed, and will on comparison show the immense difference between the GENUINE MATERIAL and what is frequently foisted on the public as such.—Exeter, Dec. 31, 1824.

To the Proprietor of the HOTEL, EXETER,

Mr. CONGDON,—SIR,

I TRUST you will with your usual good nature excuse the liberty I am about to take, in asking what it is occasions the *Defiance Coach* keeping such irregular time. On Friday evening, December 17, 1824, I left the Old London Inn, Exeter, at six o'clock in the evening, two hours after the departure of the *Defiance Coach* for London, as Guard of the "*Subscription*," and had the pleasing felicity of *running by* the *Defiance*, and performed the journey in two hours less time than that Coach. On Sunday evening I returned with my Coach, leaving London between one or two hours after the *Defiance*, and arrived at the Old London Inn, Exeter, in time for the passengers to take a comfortable dinner before the *Defiance* arrived. May it not be presumed that the *Defiance* was loaded with *Fish or Dead Turtle*, as it had but one solitary passenger visible, who has determined never to subject himself to be so again mortified, by allowing a Coach laden with passengers, to run by a Coach with so few! I am sorry to have trespassed so long on your kindness; waiting your answer to the above question;

I beg to subscribe myself, very respectfully, your very obedient Servant,

M. BOND,

Dated, Exeter, Dec. 20, 1824.

Guard of the *Subscription Coach*.

P. S. Since writing the above I learn from one of my brother Guards, honest Tom Goodman, that it is no uncommon thing for the *Subscription* to run by the *Defiance*, which he did on Thursday the 16th instant.

I wish I had time or room to extract some of the best medical advertisements, but the reader will do well to read "*Goss and Co.*" and "*Marriage*," and a few others, and he will quickly understand the most confirmed method of exposing quackery. I have not touched upon the Lottery, because, as that elegant cosmetic for blemished purses is about to be "*done away with*," it is useless to instruct the scholar on that head. I am quite sure that every thing is done by advertisement, where

proper attention is paid to the construction and *derangement*—as Mrs. Malaprop calls it. Mr. Colburn's Mr. Campbell, of Rathbone-place (not the afternoon-lecturer on poetry, I believe) has almost ruined a minor periodical, I understand, by the mere art of advertising. "In this epoch of British commerce" too much ability and ingenuity cannot be cultivated; and if I have improved one advertising soul, I have not lived in vain.

P. A. Z.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—STATISTICS.

Paris, January 17, 1825.

DEAR SIR,—In this country, the new year regularly brings in a new crop of science, which is kept for some months in the repository of the Institute, till upon a solemn day it is distributed among the public. This may appear an enigma to you, but you know that several prizes are founded for the encouragement of various branches of science, and that all competitors must send in their papers before the first of January. Though Government has been very liberal to the Academy of Sciences in this and other respects, yet all the funds appropriated to these expenses have not been furnished by it, but in a great measure have arisen from individuals. The most distinguished of these benefactors is the late Baron of Monthyon, who made a princely donation to the Academy for the improvement of science. Several interesting subjects have been proposed for the present year, among which may be noticed an inquiry into the process of digestion. This being a great desideratum in physiology, the Academy had it long in contemplation, but refrained from recommending the investigation, till they thought animal chemistry sufficiently advanced to insure success. Much is expected from this prize-question, if those who are able, engage in the contest. A commission has been appointed to sit in judgment, but their verdict will not be pronounced before the end of April or May.

All the prizes are not reserved for particular questions, some being founded for the best work written or printed within the preceding year, in certain branches of science. Of this description is the prize for Statistics, which has given rise to, or promoted many interesting researches. This is a favourite topic with the Academy in general, and several of its members have given it particular attention, and contributed much to its improvement. It is not in itself a science, but furnishes facts to almost all departments of science. What is scientific is its process in selecting or ascertaining the facts, and combining them, so as to deduce general and important truths. The secretary of the Academy for mathematics, Baron Fourier, one of the most eminent mathematicians of the age, is a zealous promoter of statistics, which he considers as one of the

FEB. 1825.

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greatest sources of knowledge, and to be resorted to in all cases where many complicated causes act together at the same time; and this is the more necessary, as there are an immense number of facts, the causes of which are wholly unknown. He has, himself, planned and superintended the statistical inquiries relative to Paris, ordered by government, and carried on by the *prefecture*. Two volumes have been published, one for 1821, the other for 1822, which bear the stamp of Fourier's philosophic mind. The president for this year, Chaptal, when minister of the interior under Bonaparte, was very active in similar pursuits, requiring the prefects to give him accurate statistical accounts of their respective *departments*. Seven or eight of them were published in 4to. and folio, under his administration, and thirty more were ready for the press, but have remained in manuscript, and probably ever will. Even his friend, the unfortunate Lavoisier, though engaged in the arduous but glorious task of raising chemistry on a new foundation, dedicated a part of his attention to the same object. Indeed, it has been a favourite study in France with several men of note at different periods from Sully to the present times. His manly and vigorous mind, to which the spirit of the reformation had given a more serious and useful turn, led him to inquire into the state of a nation which he was called upon to regulate. When Henry proposed measures, dictated rather by the benevolence of his heart than by sober judgment, Sully would take time to consider, and then come forward with such stubborn facts as would restrain the ardour of the prince's misguided imagination. There is a curious record of Sully's statistical lucubrations in an attempt to estimate the general expenditure of the inhabitants of France, which he rates at 259 millions of livres. Though his documents could not be very accurate, he took at least a very comprehensive view of the subject, appearing to omit no kind of expense, as we may gather from the following specimen:

“Spent in ceremonies, new year's gifts, candles, carousing, drunkenness, intemperance, *amourettes*, clothes, furniture, equipages, buildings, gilding, rings, jewels, stuffs, plays, masquerades, ballets, dancing, gaming, and *autres bombances et dissolutions superflues*.” In the valuation of other sources, we see the spirit of the Hugonot stirring within him, at the expenses incurred by the influence of the church of Rome and the ceremonies of the Catholic religion.

A man no less eminent, and of a kindred mind, resumed and pursued such researches, but on surer ground. Vauban employed his short intervals of leisure, among other philanthropic pursuits, in framing a statistical account of the district where he resided, the *election* of Vezelay. This investigation, undertaken with the express view of bettering the condition of the people, was conducted with the accuracy of a mathematician, and proved him to be no less eminent as a philosopher than as a warrior. He communicated the results of his inquiries to Louis XIV., who, struck with their novelty and utility, resolved to extend them over all his kingdom. He accordingly issued orders, enjoining all the

governors to have a similar survey taken of their provinces; and their numerous reports formed a collection of 40 large manuscript volumes.

You may judge from the few facts I have stated, that the French Government has at different periods been at some pains to collect materials; but these would have been of no use, had there not been from time to time scientific men, able and willing to work them up for the public, and combine them with their own researches. The spirit is now more prevalent than ever, and seems to be one of the characteristic features of the age. M. de Chateauneuf stands foremost among those who have distinguished themselves in this respect. He has, in the selection of his subjects, and his mode of investigation, set an example that has led many to emulate him. That you may form an adequate idea of the nature of statistical researches in France at present, I shall give you a short account of his principal results, and the foundation on which they rest. I shall only mention his first work: *Recherches sur les Consommations de tout genre de la Ville de Paris, en 1817, comparées à ce qu'elles étaient en 1769;* which, though interesting and instructive, is not of that general import, for which his other productions are remarkable. The interval between 40 and 50 has always been considered as a dangerous period in the life of women, and, on that account, has been called their *critical age*. Impressed with this opinion, all women come to that time of life with apprehension, nor do they think themselves secure till they have passed it. Some writers, indeed, had expressed their doubts respecting the truth of this opinion, but as the facts they brought forward were local, M. de Chateauneuf undertook to examine the question upon a large scale. He did not, therefore, confine his inquiries to France, but extended them to Switzerland, Berlin, Sweden, and Petersburg, selecting the most authentic records, and collecting as large a number as possible, amounting to 140,000 women. Then comparing their mortality at different ages, every five years, from 35 to 70, he found no particular increase of mortality at the period looked upon as critical, and no other than such as is the natural consequence of the decline of life. This was equally the case when he considered them either collectively or separately with regard to their respective countries, whether in the bustle of civil life or in the tranquil retirement of religious seclusion. Such a conclusion is highly gratifying, and, if properly inculcated into the minds of the fair sex, will dispel those gloomy terrors that cloud and harass so great a part of their existence. Another remarkable fact, arising from a similar comparison of the different ages of men, is that mortality is proportionally greater among them between 40 and 50; so that what was erroneously considered as the critical period for women, is really the *critical age of men*. But the advantage is still more in favour of women, for their mortality is less at every period of life. If presuming on our natural superiority in several other respects, we attribute this difference to the hardships we endure, and the dangers to which we are exposed, we shall be undeceived by a statistical examination of the case. Eccle-

siastics and nuns are unquestionably in the same situation, equally exempt from these causes of mortality ; now, it appears, from a comparison of 13,000 of the former, and 22,000 of the latter, that women maintain their advantage in this respect, so that, it seems, they are endowed by nature with greater longevity.

He has in another paper dispelled another prejudice, respecting the season most fatal to consumptive patients. They were said to fall mostly with the fall of leaves ; he has, on the contrary, shown that the greatest increase of mortality among them is during spring in France, and summer in Italy. But as these are events over which we have little controul, I shall proceed to facts immediately connected with the civil institutions, and of more general interest ; his inquiries respecting foundlings. From these, it appears, that the number and proportion of foundlings in most of the European states has been increasing for a long time back. Thus, in Rome, towards the middle of the last century, only 600 or 700 were annually brought to the hospital, and in 1810, from 1,000 to 1,200. In Madrid, in 1788 and 1789, the number did not exceed 900, and for these five years past, the average has been 1,100. The London Foundling Hospital did not at first admit more than 400 annually ; eight years afterwards, the admissions increased to 6,000, when it became necessary to establish similar institutions in the country. From about the same period to 1820, their number in Paris has varied from 2,700 to 6,600, which it attained just before the Revolution ; but has decreased since, and stands at present below 5,000 annually ; the proportion rising rapidly during the last years of Louis XV. diminishing considerably under the Convention, increasing again under the Imperial government, and becoming pretty nearly stationary since the restoration. Notwithstanding this decrease in the number of foundlings in Paris during the Revolution, a fact which, from the nature of events during the period, could not have been expected, the general amount in France has constantly risen since 1784 to the present time. In 1784, there were not more than 40,000 throughout the kingdom, but in the space of less than 40 years they increased to the enormous number of 138,500. This appears to be the general tendency of the age in the different states of Europe, whenever satisfactory documents can be obtained. The diminution which has lately taken place in the Foundling Hospital at Brussels seems no real exception ; it may be local, as the reduction which we have noticed in Paris, while the sum total rose in the country at large.

What is the cause of this growing evil, which ill accords with the idea of improving in civilization ? Are its benefits confined to the higher orders of society, while it is the lot of the lower to sink deeper into vice and misery ? But avoiding speculative reasoning, I shall proceed to state various circumstances, as far as they are supported by authentic records. From what is known to be the case in the Lying-in Hospital in Paris, we may infer, that by far the greater number of those who

abandon their children are unmarried women. Of 21,000 inmates of the *Maternité* in the space of 10 years, 17,000 were single, and only 2,634 took charge of their children, or sent them out to nurse. It likewise appears that extreme poverty, rather than a reckless insensibility, is one of the chief causes of abandoning children. If we compare five provinces of France (each comprising, as you know, several departments) which are unquestionably the richest, with five others that are certainly the poorest, we find the proportion of foundlings to births in French Flanders, Picardy, Artois, Normandy, and Alsace, to be at the rate of 2.63 in a hundred, while in Berri, Nivernois, Marche, Bourbonnois, Limousin, it amounts to 5.66 in a hundred. A comparison between the other provinces, of intermediate wealth and poverty, would not probably afford a satisfactory result, from the difficulty of fixing a standard for estimating smaller differences; and it is often only in extreme cases, that the agency of one of the numerous causes that operate together may be ascertained by statistics.

It has often been said, that misery and vice prevail to greater extent in very populous towns than in the country; and in no instance is the truth of this opinion more evident, than in the comparative rate of foundlings in Paris and in the whole kingdom. The proportion of foundlings to the sum total of births throughout France in 1821, was 3.52 in a hundred, while in Paris, it amounted to no less than 19 in a hundred. You are not to consider this great proportion as an excess peculiar to Paris. Of all the great capitals on the Continent, Paris is the least afflicted with this evil, which progressively increases according to the order of the following enumeration; Vienna, Madrid, Lisbon, Rome, Moscow; till in Petersburg, it rises to the pitch of 45 in a hundred. But it would be unreasonable to take this scale as a standard, by which the relative degrees of vice and misery in those cities should be rated, till we can know what proportion of foundlings belongs to the precincts, and what to the inhabitants of the country that bring them to town. That a number are brought from distant parts is well known, but the number cannot be ascertained; and the confluence will necessarily be greater, all other circumstances being the same, to those towns, in the neighbourhood of which there are fewer or no asylums. Indeed, the number of foundlings in any country where there is misery, and of this there is enough in all European states, will increase with that of hospitals open for their reception; for where the means of subsistence will hardly suffice to support a single life, the mother had rather leave the care of her offspring to the public who offer to take charge of it, than let it perish together with herself.

But what is the fate of these forsaken beings when consigned to the care of the public? In some countries, their prospects seem fair, and even flattering. Russia considers them all as born free, which is a blessing in a state, where so great a part of the population are born and live in bondage. Spain, where *native slavery* has been long abolished, it is said, declares them all to be of noble birth. From the good educa-

tion they receive in Russia, many rise to eminence in every department of the state, and in Spain they prosper in the church. At Barcelona, when the female foundlings are grown up, they are led in procession through the streets, for the purpose of exhibiting their beauty and attractions; and when a spectator, as is likely to be the case with this combustible nation, falls in love at first sight, he throws his handkerchief, and a marriage ensues. The foundlings in other countries have less aspiring hopes; they become musicians in Italy; they were doomed in France during the Revolution to be soldiers; and at present they may choose their own professions; but such has always been the scanty education they received, that not more than three ever got into notice, and these were head surgeons to hospitals.

Such is the lot of the survivors, which upon the whole may be deemed satisfactory; but what is the general chance of attaining these advantages? The mortality of foundlings had not been properly investigated in France, or at least, had not been made known, till M. De Chateaufort laid open the scene of misery and death which these asylums conceal from the eye of the public. Great, indeed, is the mortality of children in all parts of the world, but humanity shudders at the untimely fate of foundlings. Two-fifths of the children born in France die before they are ten years old, but nearly three-fifths of the foundlings perish in the first year; and such is more or less the case over all Europe. Particular attention has within these last four years been given to the subject, and mortality among this wretched class of children has been considerably reduced both in the Hospital at Paris, and without, in those parts where they are sent out to nurse. Notwithstanding these successful measures in the capital, where there is greater power and greater will to exert it, you may judge of the deplorable extent of the evil from what still takes place here. One-fourth of the children admitted into the Foundling Hospital die in the space of the first week.

Such facts ought to be generally known, not only among the higher but likewise among the lowest orders of society; that the former, by an attentive investigation into the particular causes of the excessive mortality of foundlings, may reduce it, as far as the nature of things will admit, and as long as such asylums are deemed necessary; that the latter, when not impelled by dire necessity, may not be deceived by the idea that their children will be well provided for, and fare better than if they brought them up at home; that, on the contrary, they are sending them to the pest-house and to the grave. From the latter view of the subject, independently of other well known considerations, it will appear problematical, whether these institutions do really answer the humane purpose for which they were founded. A comparison between the mortality of children brought up by the poorest inhabitants of very populous cities, and that of foundlings in the same place, might be a first step towards the solution of the question. Mr. Villermé's late paper about the relative influence of riches and poverty on mortality contains some interesting data relative to a part of this subject. His researches

excite particular attention here; but as the chief results were immediately inserted in the English newspapers, I need not give you any account of them. I shall only observe, that he distinguishes the rich and poor departments, without stating the principles on which the classification is founded. I hope, when he publishes his paper, he will give us the criterion by which the differences may be ascertained, and not appeal merely to the general opinion for a distinction on which the whole import of the subject depends. E.

ATHENAION.

The learned institutors of the Athenaiion have at last done a wise thing; they have put themselves to preparatory schools, and the Society is consequently dissolved for the present; but it will re-unite again next Christmas, when it is expected that the erudite patrons of literature will be enabled to publish very tolerable advertisements in words of one or even of two syllables. This proficiency in learning will be celebrated by a fête in honour of the Horn-book.

Thus it appears that our paternal advice to these grown gentlemen has not been thrown away; but yet we much question whether they could have made up their minds to submit to the discipline and privations of preparatory seminaries for young gentlemen, had it not been for a frightful blunder in the following advertisement, which could not fail to awaken them to a lively sense of the danger that attends the improper use of words:—

A THENAION, No. 164, REGENT STREET, comprising the circle of the Arts, Sciences, and Belles-Lettres.

Second Session.

The Members and Subscribers are informed, that the Lectures on the ARTS, SCIENCES, and BELLES-LETTRES, have commenced at the Theatre of this Institution, on Thursday, the 13th inst., at half-past Seven in the Evening, as formerly announced: but the fête of Minerva (in consequence of the Prorogation of Parliament, and the absence of several of its members, desirous of being present), is postponed until Thursday the 10th of February next. *The tickets issued for the 13th inst. will be admitted on that night.*

The celebrated Roman poet, Pistrucci, is engaged for the season.

Terms.

Annual Subscribers to all the Lectures, Concerts, Balls, including admission to the Reading and Conversation Saloons.....	10 Guineas.
Ladies.....	5
A single Course of Lectures.....	3
Parterre.....	10s. and 6d.
Gallery.....	5

For a Plan of the Institution, and Tickets of admission, apply to the Secretary at the Athenaiion.

P.S.—To be sold a few shares in this Institution of 25l. 50l. and 100l., bearing an interest of 5l. per cent. per annum, and entitling the holder to free admission to the Athenaiion, including all the Concerts and Balls given elsewhere. The Reading and Conversation Saloons are open to New Subscribers to the Lectures, at Six Guineas a Year.

Thus it is expressly covenanted, that a shareholder shall have a free admission to the Athenæon, *including all the concerts and balls given elsewhere*. This was excellent news to myriads of young ladies, who earnestly recommended their papas to invest their money in so eligible a speculation. Five per cent. interest, a free admission to the Athenæon (that to be sure was no great temptation), and to all the concerts and balls given elsewhere; that is to say, a right of entry at the Philharmonic, Ancient Music, Almack's,—all delightful places, but difficult of access; not to mention other Societies of inferior note, and all the private balls and concerts given in London, which would seem included in the terms above quoted. Such were the irresistible advantages offered in the advertisement of the Athenæon; and a prodigious sensation was accordingly made by the new scheme, especially east of Temple Bar. The sting of dissipation is ordinarily the expense of it; but here the promise was held out of 5 per cent. for the money, together with free admission to all the pleasures of the town. The conductors of the Athenæon, the patrons of letters, who never dreamt of offering the temptations that their words expressed, doubtless took the alarm when they discovered that from their sheer ignorance of the art of writing, they were very likely to be indicted for selling shares under false pretences; and being honest men, though no scholars, they resolved to take our advice,—broke up the Society, and went to day or preparatory schools, to acquire those rudiments of education which are requisite to steer a man through the perils of print.

MR. ABERNETHY AND THE LANCET.

THE question between Mr. Abernethy and the Lancet is simply this: Has a lecturer any property in an oral lecture of which there is no existing manuscript?

Can there be any property in that which has no substantial tangible existence? If such a case of undoubted property could be found, it would go a great way to settle the claim of Mr. Abernethy in the affirmative. No such case that I know of exists.

Can any thing have the attribute of property which cannot be brought into the market? No one, I fancy, will hesitate to answer in the negative. Could an oral lecturer go to a publisher, and say, I *have* delivered a course of lectures on surgery or physiology, what will you give me for them? It requires no ghost to rise from the dead and tell us what would be the answer. Or could he go to a publisher, and say, I *am about* to deliver such a course of lectures, what will you give me for them? This is a sort of bargain into which few publishers would enter; it would be a leap in the dark which they are not very much in the habit of making.

If a man possessing great eloquence and rich stores of knowledge, go into company, and for the sake of honouring his host, or gratifying his audience, scatter about his knowledge, can he say I have a property in the ideas and sentiments I have been delivering; no person has any right to repeat them, or embody them in writing for the sake of publication? Yet in what does an oral lecturer differ from a person thus situated, except that the one is paid in the gratification of his vanity, the other in solid cash? In what does an oral lecture differ from a conversation, except that in some cases it is a little better sustained and compacted together?

If a man deliver an oral lecture, how is he to identify it? If one of his audience take a note of this lecture, and choose to say to the lecturer, this is none of yours, how can he rebut the shameless assertion?

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, lectures, especially oral lectures, are merely the substance of what has been long before the world, and has become common property. Now, Mr. Abernethy, at the conclusion of a lecture, can merely say to his pupils: "Though I have not delivered this lecture from a note, and though I cannot probably recal a single sentence of it, yet I have the substance of it in my memory; you have no right therefore to publish." What answer could he make to a pupil who should turn round and say, "So have I, in the writings of that thinking man, John Hunter." The only part of the lecture which can, in such a case, be said to belong to the lecturer, is the language; if he neglect to secure this by committing it to writing, what is there remaining which he can call his own? How will any body distinguish the property he has in it from that which a man has in his ordinary conversation?

What can be said then about this property in an oral lecture?—at the best, it is a kind of phenomenon. It is a curious species of property surely which has no physical existence,—which cannot be brought into the market,—which even the owner cannot identify; and which any despoiler may seize, and say to Mr. Abernethy, or whoever may claim it, this is none of yours, and no proof can be brought to rebut the appropriation. Shall we be over hasty then in concluding, that that which has none of the attributes of property, cannot be entitled to the name and protection of property?

As property of any kind is a thing which has no inherent independent existence, springs entirely from the conventions of society, and is enjoyed only by fulfilling certain conditions which society prescribes; he who refuses to fulfil these conditions, of course forfeits his claim. If a man have property, and wish to enjoy it, he must put a mark upon it, hedge it in, and take such other precautions as its preservation requires. If a man refuse to enclose his lands, has he any right to complain if his corn be trodden down, or his pastures eaten by his neighbour's oxen?

If then property, the most sacred in its character, the most clearly recognised by society, cannot be preserved from spoliation without

adopting those means which the conventions of society have established ; how much more strongly will this apply where the property is a thing which cannot be seen, handled, examined, which has no physical existence, and to which society has never yet agreed to affix the character of property ?

It cannot be said that this strikes at the root of all intellectual property, for the law of the land has already recognised one means of hedging in and identifying the fruits of a man's intellectual labour. This means is, the reducing of it to writing. In this shape, literary property may always be secured, and it is a means sufficiently simple, and to which no man who really wishes to avail himself of the fruit of his intellectual labours can reasonably object. If a man refuse to comply with this means, if he be too idle to reduce his sentiments to writing, has he any right to complain of their spoliation,—no more than he who neglecting to put a mark on his cattle, and permitting them to range at will beyond their prescribed bounds, has any reason to complain at their being forfeited as waifs and strays.

Thus far I have argued this question as a matter of abstract right, on the grounds of common sense, and independently of legal decisions, or grounds of legal argument. A word or two on this head will be quite sufficient. Every case of literary property which has hitherto been brought before a court of law or equity has been where there either was a book or a manuscript ; there has been no decision on an oral lecture, nor any case where the argument could reasonably be applied to an oral lecture. The question of abstract right then never has been decided, and a very few words will convince us *that it is not likely that it ever will*. Will a court of law create a right where they can administer no remedy for a breach of that right ? Let it be supposed, however, that they have decided that a lecturer has a property in an oral lecture—the only remedy is by an action for piracy. Now it is a rule of evidence, and a rule founded in the strongest sense, that a piracy can only be proved by comparing it with the original ; but in the case I am arguing there is no original ; such an action, therefore, cannot be sustained. And this, be it remembered, not through any defect in the law, but simply through the neglect of the plaintiff in not taking due means to support his claim. To make this remedy effectual, the court must go a step further, and supply this defect of evidence by admitting the testimony of one or more of the audiences to prove the identity of the delivered and published lecture. Courts of law are not wont to be so indulgent, nor is this a case that requires it.

In arguing this question, I have abstained entirely from a variety of collateral topics which have been enlisted into their service by the advocates on either side. As a question of mere property, and this is the only legitimate view, it is clear that considerations like the following have nothing to do with the matter.

1. That the lectures of Mr. Abernethy are simply a repetition of, and

re-embodiment of the principles of Mr. John Hunter. This has nothing to do with the question of absolute property. A fact of this kind may, perhaps, reduce the value of Mr. Abernethy's lectures to five shillings, but it is no reason why he should be plundered of these five shillings.

2. That the lectures are paid for, and therefore that he has nothing further to do with them. This would merely prove that the property of these lectures was in the entire body of his pupils, and would not entitle any individual to publish them.

I have nothing farther to say in the shape of argument. A word or two more on the particular case of Mr. Abernethy, and I have done. It is very clear that throughout this whole transaction, Mr. Abernethy has been actuated not by any present or anticipated pecuniary loss. It is very certain that he never intends to publish: in fact, his lectures, as delivered, are in such a condition, that publication would neither be very profitable nor very creditable to his reputation. Neither is the publication of his lectures likely to diminish the number of his pupils, which is the only remaining means by which he could sustain a loss: because, in the first place, no medical student could derive one-twentieth part of the information and advantage from merely reading these lectures in his garret, that he would by attending Mr. Abernethy. In the next place, the regulations of the College of Surgeons require that young men applying for diplomas, shall have a certificate of having attended a certain number of courses of these lectures; this is a positive rule which cannot be avoided, and which would of itself keep Mr. Abernethy his pupils. On the other reason, Mr. Abernethy has himself spoken: "You may read my lectures if you please, but I do not think that the impression on the mind is made so firmly, as when you hear what I have to say. * * * Well, as I say, you may read, but there is nothing like the *viva voce* after all, and next to this you must *see* the things which form the subjects of those lectures; unquestionably, the impression made on the memory through the medium of sight, is more durable than through the medium of sound, as Horace has very judiciously observed:—

Tardius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

I say, that I believe, there is nothing like *having seen* as well as *heard* the subjects which form the principal foundation of your professional knowledge."

It is quite obvious, indeed, that the real *gravamen* is not any actual or anticipated loss, but an unwillingness to have his lectures exposed to the searching ordeal of public criticism. There is clearly in his mind a feeling that his lectures will not satisfy the public expectation. "If the author of the *Lancet*," says Mr. Abernethy on one occasion, "should publish my lectures, I only know, from what I have seen of those parts of them which have appeared in the newspapers, that they represent me as one of the most pert, balderdash fellows in existence.

Any person would say, on reading these paragraphs, Well, I always thought Mr. Abernethy a well-informed man, and somewhat of a scientific man too, in the practice of his profession, but I really think he must be a very weak man." On a subsequent occasion we find him saying, "And here I may not go into the subject scientifically or satisfactorily to yourselves or the public, but I will tell you what I know about it." And similar interjections are frequently occurring. At the outset of Mr. Abernethy's opposition, he is even more distinct as to the motives which actuated him: "I cannot prevent publication, but it is very disagreeable to me, and, at least, it shall never be done with my sanction. God forbid, gentlemen, that I should wish to keep back from you any knowledge that I am able to afford, or that you should not have an opportunity of reaping the full benefit of it. Take the substance of what I say: you are perfectly welcome to it—you have paid for it—it is yours; but I do protest, that I think no one has a right to publish it to the world; I do not like it; and, certainly he shall never have my sanction for so doing." Whether Mr. Abernethy has acted wisely in this business, it is not necessary for me to give an opinion. I am no partizan. I am in no way connected with the profession, or with any of the parties. I am a reader of the *Lancet*; I have been both amused and instructed by its contents; and though the editor has been pleased to say in his last number, that "for good surgical principles and practical examples, Mr. Abernethy's lectures, when compared with the works of Hunter, and other systematic writers, betray an extreme paucity of surgical knowledge," and that if an arbitrator should award to Mr. Abernethy, "precisely what his lectures are worth, it would be—nothing,"—I cannot help thinking that those very lectures are not among the least interesting and important articles in this periodical; there has been considerable provocation on both sides, and I can readily pardon hot words. The asseverations on either side must be taken *cum grano salis*. I think upon the whole, however, that Mr. Abernethy would have acted more discreetly, more wisely, perhaps, for his reputation, if he had followed the example of Sir A. Cooper. The view which this distinguished surgeon has taken of the matter, is as just as it is liberal and independent, and with that view I shall terminate a sketch which has perhaps already grown beyond the limits which should have been prescribed. After animadverting on the practice of publishing hospital cases, he thus proceeds: "With regard to my lectures the case is different. I have a duty to perform in this theatre, and I have no objection for the whole world to know how it is discharged. Although the publication of my lectures exposes me to the critical ordeal of my professional brethren, yet I fear it not; I care not who may be made acquainted with the doctrines I advance, the instructions I give, the principles I inculcate, while in this theatre; if they cannot withstand the test of criticism, they are unfit for your guidance, and ought to be exploded. Facts, and inevitable conclusions arising from these

facts, compose the lectures ; therefore I am perfectly indifferent as to who publishes them, and equally indifferent as to who may be made acquainted with them, for I am positive they cannot be refuted. I am well aware that I shall be assailed by the abuse of scoundrels ; that envy, disappointed malice, and foul ingratitude, will endeavour to vilify my name ; but, gentlemen, such base and puny efforts are beneath the consideration of an honourable mind, and I shall continue to treat them, as I have ever done, with scorn and contempt."

PAPINIAN.

COLBURNIANA.

A disgust for the sentence of justice is, we believe, common to all culprits who are receiving the correction due to their offences, and a certain allowance is by general consent very considerably made for those expressions which are dictated by a man's nice and natural regard for his own flesh.—“ *On m'assassine,*” cried the French rogue who was whipped for taking liberties with his neighbour's pockets ; but there was no slander in his words, for every one attributed them to the true cause—the smart of his back. Our duty to the public occasionally compels us to inflict a gentle chastisement on persons who offend against the interests of literature ; and so far from desiring to gag them under the operation, we rather like to hear a lusty roar, which serves as a sort of acknowledgment of the salutary punishment, and also satisfies us that the patient takes the discipline in a healthy way ; we don't like silent grief—sorrow is like air, if confined it becomes mortal. Mr. Colburn had a gentle whipping in our last number, for making free with the name of Madame Campan ; and not displeased have we been to see him daily, during the last month, airing his sorrows in the advertisements of the newspapers, where he roars at so much a line, thus giving a wholesome vent to his griefs, benefitting the journals, and enriching the revenues of his native country. But though an *ad libitum* of howling is in all cases accorded to flogged children, and other delinquents under the rod, yet there is also an ancient law, that if the patient kick against the correction intended merely for his and the public good, he shall be punished for such calcitration, which is always accounted symptomatic of vice. When a certain useful quadruped, whose name is an offence to decorum and a reproach to our vocabulary, brays a lamentation in the streets, every tender soul cries “ poor dear !” but if he put his head between his legs, fling up his hinder extremities, and flourish his heels in the air, thus showing the disposition to do all the little mischief that an ass can do, the cry of compassion is changed to “ a cudgel for the donkey !” Having made these general remarks, we now proceed to consider the matter in hand, which has suggested them to our minds.

Immediately after the publication of our last number, containing an article on the Journal of Madame Campan, Mr. Colburn gave vent to the troubles of his soul in the following advertisement, which has for the last month appeared almost daily in the newspapers:

By Henry Colburn, 8, New Burlington-street, in 1 vol. 8vo. price 12s.
JOURNAL ANECDOTIQUE de MADAME CAMPAN: suivi
 & d'Extraits de sa Correspondence, ses Pensées sur l'Education, &c. &c.

N.B.—To the paltry attack made on this Work and its Publisher, in a minor Periodical, no farther reply is deemed necessary than to state, that *the title of the Book is copied* from that of the Paris edition, and that the *Pensées sur l'Education are the substance* of Madame Campan's large Work on Education, lately published in Paris, at 14 francs.

It will be observed in the first place that Mr. Colburn does not attempt to defend the *taking* title of the book; he satisfies himself with telling the public that he did not invent it, but copied it from the Paris edition; and thus he would shelter himself under the respectable character of utterer *only* of the counterfeit. "Thou can'st not say I did it," is the equivocation of the criminal; 'qui facit per alium facit per se,' is the retort of justice. While Mr. Colburn was about his purgation, would it not have been as well if he had assured us that he took no part either in imagining or approving the peccant title of the Paris edition? A concert between Paris and London booksellers in publishing works is not a very uncommon circumstance. But assuming for one moment that Mr. Colburn, in the blindness of the understanding and in the simplicity of the book-selling heart, was betrayed into copying the false description of the work from the French, whence did he get the following title, which he has generously given to the English translation?—

PRIVATE JOURNAL OF MADAME CAMPAN,
 COMPRISING ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH COURT,
 &c. &c. &c.

—
 EDITED BY M. MAIGNE.

Doubtless it will be argued, or rather advertised, that this is a faithful translation of the title of the Paris edition; if so, it must be confessed that Mr. Colburn, like a bishop, knows how to profit by translation, and we would give a trifle to hear him construe a page of French with an eye to business—*Journal Anecdotique de Madame Campan, Anglice, Private Journal of Madame Campan, &c.!* Why this impudent *mystification* is like Falstaff's tale of the men in buckram, in every step it becomes more gross. First the book, being in fact no Journal at all, is a *Journal Anecdotique de Madame Campan, ou Conversations recueillies dans ses Entrétiens*, par M. Maigne; then from this it is metamorphosed into a *Private Journal of Madame Campan*, edited by M. Maigne.—In the name of Colburn what will it be next? * Lord Peter, in the Tale of a Tub, served up a brown

* It is curious to observe how the title has shifted about in the Newspaper Advertisements. First of all (Dec. 11), it is *THE PRIVATE JOURNAL OF MADAME CAMPAN*;

loaf to his brethren with all the formality of a city feast, insisting that it was excellent mutton; and if the Burlington-street bookseller, with like assurance, will force on us the dry crusts and stale bits picked up by Mr. Maigne at Madame Campan's table as a curious and delicate treat, we must adopt the language of one of Lord Peter's brethren in reply, and modestly submit that we never saw the Journal of a clever woman in our lives so nearly resembling the tittle tattle of a twaddling gentleman. But to go on with the Tale of a Tub, which we find particularly apposite to the present occasion, we shall not suffer Colburn to cram the public in this way with stale crusts, which he chooses to call excellent mutton. Many readers have fallen into a very bad state of mind, a decay of the understanding, and decline of the intellectual faculties, in consequence of their having had all sorts of trash, and trumpery, and stuff, and rubbish, thrust down their throats as tid-bits; but we will no longer endure this cruel imposition on the public, we will not see worthy folks stuffed full of bran and chaff like the dolls in a toy-shop, while they fondly flatter themselves that they are storing themselves with the delicæ of the feast of reason. What is the consequence? One meets these deluded people in society; and when they would pour out the riches of their minds, there issues forth the loading of a beggar's wallet, they sicken us with the refuse of books, the offal, scraps, and broken victuals of literature, and offer as *bonnes bouches* mouthed morsels, which famished Plagiarism would reject with loathing; or else, like the Jew in Anastasius, they carry about with them a treasury of vile metal, which deluges us with an interminable stream of small coin, current but not worth the carriage, tuns of the liards, farthings, and maravedos of the literary mint, the circulating medium of the circulating libraries.

We shall now consider the second statement in Mr. Colburn's defence, that "the *Pensées sur l'Education*, are the substance of Madame Campan's large Work on Education, lately published at Paris, at 14 francs."—So then it appears, from Mr. Colburn's own showing, that the "*Pensées sur l'Education*" are nearly as great a hoax as the Private Journal; for they are not *the Pensées sur l'Education*, but *the substance of them* (or the shadow of them).—Why then did the publisher describe them as the *Pensées* in the title page? Why did he not explain that they were merely the substance of the treatise? Is it customary with booksellers to sell abridgments of any author's works under the description of the entire work? And would not the public have just reason to complain of such a practice? Mr. Colburn may next take it

Dec. 20, it is changed to JOURNAL ANECDOTIQUE DE MADAME CAMPAN. On the 10th of Jan. it becomes THE PRIVATE JOURNAL OF MADAME CAMPAN'S CONVERSATIONS. Colburn should advertise the world of the meaning of A Private Journal of a Lady's Conversations. It may be observed that in all the numerous advertisements which have presented themselves whenever we have looked upon a newspaper, the name of M. Maigne has never met our eyes.

into his head to publish, at a high price, an abridgment of Hume's England, under the usual description of that work.

We cannot, however, but admire the easy assurance with which he now explains to the happy purchasers of his "*Pensées sur l'Education*," what a delightful bargain they have got. "I advertised," says he, "The *Pensées sur l'Education*, by Madam Campan, but I sold you the substance of that treatise"—his word is a work, and his deed an abridgment! There is an impudent *naïveté* in this confession, which is extremely amusing—Mr. Colburn has certainly attained to that pitch of audacity, which Bacon says has something ridiculous in it. We stated that Madame Campan's Treatise on Education was cheap and common. Mr. Colburn affirms, in his advertised defence, that it was lately published in Paris, at 14 francs. No man knows better than Mr. Colburn how easy a thing it is to put a high price on any book: by virtue of fine paper, handsome type, and the name of some man of note in the title page as Editor, "Jack the Giant-killer," might be sold in Burlington-street for a guinea, but that would not prove that a tall copy could not be purchased at a stall for two-pence. We have now considered the two points of Mr. Colburn's advertised defence. We charged him with having published a book under a false description of its contents, he does not attempt to justify the description, but replies that he copied it from the French. In law or morals this is no exculpation; but allowing the apology to pass for one moment, how does he account for the title of his English translation, which contains more falsehood than the French one?

We stated that Madam Campan's Treatise on Education was a common work, and he confesses that what he has published and sold as the Treatise, is not the Treatise, but the substance of it. If the Purchasers be content to have these liberties taken with their credulity, we can have no objection to their throwing away their money, but as such practices are injurious to those who do not descend to them, and to the interests of literature, we feel called upon to expose them in their true colours. As for the expressions of slip-slop scorn which appear in Mr. Colburn's advertisement, we regard them, not only without any sentiment of anger, but with perfect good humour. The advertiser pays for every word, and it must have cost poor Mr. Colburn no trifle to call our attack "paltry," and our periodical "minor," in all the prints for the last month; advertised abuse must be very expensive, and disdainful epithets, such as waiting-women love to use, must prove very costly in a long account. There is, indeed, some-thing so particularly ridiculous in the idea of a man's groaning and vituperating at so much a line in the newspaper that we cannot but laugh at this odd method of digesting grief—the struggle between the natural inclination of sorrow to prolixity, and the commercial disposition to economise, must be whimsical in the extreme. As we have before observed, every offender under the rod has the privilege of complaint, and if Mr. Colburn had confined himself to his jeremiad, he would have escaped further punishment; but he has,

unfortunately, not only criminated himself in his defence, but also shown those symptoms of vice which, as we have already explained, warrant additional chastisement. Observe the foul blow aimed at us, his gentle monitors, in the following advertisement. It may be as well to premise, that the bookseller, whose name shines at the bottom of this fiction, is a person who does those odd jobs for Colburn, in which the respectable principal does not care to appear.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.—Shortly will be published,
AN EXPOSITION of the HOAX just practised on the SUB-
 SCRIBERS to the LONDON MAGAZINE, by which, under
 the plea of a very considerable increase in size, an additional charge of
 1s. per Number has been made, whereas by a comparison and calculation
 of the new mode of printing with the old, it will be demonstrated that a
 number of the New Series at 3s. 6d. contains less reading than one of the
 old at 2s. 6d.

“The law punishes the man who at this season of good cheer takes money for the carriage of a basket of rubbish, with the tail of a cock pheasant and the foot of a hare peeping out, to give the world assurance of game; and will visit with pains and penalties the trader who sells his goods under names which do not belong to them—chopped hay for tea, and ground beans for coffee. But the correction of literary quackery, such as we have above noted, can only be effected by the immediate detection and exposure of the hoax (we love to use soft words), an office which shall be our peculiar care.”—*London Magazine*, New Series, January 1.

Printed, by especial desire, for the benefit of the Subscribers, and sold by M. Campbell, Library, 52, Rathbone-place.

This is a *Colburn* from beginning to end, a mere coinage of the book-selling brain—it is like the private journal of Madame Campan, the title of a work that has no existence, and which is only imagined to gratify the small spite, as other phantoms of books have been conjured up to fill the pockets of the Burlington-street publisher—puff et præterea nihil! This fiction is, indeed, an unlucky satire on the inventor's practices.

The medium through which the attack is made, also betrays its author. Nothing can be more natural than for Mr. Colburn to fly to advertisement, seeing that he does every thing by advertisement—it is his tool of trade, and he takes the field with it for the same reason that Strap the Barber, in *Roderic Random*, proposed to fight his man with razors.

In the nature of the charge urged against us, we further discover the spirit of Mr. Colburn's dealings—quantity, without reference to quality is the point on which he insists. We have improved the type and considerably increased the size of the “*London*,” but these are not things on which we lay much stress; and, indeed, we must confess that we pique ourselves more on the quality than on the quantity of our articles; nay, we are inclined to think that the quantity of reading, as it is called, in a work, may not altogether depend on the quantity of letter-press which it contains—there is a distinction between things printed and things readable, which a worthy contemporary cannot be expected to understand.

THE NEW SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

AN ECLOGUE ON COX AND KEAN.

“ Love's a gentle generous passion,
 Source of all sublime delight,—
 When with mutual inclination
 Two fond hearts in one unite ! ”—*Old Song.*

1.

You ask me, Strephon, what I think,
 Lying beside the streamlet's brink,
 Tending our straggling flocks ;—
 What 'tis I think (since I have seen
 The Globe and Traveller) of Kean,
 And wicked Charlotte Cox.

2.

Our sheep are feeding,*—let them feed
 Before us o'er the sunny mead—
 We will discourse the time !
 And since you wish that I should scan
 The miserable Alderman,
 And his two lumps of crime :—

3.

I'll pore, Dear Strephon, near this brook,
 Over the paper—(where's my crook ?)—
 “ KING'S BENCH ”—What's that ?—a seat ?
 Aye ! where the gentle cuckold sits
 To be chastised by thick-wigg'd wits,
 And joked, from horns to feet !

4.

It was not right, Strephon !—it could
 Not, and it did not, come to good,
 For Aldermen to be
 So very fond of genius things,—
 Of nags, and wags, and wanderings
 In strolling company.

* Wintry as the season is, it is pastoral weather about Salisbury Plain,—and sheep must feed, and the sun *occasionally* shine. We regret to see that the simplicity of a shepherd's life is beginning to be injured by the circulation of newspapers. What has Alexis to do with The Globe and Traveller ?—He is as experienced about City matters as a shepherd in West Smithfield !

5.

Ah ! Strephon !—you who woo the maid,
 Coy Amaryllis in the shade,
 Know not what 'tis to be
 Behind the scenes, night after night,
 Where cots are false,—and faithless light
 Falls on a painted tree !

6.

The Guildhall feast, the flow of bowl,
 The London tithe, and Cobbett's toll,—
 And not the private box,
 Were matter for his Worship's care :—
 (I think *eight hundred* not quite fair
 For such a Mrs. Cox).

7.

She was no better than she should be,
 I wish to heaven that people could be !—
 But that's an idle wish !
 And Kean doth seem to such as we—
 Who live so very sheepishly—
 The loosest of loose fish !

8.

The husband, and the friend and wife,
 Were made to bless each other's life ;
 Why should they go to law ?—
 Did they not travel, tiddle, talk,
 Tell stories,—lie together,—walk
 Together ;—Law ?—Pshaw ! pshaw !

9.

All *three* were wrong ! all *three* gave way
 To little exquisite bye-play,—
 It ever was *deuce-ace* !
 And small the difference can be seen,
 To my poor mind, 'twixt Mr Kean,
 His worship, and her grace !

10.

It almost seems she ne'er could be
 From paw-paw wretched wrangling free,
 Such were the hours she led ;
 Her husband had a precious *limb*,
 For when she had done abusing him,
 She did abuse his bed !

11.

No doubt she wink'd,—by all unseen,
 Save lynx-eyed, watchful Mr. Kean ;
 Nor can it then, I fear,
 Be marvell'd at, since Tragedy
 Own'd him her votary, that he
 Play'd *Edmund* to her *Leer* !

12.

He sent his Myra money,—Oh !
 Shed not those tears of pastoral woe ;
 Strephon ! my Shepherd dear !
 Be sure, as sure as goats are goats,
 When Corydons send ten pound notes,
 The golden age is near !

13.

Strephon ! I think, in short, all *three*
 No better than they ought to be,—
 The sinners and sin-*nee* !
 All three have made three faithless pairs ;
 All lowered themselves up Windsor stairs,
 And here at Salisbury !

14.

Let us live simply near our brooks !
 Our lives as straight as are our crooks !
 Oh Strephon ! what is town ?
 A place for sin and men of fur,
 So says the Globe and Traveller,
 Frank'd me by Downshire down !

Salisbury Plain, Jan. 1825.

ALEXIS.

LETTERS FROM PARIS,

BY GRIMM'S GRANDSON.

No. II.

Paris, Jan. 18, 1825.

NAPOLEON, my friend, tried to convert us into the feudatories of the middle ages. Danton and Robespierre wanted to make us citizens of Sparta and Rome. Now come the clergy and noblesse, who, in the intoxication of their triumph, aim at reducing us to the state of the *roturiers* before the revolution. A bookseller has hit upon the happy idea of reprinting the best pamphlet which has appeared in France

since the *Lettres Provinciales*. I mean the *Qu'est ce que le Tiers Etat ?* of the Abbé Sieyes.

In reading this admirable *brochure*, one thing has struck every man of mind ; that is, that thanks to Chateaubriand, Montlosier, De Bonald, and other sycophants, we have not advanced a single step for the last 35 years. This pamphlet of the Abbé Sieyes, published in 1788, bears all the appearance of having been written the other day—this the title of the following book will prove.

Instructions sur la Danse extraites des Saintes Ecritures, des Saints Peres, des Saints Conciles, par M. l'Abbé Halot. Dancing is the principal pleasure of the French peasant on the Sunday evening, a national usage which the clergy are trying to destroy. I think you know the admirable pamphlet of M. Courier, entitled *Petition pour des Paysans qu'on empeche de danser*. M. de Boulogne, Bishop of Troyes, has the reputation of being the most fanatic priest in France. It was he who, when obliged to celebrate the funeral of Louis XVIII. in his diocese, tried to hurry it over in an indecent manner and divest it of every thing like solemnity. It is he, who is the bitterest enemy to the dancing of the peasants ; and yet he keeps a mistress, who, as his niece, does the honours at the episcopal palace at Troyes.

This young person a month ago was in a situation which rendered her appearance in public impossible. This circumstance has amused all Champagne, and though no Frenchman has taken the matter up seriously (no one dare ; when a priest is concerned a Frenchman knows how to contain his indignation, with whatever reluctance), yet the bishop has been so pursued with epigrams and ballads, that he has at length declared that his niece was married, two years ago in secret, to a man whom he names, but who has never been seen at Troyes ; and this interesting young lady has not quitted the town for the last year. Do not imagine that I tell you this out of a love of scandal. I have chosen this anecdote out of a hundred of the same kind. All Paris, for instance, knows by name the mistress of the Abbé de la Mennais, who is about to be made a Cardinal. These anecdotes will have an important influence ; they will, probably, ruin the enterprise undertaken by the priests, and for the support of which they publish every month two or three new works.

A bookseller, whose name is not mentioned, has just reprinted the *Memoirs* of M. de Vauban, formerly Chief of the French Staff, in 1 vol. 8vo. This little ill-printed volume sells at 100 francs. It contains some curious particulars relative to Charles X. It is a bitter answer to the base flatteries by which M. de Chateaubriand tries to win back his place. M. de Vauban had the reputation of being the bravest of the émigrés officers. He returned to France under the Consulate ; he had the impudence to write his *Memoirs* ; they are the *cry of indignation* from an honourable spirit. M. de Vauban, not wishing to injure the Bourbon princes, at that time in misfortune, locked up his *Memoirs* in a

mahogany case, and buried it in his cellar. He disclosed the fact of his having written his Memoirs but to one person, a nobleman of high rank, living at that time in England, and the intimate friend of the Bourbon princes. Eight days after this imprudent communication, Fouché, Duke of Otranto, Minister of Police, summoned M. de Vauban, and said to him, "*I want your Memoirs.*" M. de Vauban denied their existence. M. de Vauban, a man of upright and honourable feelings, was so transported with indignation at being betrayed, and so disgusted with human nature, that on leaving the house of Fouché, he was on the point of blowing out his brains. Fouché caused a lady to whom M. de Vauban was deeply attached to be arrested; when this officer went to reclaim her liberty, and to demand information of the charge against her, Fouché laughed, and said, "The charge against her! It is your Memoirs." Poor M. de Vauban gave up his Memoirs, and three months afterwards died of a broken heart. Fouché thought that if the government gave any éclat to the publication of the *Memoires de Vauban*, every body would consider them supposititious. One of his agents made a present of them to an obscure bookseller. They produced no effect; in 1808, we had forgotten in France the existence of the princes of the family of Bourbon.

Les Malheurs d'un Amant Heureux, a Romance in 3 vols. 8vo. by Mad. Sophy Gay, has just appeared. This romance describes the manners of Paris from 1798 to 1808 tolerably well. All of us, at least those who have the melancholy advantage of having passed their 50th year, know these manners have existed, and that Madame Sophy Gay is a faithful painter. At the present moment, when M. de Sosthenes de la Rochefoucault is doing all in his power to lengthen the petticoats and widen the pantaloons of the nymphs of the Opera, what we were in 1806 appears like a dream. The manners of Constantinople more nearly resemble our mode of life in 1825 than the manners of 1806. You will read with pleasure the romance of Madame Sophy Gay; and if you have the patience to read also the *Gil Blas de la Revolution*, by M. Picard; *L'Ermite* of M. de Jouy; and the new Romance called *Monsieur le Prefet*, you will have a pretty just idea of the manners of France for the last 30 years. Madame Sophy Gay received from Napoleon 6000 francs per month for rendering him a report of the spirit of the times. The old devotee, the Marquise de Genlis, only received 1,000 francs a month for the same service. Mademoiselle Delphine Gay, who writes the best verses of any lady in France, is the daughter of Madame Gay the author of *Les Malheurs d'un Amant Heureux*.

M. le Prefet (a romance in 4 vols.) is an admirable subject spoiled by a writer incapable of doing it justice. There are 86 Prefects in France; little despots, who reign almost as absolutely in their departments, as eight years ago the Agà of Athens lorded it over the birth-place of Socrates. Each Prefect has his court; and, provided *M. le Prefet* is under 70 years of age, this court has its Madame de Pampadour; ordinarily the wife of the *Receiver General*, or of the *Mayor*, who has this honour. The

necessary go-between in *M. le Prefet's* affairs of love is *Monsieur le Capitaine de Gendarmerie*. The author of this new romance has painted, with remarkable accuracy, all the shades of servility which surround the Prefect of the day. Every morning the Prefect opens the *Moniteur* with a trembling hand, dreading lest he shall find his own dismissal gazetted. As soon as he is assured on this grand point, he writes an affectionate word or two to the Madame de Pampadour of his little court. *Monsieur le Secretaire intime*, also a great personage of this little court, carries the billet-doux of his patron himself. Scarcely is the billet written before M. le Prefet gives an audience to M. le Capitaine de Gendarmerie, who is the chief of the police. "What's that rogue of a Bishop about," is the first question addressed to his Captain of Gendarmerie by every Prefect who has the misfortune to have a Bishop in his town. Under Napoleon the General was the bug-bear of the Prefect; at present it is my Lord Bishop who makes them both tremble. After the Bishop, the principal fear of the Prefect, who dreads the loss of the *Pachalick*, is caused by the committee of Jesuits who meet at the *Petit Seminaire* as they call the School or College.

On the appearance of the novel entitled *Monsieur le Prefet*, the town was highly amused with eight or ten dismissed prefects who happened to be at Paris, and who all went to complain to M. de Villèle (the actual king of France) of the insolent author who had just published a *personal* libel against them. We cannot refuse the author the merit of resemblance; but this resemblance is hideous. On reading *Monsieur le Prefet* I experienced the disagreeable feeling of profound but *impotent hatred*. Now *impotent hatred* destroys in an instant all literary pleasure. For this reason I suppose it is, that a mixture of politics is in France fatal to a work of literature. If the author of this romance, which I beg of you to read, had had the least dramatic genius, he would have perceived the necessity of *softening* the abject servility of his characters. The author excuses himself by saying that he took for his model M. Trouvé, formerly a prefect, and the natural son of La Reveillere Lepaux, one of the five Directors, and at present a violent Ultra, and the printer of his party.

I have but one excellent work to announce, that is the *Proverbes Dramatiques*, by M. Theodore Leclerc, the intimate friend of M. Fiévée. The three volumes of M. Theodore Leclerc contain 30 little comedies of exquisite truth. Seven or eight of them are excessively laughable; and thus fulfil the two conditions which we exact in France. First, that the manners described shall be accurately true; and, next, that this true picture of manners shall not awaken the sentiment of *impotent hatred*, but make us laugh. Two of the most admirable of these comedies are *Les Jurés*, (you will see what the institution of a jury is in France) and the *Plus beau Jour de ma Vie*. I spoke of the agreeable comedies of M. Scribe in my former letter. The Proverbs of M. Leclerc please the best society here more than his comedies, because they

have not suffered from the terrible scissors of the dramatic censorship, (directed by M. Lemontey, one of the cleverest and most covetous men in France). M. Leclerc represents his Proverbs at the house of M. Roger, one of the principal supports of the club of *Bonnes Lettres*, which is as much as to say that these Proverbs are of an ultra complexion. You see, my friend, that in spite of my liberal opinions, I know how to be just to the ultra writers. It is doubted here who is the writer of these delicious Proverbs; is it M. Leclerc, or his intimate friend, M. Fiévée?

M. Fiévée, the son of a postmaster in a village near Paris, was at first a spy of the Bourbons in Paris. Napoleon had him arrested about 1804. M. Fiévée in prison then proposed to become the spy of Buonaparte; he wrote to the latter, saying, "the Bourbons are poor devils, and only give me 1000 francs per month; I charge a great man like you 3000." The bargain was struck; Napoleon has often said that M. Fiévée was his best spy. M. Fiévée is the author of two romances, *Frédéric*, and *La Dot de Suzette*. The ill natured public attributes to him these Proverbs of his friend Theodore Leclerc. M. Fiévée writes in the *Journal des Debats*, and signs his articles with the initials T. L. For the last three years M. Fiévée has received 1500 francs per month *not to write*. He writes notwithstanding, and against M. Villèle. It is said of rats that they instinctively abandon a vessel which is likely to be shipwrecked. The desertion of M. Fiévée is the only sign of the fall of a minister who for four years has said to the Jesuits, "I have no will but yours; I will execute your orders with a prudence and genius which you will in vain look for in any one else."

Mr. Crawford, a wealthy Englishman fixed at Paris, and who used to maintain that Paris was the first city of the world, about 10 years ago printed *Les Memoires de Mad. du Hausset, Femme de Chambre of Mad. de Pompadour*. The impression was limited to 30 copies; the Edinburgh Review of the time spoke of it. These Memoirs are just now reprinted. You will, probably, give an entire article to this admirable book; I will not, therefore, say another word about it except that it has been positively devoured in the best circles, where they say that the character of Louis XV. was extremely English.

De la Bastonnade chez tous les Peuples Anciens et Moderns by M. C. Lanjuinais, a peer of France, and member of the Institute, has lately appeared. Some years ago M. de Volney published a delicious pamphlet to turn into ridicule the anointing of kings. You are, without doubt, acquainted with this charming little volume, entitled *Samuel, ou le Sacre des Rois*. His ridicule of this ceremony had such an effect upon the public that it is pretended that the pamphlet made Louis XVIII. give up the ceremony. The pretensions of M. le Comte Lanjuinais are not of so elevated a cast; he only wishes to make the Jesuits give up the custom of flagellating children; but the good fathers are obstinate, they pretend that it is their only pleasure. M. Lanjuinais

is an old *Girondist*, very learned, but destitute of talent, and moreover a Jansenist. The pamphlet, though very curious, will have no success; it is a book of the same kind as a History of the Confessors of all the Princes, published some months ago by M. l'Abbé Gregoire. These are books that would have made the reputation of their authors 50 years since. At present it is necessary to be as learned as M. Lanjuinais, or Gregoire, and be capable of serving it up with the wit and talent of M. de Pradt, otherwise the public says to itself, "*qu'est ce que cela me fait?*" I shall say no more about M. de Pradt *sur l'Emigration* than I have about the Memoires of M. de Hausset; for beyond a doubt his book will be translated into English. M. de Pradt said the other day "unless there be a war the Emigrés will regain possession of their estates in nine years. This year they demand a *Milliard*. They will have it, *mais parbleu!* they must pick it out of the kennel.

The history of the Dukes of Burgundy, by M. de Barante, will be read with pleasure by all the aristocracies of Europe. For you and for me it is no more than a translation into modern language of the admirable Chronicles of Froissart. The aristocrats of Europe, much more noble than either you or I, are yet, perhaps, not quite so enlightened. M. Barante, who knows that the *Journal des Debats* is the oracle of this class of readers on the continent, went to a female friend of M. Chateaubriand, to beseech that she would prevail upon this great writer to make an article upon his Dukes of Burgundy. The article was written and shown to the young peer of France (M. de Barante). This statesman was in a fever for eight days, because the long article of the illustrious Vicomte contained one phrase, mark well, a single phrase, which bordered upon something like censure. That sentence, cried M. de Barante, will spoil the sale of 1000 copies. The illustrious Vicomte, however, resisted the profound grief of his young colleague; and you may have seen the article with the fatal phrase in one of the numbers of the *Debats* about the end of December.

A volume entitled *Manuscrits de l'ancienne Abbaye de Saint Julien a Brioude*, has been published by M. Auguste Trognon. The only writer since the restoration of the Bourbons, who has had a success really popular, is Sir Walter Scott. Jeanie Deans, Flora M'Ivor, or the sublime Rebecca, are better known at Toulouse, Dunkirk, Besançon, than the queens of France, Clotilda, or Mary de Medicis, or than the personages of Voltaire's and Pigault Le Brun's romances. The novels of Walter Scott have been translated in an infamous manner, and published by a puffing catchpenny bookseller, named Ladvocat. It will give you an idea of the excellence of these translations if I tell you that, instead of "*OLD PLAY*," which is placed at the end of some of the mottoes in the original, the translator has printed *traduit de Monsieur Old Play*. You may imagine by this specimen how delicately the translator has handled the nicer points of expression. In spite of this enormous disadvantage Walter Scott has stirred up all hearts. In consequence of his

painting *love* the bugbear of all mammas, in a cold and uninteresting manner, most mothers have permitted their daughters to read his works. The circulation has consequently extended over all the provinces, whilst Lord Byron is only relished at Paris and Dijon. This unexampled success of Sir Walter Scott has been favourable to English literature, and even to the English as individuals.

An Englishman who has made his tour in Scotland, and can talk of the places described by Walter Scott, is sure of being listened to in a French drawing-room. The popularity of this kind of romance, which paints ancient customs rather than passions, has engaged all the writers connected with the French journals, and who are sure of being well puffed, in making romances. Already MM. Keratry, Felix Bodin Salvandy, the Cte de Pastoret * have had the satisfaction of being hissed *en roman*. Next comes M. Trognon, whose romance is dull enough; but at least, like the Julia Severa of poor M. Sismondi, who writes in the French of Geneva, it possesses in the place of literary talent some learning. The first tale of Mr. Trognon, for there are two in the volume, is entitled *Histoire admirable du Franc Harderad et de la Vierge Romaine Aurelia*. The king Theodebert has just conquered Auvergne, and distributes the territories of the conquered among his generals or *Leudes*. Harderad, the Achilles of the army of Theodebert, young, valiant, and handsome, seized at the head of his soldiers upon a domain which the king had assigned to him; he there finds Papianus, a rich Gaul, who at the approach of the barbarians, had fled into the mountains of Auvergne, with his daughter Aurelia. Harderad is struck with the beauty of his young slave, and makes an attempt to seize her. He finds her a girl full of magnanimity, of courage, and of genius. He learns that, from her earliest youth, Aurelia has made a vow of chastity, and consecrated her life to God. The barbarian is astonished; the resistance which she opposes to him, in the name of heaven, makes a profound impression upon his soul, and, after a fashion, civilizes him. He thinks no more of battles, and the mere exertion of physical force. He reflects upon the sentiments of the heart. The savage, tamed, submissive, and respectful, passes his life in ghostly conversations with Aurelia. In the end, the young lady, protected by the king Theodebert, enters a monastery. Harderad is in despair, and finishes by turning priest. The king, considering that it might be useful to him to have a man of loyalty and courage for a priest, concludes by translating him to a bishopric.

Had M. Trognon had the hundredth part of the genius of Fielding, or of our Abbe Prévot, you perceive that this history might have been made somewhat interesting. The *dénoûment* was common in France of the

* These are the titles of these unfortunate romances—Keratry, *Le Dernier des Beau-manoirs*—Felix Bodin, *Le Pere et la Fille*—Le Cte Amédée de Pastoret, *Le Duc de Guise, au la Revolution de Naples en 1642*—Salvandy, *Isaor, ou le Barde Chretien, & Alonzo, ou L'Espagne*.

7th century. Unfortunately M. Trognon paints all the passions as Walter Scott does love, by *hearsay*. M. Trognon has had the folly to impose upon himself a very singular restraint. Sir Walter Scott pretends, right, or wrong, to paint the past such as it was, but he sees it from his own times; and whatever love of superannuated institutions this author may have, he always writes like a man of genius living at Edinburgh in 1825. M. Trognon, on the contrary, has adopted the extraordinary idea of writing the history of Harderad and Aurelia in the character of their contemporary Optatus, a monk of St. Julien a Brioude. The coarseness of the monk's language, historical and necessary according to his plan, prevents his book from being read by the women; and it so happens that the women are the only readers of *books* in France. People of the world in France set aside two hours a day for reading, but then they only read the journals and political pamphlets, which take up the whole of the time; at Paris no man can open his mouth in a saloon, if he has not, during the morning, read or looked through eight journals. M. de Pradt and Walter Scott run away with the rest of the time which most can give to reading. The romance of M. Keratry is of so gloomy and atrocious a cast; those of MM. Pastoret, Bodin, and Salvandi, are so affected and dull, that they have confirmed us in our ancient habit of reading no other romances than those which are written by women. At least we find there some delicate observations on the human heart. I profit by this opportunity to recommend to you *Marguerite Aymon*, a romance published about two years ago by Madame de Cubieres, the wife of a young colonel, who has followed her husband to Cadiz. Marguerite Aymon paints the society of Paris such as it was in 1820.

I have no room to speak to you of the second novel of M. Trognon, which this young professor has called *Le Livre des Gestes du Roi Childebert III.* It is an exact, learned, and talentless picture of the state of society on the eve of the usurpation of the Carlovingians. This novel of Trognon's has a singular defect. Have you seen the Diorama of Holyrood House? Many people, on entering the Diorama, think themselves in a Gothic building, and have only the sensations which they would have if they really entered an old ruined edifice. They have not the agreeable feeling of admiration for the artist, and for human power in general which a picture of Raphael gives. M. Trognon wished to make a picture—he has only made a *deception*. Many persons reading his volume have thought they were really perusing a chronicle of the 7th century. When they have been told that it was a novel, they have thrown down the book.

But I repeat with pleasure M. Trognon is learned, while M. Keratry is only horrible. His novel, *The Last of the Beaumanoirs*, opens with the rape executed by a monk upon the dead body of a young female. M. Keratry being a proprietor of the *Courrier*, has made for *himself* a sort of reputation.

Two affairs have exclusively occupied society in Paris during this month. The Adventures of Mademoiselle Mars, and the recognition of the states of America by Mr. Canning. French society has too much vanity and distrust to have discussed for a moment the indemnification of the *Emigres*. The *Emigres* are the strongest, and they take a *milliard* out of the public treasure. Nothing is more simple, nothing would appear more silly than seriously to busy oneself with such a question. At the utmost one asks, whence is the robbery to come from? Yesterday evening the *Emigres* demanded 600 millions more of M. de Villèle.

Will your gravity permit me to acquaint you with the misfortunes of Mademoiselle Mars? Yes, for I have seen your papers full of Miss Foote's love letters. Mademoiselle Mars has been, and often appears to be even yet, one of the prettiest women of Paris. She possesses beyond dispute the very finest talent in France; she is superior not only to Talma, who fails through too much mind, but also to the three poets, De la Martine, De la Vigne, and Béranger, and to the great phrase-maker of the age, M. de Chateaubriand. By comparing merit so different in kind I mean to say that I find a more lively pleasure in seeing Mademoiselle Mars play than in reading the verses of the three French poets, or the swollen prose of the author of the Martyrs. In the fine arts, I mean in all things which are not of direct utility, as bread, cloth, leather, the quantity of pleasure felt seems to me the only reasonable thermometer to judge of the merit of the artist. I do not subscribe to what is said in the New Monthly Magazine of the 1st January. The author of the article is a man of talent, but he has not understood Mademoiselle Mars. Many Englishmen fancy they understand the French language and French manners, who have not the slightest idea of either. Mademoiselle Mars, with her sublime talent, the finest eyes of all Paris, and her 50,000 francs a-year, has also the most *piquant*, the liveliest, and the most cutting wit. She has had as a lover for ten years a colonel, as well as Miss Foote. The Colonel du Terrein had borrowed 400,000 francs of Mademoiselle Mars, but he gained 400,000 francs by lucky speculations, and he at last repaid his mistress with interest. The Colonel having become rich, his family wished him to marry, but the relations of the young person for whom he was designed, required as a condition that he should break with Mademoiselle Mars in so open and decided a manner, that a reconciliation would be impossible. I occupy your time with trifles, but there is not one of these trifling circumstances that has not given rise to most grave discussions at Paris.

It is asserted, that M. du Terrein, to give an appearance of justice to his rupture, introduced to Mademoiselle Mars one of the handsomest young men of Paris, M. de St. Henri, perhaps, the only coxcomb of this country who has any talent. This young man, the story goes, was to pay his addresses to Mademoiselle Mars, and to give information of his success to M. du Terrein, his rival, who was to pretend to be an-

noyed by it. But the event was what the two friends were far from expecting. M. de St. Henri, although Mademoiselle Mars is 46 and he only 24, became really and passionately in love with her. Mademoiselle Mars received the attentions of this handsome young man with *coquetry*, with the view of rousing the jealousy of M. du Terrein, and bringing him again to subjection ; but in reality committed no sin against the sentiment which for 10 years had united her to him. On his side, M. de St. Henri, really in love, would have nothing to say to M. du Terrein. M. du Terrein wishing to marry, pretended to believe in the success of his rival, and broke with Mademoiselle Mars in the most violent and irremediable manner. You will ask what there is singular in this? You are right. But what has brought this story into fashion is the despair of Mademoiselle Mars. It is certain that she undertook to starve herself. She shut herself up for two days in her room without tasting any thing, and without being prevailed upon to open the door which she had bolted in the inside. She afterwards was seized by a brain fever. "Oh that I could become mad," she exclaimed in her agony, "perhaps I should forget the monster." In the fear of setting you to sleep by the length of my letters, I omit five or six other charming sayings of Mademoiselle Mars, which all show the most profound despair. But I will give you the *bon-mot* of M. de Villèle, when he saw that this adventure occupied all the attention of the drawing rooms in Paris. "What would I not have given," said he to his friends, "that this adventure had happened during the discussion of my bills, or the reduction of the rentes, or the emigrés. I should have carried them through *incognito*."

Only think that the most trivial and least ascertained circumstance of the quarrel of Mademoiselle Mars with her lover has been discussed for an hour in every one of the drawing rooms of Paris. As for myself, I cannot believe all that is said of the two heroes of the history. I give them credit for more generous feelings than are attributed to them. Mademoiselle Mars has not been the only unhappy person in the affair. She has closed her doors against the young Saint Henri, who is in despair, and more in love than ever. She determined to quit the stage ; and, for the sake of her glory, she ought to persist in this resolution. M. le Brun, who for a number of years has been endeavouring to get his *Cid d'Andalousie* acted, seeing his tragedy in which Mademoiselle de Mars was to play adjourned *sine die*, was in a despair of vanity, not less cruel, perhaps, than young Saint Henri's despair of love.

An ungenerous feeling, *envy*, has made the women uniformly take part against Mademoiselle Mars. For three centuries, perhaps, the interior of family society has never been so dull and insipid at Paris as it is at present. Napoleon thought it necessary to the establishment of his despotism to order, in 1802, that thence forward no wife should appear in society, or in the streets *without her husband*. This one

phrase of the despot has killed French gallantry : who can be gay or jocose before husbands ?

On the other hand, the progress of luxury is such, that a man who has 9000 francs a year in Paris, and who marries a woman who brings him 15,000 francs a year, finds himself more straitened than before marriage, and almost poor. It thence results that marriages in France are mere money-making concerns ; a man sees his intended wife, for the first time, not till the marriage contract is signed. Thus, thanks to Napoleon, a Frenchman passes 20 hours of the 24 with a woman whose only recommendation to him is her money. You see that the necessary result of this state of things is an abominable dullness and ennui ; thence also the immense success of the 14 theatres of Paris which are filled every evening. Judge then of the dreadful envy which poor women, condemned never to quit for a moment their yawning husbands, must feel for Mademoiselle Mars, who, in fortune, education, and *esprit*, yields to none of them, and has, moreover, a sublime talent, whatever the New Monthly Magazine may say.

Mademoiselle Mars would still have been the topic of conversation, if we had not been suddenly surprised by the perfect skill and machiavelian mind of Mr. Canning. The printsellers have sold at high prices all the portraits they had of Mr. Canning. They have even cut off the name from several portraits of Sir Francis Burdett, and have sold them within a day or two as *true Cannings*. Every body admires the skill with which the English minister has taken his revenge for the occupation of Spain by M. de Villèle for the last 15 months. The public, tired of M. de Villèle, and, above all things, tired of peace, wishes for a little war. Yesterday evening, at the Tuileries, Lady Harrowby had a great deal of conversation with the King, whom she persisted in calling *Monseigneur*. "What pleasure I have," she said, "to see Monseigneur, King. What happiness it would have been for poor Puiségur if he had seen you King !" No sooner had Lady Harrowby left Charles X. than every one crowded round her to ask questions concerning Mr. Canning. If Mr. Canning give us war he will literally be adored in France.

The pleasant comedy of M. Scribe, for the present month, is called *La Haine d'une Femme* (*a Woman's Hatred*). It is a very pretty one, but my letter is so long I have no room for the plot.

The last *Letter of Condorcet to his Daughter*, a pamphlet of 36 pages, has had a considerable run. The daughter of this celebrated man is the wife of an Irishman, General O'Connor.*

P. N. D. G.

* Arthur O'Connor.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

The fact of the greatest moment in the musical world that has occurred since our last report is, that the Bath Concerts have actually ceased, because the demands of certain singers were so exorbitant, as to prevent the managers from employing them! The Concerts at that place, it is well known, have long been upon a capital scale. Rauzzini, whilst he lived to manage, by his rank and standing in the profession, and by a degree of hospitality, which few could or would have indulged in, commanded as it were the services of the most eminent performers. Mr. Ashe subsequently undertook the Concerts, and after some years' trial abandoned them, on account of frequent losses, as he himself publicly declared. The ground being thus left open, they were taken up by Sir George Smart and Mr. Loder in conjunction, and a series of nights established by subscription. The terms were such as met the entire approbation of the public, and the management was not less praiseworthy and satisfactory. This season, however, the proprietors announced only single nights, and after the second they put forth an apology for the indefinite postponement of a third, in such terms as leave no doubt in our minds as to the cause of the suspension. That they have done wisely in now making a stand against the enormous encroachments of certain singers, all those who know the real merits of the case will readily we think admit. It became impossible to carry on public music without loss, certainly with any chance of profit to the manager. An evil which cannot, however, be of any long duration. Managers, as soon as they discover the true cause of their failure, resist exorbitant demands; a temporary cessation takes place, and singers soon learn that the market price is in reality lower than their vanity or their mistaken calculations had led them to imagine.

Notwithstanding the advancement of musical science, and the numbers now educated in the art, it is curious to note how very limited the competition is become. This state of things can be attributed to one or two causes only, and if the first is certainly the rarity of that combination of peculiar talents which fits a singer to take the very first rank, the other, perhaps, is the determination on the part of the public to hear only *the very few* who happen to bear the supremacy. Thus the opportunity of that practice which assists so much, and leads so surely to excellence, is denied to the rising aspirant. Mrs. Salmon has now kept her place in orchestral performances for more years than we care to enumerate. Together with Miss Stephens, she has enjoyed all that place and profit can bestow. Miss Goodall, Miss Carew, Miss Travis, and Miss Paton, then come in as seconds. Mr. Braham has enjoyed the most universal reception for about 30 years. Mr. Vaughan has been the idol of the Ancient Concert and its branches since the death of Harrison. Mr. W. Knyvett (who by the way has retired to Italy) has stood almost alone. Mr. Bellamy has succeeded Mr. Bartleman, and here ends the catalogue of English singers of the first class. Mr. Sapio has indeed lately come prominently forward in Mr. Braham's track. Mr. Vaughan has yet no successor, and Mr. Phillips is elevating himself fast over Mr. Bellamy. And how is this to be remedied?

We have not spoken of the Italians, who now find access every where. But these are few in number, being generally the *prime donne* of the King's Theatre, the tenor and the lower bass. Of late, however, from various causes, these have attracted more than their fair proportion of public favour. Wherever Catalani has accepted a salary (of late she has professed a determination never again to accept less than a share, and the lion's share too), the amount has been thrice as large as that bestowed upon the first of our English women. Madame De Begnis is paid about as well as the latter, while the inimitable comic duets, sung by her husband and herself, together with her intrinsic excellence as a singer, have recommended them to more engagements than almost any other professors.

In truth, the Concert audiences of the metropolis are more limited than would be supposed. And yet the sums expended in the encouragement of music are enormous; so enormous, indeed, that we dare not hazard an estimate, without corroborating our calculation by details which would occupy too much space. The Ancient Concert * has its constant unvarying set of auditors; at the Philharmonic the same faces are to be seen season after season. At the benefits we find a greater diversity, according to the connection of the individuals; but the Oratorios were the only musical amusement to which the public came indiscriminately and generally. They were also sufficiently *cheap* and *varied* to be *popular*. If then these have failed from the excess both as to the quantity and quality to which the public appetite has been trained, what hope can there be for any other establishment? Two entire classes, the nobility and the amateurs, are taken off by the Ancient and the Philharmonic Concerts; the nobility (such of them as go to public music at all) by the former, the dilettanti (and all who would be thought such) by the latter. The audiences of the benefits are composed of the connections of the persons giving them, whether friends, patrons, or tradesmen; of casual auditors who rendezvous in London, and of others of the same description, who fly to town for some part or the whole of the month of May. Still all these bear no proportion when compared with the body of the public, as that term applies to the frequenters of theatres.

When we come to examine the causes of this reduction as to numbers, we shall find them to be, first, the rate of admission, and the limitation which a room admitting auditors at one price only necessarily imposes; secondly, the style of dress which shuts out all below a certain rank; and thirdly, the performances, which are commonly too much the same, and which are selected to gratify only the highest order of taste.

These are the circumstances which operate against the access of the multitude, while the caprices of fashion, and indeed most of the reasons which keep the great away from the theatres, so justly urged in the letter of P. PICKLE in the last number of this magazine, bear with still greater force against their appearance in the area of a concert room. It is not long since we heard an untitled dame, in her vexation at not being able to

* A professional wit calls the Rehearsals "the last stage of debauchery," because it is here that many of the old noblesse resort in the morning, when they have not sufficient of health or spirits left for the enjoyment of the more stimulant gratifications of an evening party.

obtain a box in the Argyle Rooms, declaring that it was quite impossible for her to think of sitting in the saloon.

Another cause, perhaps the most potent of any, is the enjoyment of private Music: concerts of this kind, are composed of two sets of performers, and two sets of auditors. The one is a mere public concert in a private house, where the owner of the mansion pays as it were for the admission and entertainment of all the audience. The expense of the engagement of the professors on these occasions is commonly from 100*l.* to 150*l.* according to the number of singers and instrumentalists employed. In some cases much larger sums are expended.* These are merely fashionable parties where the music, however excellent, forms the least consideration to the company. They crowd in, compliment the donor, those who affect patronage or virtù, make up to the principal singers, chatter to one another, depart when they are wearied with their own babble, or the noise of the whole mob, and pronounce the evening to be delightful or the reverse as their own particular foibles have been flattered. Such are the Public Private Concerts of the World of Fashion.

Nothing, of course, but the same motive—vogue or perhaps patronage will ever take such folks to a Concert, where music is the chief incentive. As long as boxes are few in number, and the love of enjoying any thing *exclusively* remains, a certain small portion of distinguished people may be expected to attend. The nature of the motive must, however, limit it within very narrow bounds, and drive all pretenders to distinction from the parts of the place of entertainment to which *any body* may go. It will necessarily be a kind of disgrace to be seen in the area of a public room. We remember once to have heard it asserted by a family of ultra pretension “that really good music could only be heard at Carlton Palace, Apsley, or Devonshire House.” Alas! for poor Prince Leopold and Sir George Warrender! Alas! for the Marquis of Aylesbury and the Earls of Derby and Fortescue, who once were looked up to as choice in such matters!! And alack! and a-well-a-day! for the Mr. Heaths, and the Mr. Bells, of the City of London!!! We dare be sworn all these noblemen and gentlemen persuade themselves that they give Concerts well worth listening to. Alas! their standard is the excellence of the music, which they have the folly to believe is a matter of some importance in a concert. They are all, however, like the Dukes of Wellington and Devonshire, the centres of circles.

The second division of private Concerts is composed of those who are themselves the performers, or who are assisted by professors of a lower rank than the highest from various motives, independent of actual pecuniary recompense, and whose auditors are more generally and more devotedly attached to the art. These enjoy music abroad not frequently, but intensely, and their personal engagement constitutes too great a charm to be exchanged more than occasionally, for the instructive delight (though such it really is) of a public performance. These persons are both excited and satiated

* Mrs. Coutts gave a Concert on the first night that Catalani appeared after her return to this country, at which all the principal singers in London, many of the Opera band, and the Opera dancers (who danced a ballet), were engaged. The cost of the supper, &c. was estimated at 2,000*l.* Many of the nobility vie with each other in such entertainments, though few are so careless of expense as this *Widow never Vent*.

by the practice to which such parties lead. It is, indeed, difficult to determine whether private music thus enjoyed leads the most to or from the gratification of hearing it in public. Such amateurs, however, are the most diligent and effectual propagandists of a love of the art.

There is yet another species of a hybrid character, which assists in blunting the desire for public music, and in thinning the public rooms. These are concerts given by professional people, of various classes, partly amateur, partly professional, with a view to form connexions. The exhibitors of these *puffs at home*, obtain assistance in various ways, as it should appear from the curious law case tried in one of the courts a few months ago. A French girl, a player on the harp, arrived in this country, and brought a letter of recommendation to a merchant in the City. Her object was to obtain introduction and engagements. The merchant accordingly introduced her to Dr. S. of W. Street, at whose concert Mademoiselle undertook to play, as the merchant understood gratuitously—simply, in short, for the chance of being heard at a fashionable party; Mademoiselle, however, had no such intention, and prosecuted Dr. S. for six guineas, as the charge for her performance. It came out in the course of the trial, that Mrs. S. desired her to sit near the harp, where she remained the whole evening unnoticed—no refreshments were given her, and she was sent to her lodgings with three professors in a hackney coach. It also appeared that some of the singers were not paid—they mixed, they said, with the company, and thus a cheap evening's entertainment was made up. During the season there are parties of this description almost every night, and thus the larger class of persons in London who maintain an appearance are amused at little cost, while the professors of the second, or even a lower rank, accept the advantages which connexion brings to them, and the entertainment of the party as value for their services to those who use them to the same end; namely, as a means of extending their circle of acquaintance.

From these premises, it seems clear that public concerts are endangered, except the terms be rendered such as to make them more attractive to the body of the public. At present, there is no new proposal put forth—neither have we heard of any intention to make any, except the vague rumour to which we referred in our last, of the performance of *Der Freischütz* at the Argyll Rooms, and the splendid programme issued by Mr. Robinson at the close of last season, for the Sunday evenings. There is also a report that Madame Catalani intends to give Concerts, but nothing authentic is before the world. We find our intimation concerning the Opera was rather premature, for difficulties still existed; Mr. Ebers has, however, since come into the proposed arrangement. Mr. Elliston (*on dit*) means to take up the Oratorios.

NEW MUSIC.

Divertimento for the Pianoforte, by G. E. Trinning. This lesson holds a middle rank as to difficulty; though not containing passages of *alarming* execution, it affords very useful practice to the learner, and is, at the same time, an extremely agreeable piece.

Fantasia for the Pianoforte, upon Rossini's favourite Duet of "Amor possente Nome," composed by Richard Sharp. We are not, in general, admirers of Pasticcio Fantasias, and had much rather their composers (particularly when they possess such talent as Mr. Sharp) should trust entirely to their own imaginations, and not borrow assistance from the works of vocal composers, which are rarely suited to instrumental expres-

sion. The lesson has, however, many recommendations. It is composed on one of the most beautiful of Rossini's *Airs*, and in the passages introduced by Mr. Sharp, he has caught the style of his author; he has also ingeniously availed himself of the best parts of the accompaniment with which he has very agreeably relieved the frequent repetition of the air.

Mr. S. Webbe has a favourite German Waltz, with Variations for the Pianoforte, a very easy lesson, much in the ordinary style.

Mr. Moscheles has published this month two Grand Concertos for the Pianoforte, with full orchestral accompaniments, one of which he performed at the Philharmonic Concerts. Both are splendid productions, displaying, like his former great works, the wonderful powers of the composer as a performer.

Since our last, there is a long list of arrangements. The first book of a Selection of Weber's *Der Freischütz* (containing the overture), for the Harp and Pianoforte, with Accompaniments for the Flute and Violoncello (*ad libitum*). Books I. and II. of *Airs*, from the same, for two performers of the Pianoforte, and Books I. II. and III. of *Airs*, from the same, for the Pianoforte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute (*ad libitum*), all by that indefatigable arranger, Mr. Burrowes.

No. V. of Mr. Klose's Operatic Divertimentos, from *Der Freischütz*.

Mr. Bruguier's Eleventh Dramatic Divertimento, on "D'un bel uso di Turchia;" No. VII. of "*Les belles fleurs*," by Sola and Bruguier; Bruguier's Grand March and Troop, arranged by the author, for two performers on the Pianoforte, with Accompaniment for the Flute and Violoncello, *ad libitum*.

Book II. of *Airs*, from *Zelmira*, for the Harp, with Accompaniment for the Flute (*ad libitum*), by Bochsá. No. I. of Rossini's Overtures, arranged for Harp and Pianoforte, with Accompaniments for the Flute and Violoncello, by Bochsá, containing *Tancredi*. Mr. Cramer has commenced publishing a collected edition of his works. The two first numbers consist of "*Les Petits Riens*," a Divertimento for the Pianoforte, and another on "*Ye Banks and Braes*," and "*Bonny Jean*."

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The Fatal Dowry.

MASSINGER's tragedy of *The Fatal Dowry*, from which Rowe, with a modesty which would not allow him to acknowledge it, borrowed his *Fair Penitent*, has been got up at this theatre with great care, and has met with deserved success; we are happy to see that it has become a fashion with the wholesale houses for the sale of the patent drama, to revive the plays of the elder dramatists, and to let Mr. Morton, and the things after his kind, luxuriate in the country, or doze in the suburbs, as may best suit their habits and their means. Massinger's tragedy is full of poetry, downright vigorous dramatic dialogue, and full of character and stern passion; but there is a want of the grace and harmony which mark Rowe's characters and dialogue, and which certainly render the *Fair Penitent* a better acting piece. Lothario is a sort of cork jacket to the tragedy, that buoys up its sombre and heavy body on the current of popular favour; whereas, in the work of Massinger, all is ground work, and grave ground work too!

In several of the characters, Massinger's play met with admirable acting. Macready, for the two or three nights his serious and alarming illness permitted him to perform, and the *Fatal Dowry* to be acted, gave infinite

force and effect to Romont. Several of the scenes afforded him opportunities of giving some admirable touches of nature. Mr. Macready is decidedly an actor of great originality and spirit, and we trust that his painful illness will not long detain him from a stage which he is so singularly well qualified to adorn.

Messrs. Wallack and Terry were in earnest, the latter a little too much so. There was a prologue of about five-and-twenty nonsensical lines very well written by a Mr. Bourne. Bourne! Bourne! What Bourne?

The scenery was not revived with the tragedy—but good wine needs no bush.

The Fall of Algiers.

The long promised, Bishop-Opera, under the above title, has at length been produced; and, as is usual where great expectations are excited, great disappointment has followed its production. We know not to whom the dialogue and songs are to be attributed (a Mr. Walker's name has been whispered); but we should advise the author to keep behind the scenes as much as possible, and not to contest even with dancing master Wilson, the character of a dramatist. The language is a kind of tame vulgar imitation of the naval flourishes of worthy Tom Dibdin's muse. The songs,—but ecce stigma!

DUET.—*Orasmin and Amanda.*—*Mr. Sapio and Miss Graddon.*

Oras. My life, my only treasure,
Let heav'n but make thee mine,
And every other pleasure
With transport I resign.

Aman. Cease, oh cease to grieve me,
My heart bewails thy love;
But never can, believe me,
The fatal flame approve.

SONG.—*Orasmin, Mr. Sapio.*

Yes—'tis decreed—thou lovely fair;
Let foemen threat—I scorn the danger!
Should I resign those beauties rare,
To bless some unbelieving stranger?

No—by yon burning stars I vow
No other arms shall press thee;
Sure as their beams behold me now,
I will—I must possess thee!

These songs, however, are thrice better than the dialogue; so our readers, with the aid of Cocker, will be able to calculate the goodness of the latter.

We shall not molest our friends with the detail of a plot which every one that has seen the Siege of Belgrade will be able to imagine. A tyrant lover, a persecuted captive, an enterprising hero in an officer's dress, and up to the eyes in passion and song; a violent father, a rough sailor, a non-descript for Mr. Harley; and three or four female warblers of various tempers, voices, and sentiments, fill up the piece. The audience bore the Opera on the first night; because, in spite of the weight of dialogue upon them, they felt that it would be very irreverent to rebel against Mr. Bishop,

whose music was unceasingly in their ears. The character, certainly not the music, of Mr. Bishop saved the piece.

Mr. Bishop is a popular composer, and most meritedly so; but all those who have paid any attention to his works, must have detected selections from favourite musical writers and endless repetitions of himself. In the present piece, we have the usual allowance of other persons' compositions, and a plentiful sprinkling of Mr. Bishop's variations on himself; and yet with all these, there is a melancholy sweetness throughout the music which is peculiarly impressive. For a comic opera, the character of the airs is perhaps of too serious a cast; but the successful production of Weber's singular opera, has prepared the public for grand and sombre music, and has not been without its effect on our English composers. There is a beautiful air and a duet, in which Miss Stephens sings with exquisite feeling and spirit; and Miss Graddon gives some of the serious airs with much taste and feeling. Mr. Sapio certainly distinguishes himself in the execution of the songs and duets in which he takes part, and Mr. Horn assists him in a masterly manner: indeed, such singing deserved a better Drama to relieve it.

The actors without songs are in miserable plight, and we can only admire the patience with which Mr. Terry goes through three hours of stupid impatience, without one solitary sentence of common sense to assist him. Harley bustled about his little nothings very contentedly; but he likes to have little to say, as it throws him upon his resources of leg, arm, under-lip, and eye, more happily. He twists and twirls like a snake in a bottle of spirits! Gattie and dull Mr. Brown make no way with the audience.

The last scene of Algiers after the bombardment is charmingly painted. But one scene, and a world of music, will not give long life to a trumpery dialogue hung upon thoroughly ancient incidents. It is impossible this opera can arrive at a respectable old age.

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN THEATRES.

THE PANTOMIMES.

Harlequin and the Talking Bird, the Singing Trees, and Golden Waters.

Harlequin and the Dragon of Wantley; or More of More Hall.

The two Pantomimes having had children for critics, (the fairest and best of critics!) have both been successful, and the treasuries of the two theatres have been blessed with stores of gold and silver, unusual at any other season of the year. Judges in frills are hearty good natured judges, and would let a dull entertainment escape through a slight flaw in the proceedings, rather than put on their little black caps, and pass sentence of death on the offenders! None but tiny Lord Norburys attend the trial of a pantomime,—creatures who love a joke better than a scaffold,—and who are only alive to the fun, and not to the fatality! Pantomimes, like kings, should never die,—and in all our dumb show experience, we remember but one martyr of a Pantomime, that perished unnaturally amid the yells of the people.

We have coupled the two pantomimes, that we may not have to go seriously through each; and also that we may be able to set the one off against the other, and strike a balance of merits. The Dragon of Wantley

is a clever pantomime, but, with much of ingenuity and spirit, it is generally deficient in absolute humour. The situations want fun; and yet the genius of the younger Grimaldi, and the *tact* of Barnes as Pantaloon, throw a life into old tricks and stale incidents, which commoner clowns and less judicious pantaloons, would fail in accomplishing. Grimaldi junior is daily growing up into his father; (where is his father?) his voice is thickening into that ancestral and sonorous *batter*, his limbs with more of strength, spread into the same attitudes; his eye lacks none of its parental lustre and wickedness, and his indescribable turn for mischief and humour is genuine *Grimaldi-ism*! Barnes is a sensible pleasant fellow, and takes his ill-usage as a relish, which is the strict duty of a Pantaloon. In the opening of the pantomime Grimaldi acts the dragon, inimitably. He hops with a couple of wing-fins from behind a gloomy well, and perks about him, half a dragon and half a robin redbreast. His appearance terrifies, yet attracts. He looks a dragon, yet a cozy domestic one, such a sort of monster as one would not dislike to see again as a friend. He is a dragon for a fire side, and adds to a delightful personal grace, the accomplishment of a melodious voice. One almost bursts out, as he fidgets around, with Old Suetts, "Oh my Dragon!"—there is something so extremely taking in the scaly merry monster of Wantley.

There is some good clown and pantaloon acting in several scenes, particularly in the *Nursery Gardens*, where Harlequin teazes with his wand first the cheek of Pantaloon, and then the cheek of Clown, winding up each titillation with a flap on the back of the cheek's proprietor, enough to beat in the spinal bone! Barnes gathers himself up "like as he would strike," but the consummate ease of Grimaldi's attitude disarms his anger, and he resumes his seat; but on Grimaldi, however, receiving the portentous flap, he quietly doubles his fist, glides sideways to his man, and with a side-wind blow lays the old gentleman flat in a manner which would make a mute at an undertaker's funeral laugh outright!

The scenery in More of More Hall is throughout very good, but not so good as usual; and at this time when Drury Lane is making such advances, it is not wise in the great scenery house to be deficient, or even "as it was." The Panorama of the river side with the Thames Quay (on the wrong shore,) is beautifully managed; and the arches of the bridges seem to span the very audience part of the house. Epsom too, with the races, is very ingeniously contrived. The *Derby* is well run for by the ponies, who are now becoming used to the course!

The *Talking Bird* is the better invented and executed pantomime of the two; and we imagine that this is the first Christmas that ever Mr. Farley was surpassed in this species of entertainment. When we say better executed, we mean as far as scenery and situation go; for with all the surprising agility of the Drury Lane Clown and Pantaloon, we confess that the oily and even quieter humour of Grimaldi jun. and the wily pleasantry of Barnes are more to our taste. The first scene of a distant view of a river by moonlight, with a dark colossal figure in the fore ground, is as finely contrived as it is possible to be; and indeed all the scenery of the opening romance has a fairy lightness, and enchanting splendour, which cannot possibly be surpassed. The singing trees would frighten Bishop! and the aviary fascinate the most fanciful bird-fancier on earth!—The swan

pluming itself on the marble basin is enough to break the heart of *the Swan with Two Necks* in Lad Lane!

The incidents of the pantomime are in themselves extremely humorous; and if Grimaldi had been furnished with such materials, he would have shaken the town to pieces with laughter! The present clown is a famous tumbler, but he looks before he leaps, and measures his falls before the audience, and every little urchin knows that recklessness is the charm of pantomimic pleasantries. The pantaloon is also certainly a miracle of tumbling! He rushes on, leaps about five yards from the ground, and relies upon that ground, "on whom he places his honour," with a confidence perfectly surprizing. He takes his seat upon the hard boards, after a jump of an amazing height, without any reserve; and we are only surprized that he has any seat left. At Covent Garden, Ellar, as harlequin, and a *Miss Romer* as Columbine, are light as air, and flit about in giddy dance, like some tricky spirits who have really fairies on their side and enchantment at their command; but at Drury Lane, the harlequin is a solid person, and the columbine a woman of thews and limbs capable of compare with the Achilles in Hyde Park. They are a strong active couple, who dance with a nerve and a determination worthy of a better object!

The best scenes are the shops of the rival hair-dressers in Threadneedle-street, with the two bears "just going to be killed," and the extravagant hair-cutting, and the parody on the bullet scene in *Der Freischutz*, which is certainly admirably managed. But a richer clown is requisite to give the parody its full effect.

To finish our "summing up," we should say that the Covent Garden pantomime has the best actors, but that the piece at Drury Lane offers more scope for drollery and whim. If Drury Lane had Grimaldi, Barnes, and Ellar—*More of More Hall*, with the *Talking Bird*—clown, pantaloon, and harlequin, would have gone to everlasting rest on the first night. As it is, each entertainment draws full houses, and the little holiday boys laugh and shout nightly, without wasting a thought on the comparative merits of either pantomime. We have been weighing matters to our own loss, as every *Little Breeches*, we mean, every little boy, we beg not to be misunderstood, could tell us!

There has been no other novelty at the theatres: but managers are too wise to waste new dramas on the town at this season of the year, when it is spelled by harlequin's wand to pay its money at the door. Shall we ever again see a new English comedy? We are playing a long game of patience!

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

That great Emperor of all the *Rushes*! the High Pit-door, R. W. Elliston, has been again at war with his fellow-creatures, and we much lament to see that not a month passes over his illustrious head without his being engaged in some frightful skirmish or other, not very much redounding to the dignity of his crown!—Rebellion ought invariably to be suppressed, wherever it rises; but the Emperor's notions of rebellion are not of a very humble nature. It appears, that at the opening of the new pantomime, Elliston commanded forty glassblowers, all in their pride, pomp, and circumstance of puffed decanters, decorated salt-cellars,—glittering

stars,—dazzling chandeliers,—and sparkling tumblers, to walk the stage at a shilling a-head per night, that is, two pounds for the forty human beings, and all their glass. They were to walk as at the annual gala day! They rehearsed their procession, highly to Mr. Winston's satisfaction; and Mr. Elliston eyed the goblets with peculiar pleasure. Elliston, so saith the illegal Police Report, addressed the blowers in a very inflated style vaunting much of his own liberality. The glass-men walked on the first night of the pantomime,—forty complete men, and the people admired the blown-glass extremely. In the morning they again attended the rehearsal; but Mr. Dunn told them that their future services would be dispensed with. Dispensed with! The great blown-glass turned into cut-glass! Forbid it, honour! Forbid it, virtue! Forbid it, Sir Richard Birnie! A deputation waited on Sir Richard, and claimed, through him, a week's salary, which Dunn would not be dunned out of—fourteen pounds instead of two!—Sir Richard referred the deputation of gentlemen glass-blowers to the Court of Requests for redress, and they retired, vowing to take Elliston's number, and summon him! But whether a week's tumblers were paid for, or whether the difference between the forty pair of ornamental decanters was split, we know not; but the troubles of the glass-blowers appear to have blown over!

Mr. Macready has been very ill of a fever—a rheumatic fever, and the bills and street placards have given accounts of rather an alarming nature of the progress and decline of his disorder. He has either rashly exposed himself when very warm, which, in a gentleman of his temperament is not unlikely; or he has been over excited by “matters of some difference;” and we know that in ardent minds trifles will have a serious effect. We sincerely trust he will soon be enabled to renew his professional labours, as his absence is a heavy loss to the drama.

A M. Corri, of Hercules Buildings, Lambeth, on the last day but one of the last year, addressed the following pathetic letter to the John Bull Newspaper:

MR. EDITOR,—I am under the necessity of soliciting that you will (to what extent you think proper,) give publicity to the enclosed transaction, through the medium of your paper.

The heads of the grievance are principally these: Mrs. M. Corri was engaged by Mr. Elliston as the Columbine for his present pantomime (her ability being well known among many eminent professional persons), but some *vile incendiaries* contrived to persuade Mr. Elliston not to let her appear before the public in that character, and *after being hunted* from theatre to theatre by Mr. Barrymore for the last seven years, she has been so far insulted at Drury-lane theatre as to have a *novice* placed in her situation, and herself prevented from appearing before the public in a character which she has always supported with credit to herself and her employers. There are several persons concerned in this business, against whom I hope to be able to lodge an indictment for conspiracy.—Even a person (not connected with the stage, but nearly allied to the box-keeping department,) has given his advice, and as an argument against Mrs. Corrie, he has asserted that she is FORTY YEARS OF AGE, and *past her business*. Time must have rolled on very *quickly* for the last fifteen years, or else this man's knowledge of the numerical table must be very deficient. All this was done *under the rose*, and neither myself nor Mrs. Corrie had any idea of the dirty work which was going on until Sunday, Dec. 12, at which time I was 200 miles from London, and it was then impossible I

could arrive in time to interfere, being under a special engagement. Since I have been in town, I find Mr. Barrymore has asserted that Mrs. Corri should never perform the Columbine in any theatre where he was, *if he could help it: this was said before several persons.*—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

MONTAGU CORRI.

27, Hercules-buildings, Lambeth, Thursday, Dec. 30.

In this epistle we find Elliston again in trouble, and his pantomime worker, Mr. Barrymore, and Mr. Spring, Sir! the 'gentle Sambo, Sir—Sambo, accused of accusing a lady of forty as being beyond her business! Shame! shame! Every man of the trio is called on to answer Montagu Corri:—Elliston, for not letting Mrs. C. frisk about in the meridian of life at a weekly allowance for her revelries:—Barrymore, for hunting a middle-aged lady from theatre to theatre *for seven years*—a remarkable chace! and Spring—mild Spring! for uttering one word in disparagement of any term of years with a feminine gender attached to it. The acting Columbine is a stout, active, and spry young woman; but we can see no reason why Mrs. Corri should not be allowed to try her forty-year-old ancles on alternate weeks, if only to pacify Montagu, who can wag a pen, and is a contributor to the *John Bull*. What says Winston?

Poor Old Wewitzer, after lording it for many years as the King-foreigner of the stage, and passing for a brief time before his death from popularity to poverty, expired lately in a humble lodging near Drury Lane, without leaving anything but a few *Joe Millers*, a decayed name, and Mr. Gattie, behind him. He was once excellent as Canton, in the *Clandestine Marriage*, and in all French characters; but he grew old and feeble, and fell from the Manager's Treasury upon the Actor's Fund. To this charity he was indebted for the few comforts which soothed his poor old age.

Miss Foote is about to return to Covent Garden stage, and, perhaps, *will* have returned before this paragraph meets the eye of the reader. Considering the turn theatrical morals have recently taken, we should have some fears for the comfort of her first appearance. Her salary, on the strength of the interest which now surrounds her name, has been strangely increased; and the bills have been promising her performance for a fortnight past. In one of the numbers of a Sunday paper, the following paragraph appeared, evidently alluding to this young lady's nightly attendance at the Brighton theatre.

We quite agree with our correspondent from Brighton, and think the conduct of the person alluded to, the most likely to destroy the interest and feeling which were, in the first instance, excited. We are not more surprised than vexed to witness it.

These few lines, we suppose, gave pain to the lady and her friends, for in the succeeding number of the same paper, the following odd explanation is given.

Our correspondents, relative to the young lady at Brighton, have misinterpreted or misconceived her conduct—it seems the manager of the theatre offered her the use of his private box, where, without anything like impropriety or indelicate obtrusion, she felt that she might amuse herself after months of agitation and distress—the difficulty which every person exposed to public notice must experience in trying to please all parties is greater than private individuals imagine.

"Amusing herself after months of agitation and distress," why, what delicate nonsense is this! But we do not think the lady would herself so

explain it; nor, indeed, do we think any explanation whatever is required. We sincerely hope she will be well received, and that future success will atone for past misfortune.

The past month has exposed Alderman Cox, Mrs. Cox, Mr. Kean, and some very bad and foolish letters; and the latter person has paid, or has been adjudged to pay 800*l.* for writing badly and basely, and acting worse. The newspapers, with a due regard and anxiety for the morality of the age, have printed every nauseous line the player wrote during the period of his criminal intercourse with Mrs. Cox; and, not satisfied with giving those letters, word for word, which were read at the trial,—they have, by some means or other, obtained copies of those which were on account of their indelicacy then suppressed, and have printed them,—all for the love of morality, and from a tender and earnest regard for the purity of private families! No one will, for one moment, say a word in favour of any of the parties concerned in the late disgraceful transaction; and the private friends of those parties have a right to show their disgust at their criminal conduct in the most absolute manner. But, as far as the public is concerned, we cannot but think that a great deal of overweening interference has been manifested. The question is this,—is the morality of a public performer to be examined strictly in a theatre, before he is permitted to amuse. If the answer is, that such ought to be the case, what moral inquiries are cut out for the English people, and what a fearful inquisition they must resolve themselves into. The band must be pure—the check-takers pure—the box-keepers pure—all—all—scene-shifters—figurantes—chorusses,—all white as the driven snow; or the English character will be sullied. Why what cant is all this? To argue thus, is to say that we are answerable for every smile we have given to Mrs. Jordan and many others, who never were before supposed to have had any influence over the morality of the country. If an actor or actress misbehave himself, or herself, *as* an actor or actress, then the public are warranted in interfering; but, if certain offences and crimes are to be punished as the law directs, we cannot see that more is necessary. According to the present code of public morality, a man is not only to be punished as a private person, by having that taken from him which he has already gained; but he is to be pursued as a public character, and all means of getting his livelihood put an end to. The daily papers,—those papers which have printed all the filthy letters they can scrape together, have bellowed out against Kean for appearing *now*; as if delay would mend the matter,—as if he would be the better for keeping! They uphold Miss Foote, and do not advise *her* to abstain from publicity;—they do not think she would be the better for farther keeping.—But the truth is, there is no harm in either of these performers coming on the stage now,—and if the papers had not *canted* gloriously on the subject, we should not have been pestered one moment about the matter. There is no doubt that both Mr. Kean and Miss Foote will soon be as great favourites with the public, as public performers, as ever. Braham is permitted to act—and he made a stab at the “moral reputation of England” as it has been called. In speaking on this subject, we beg to be understood as not saying one word in defence of the conduct of Mr. Kean as a private man;—we would only say, that the public are not called upon to be judges of the conduct in a Theatre.

Mrs. Searle, the Columbine of the Adelphi Theatre (the Columbines are a very persecuted race in this age) was compelled the other night to address the audience on the subject of an insult which was offered to her by the Harlequin and Pantaloon; and the public, being appealed to, inquired very busily into the matter. Mrs. Searle sprained her ankle:—Well! Mrs. Searle put a black ribbon on it! Well!—The Harlequin and Pantaloon put on black ribbons also:—very well:—No Sir, this was not "*very well*"—it was very ill, Sir!"—The two last mentioned black ribbons were *parodies* on Mrs. Searle's!—She assured the audience that Mr. Elliot, the Pantaloon, was always gibing and offending her:—Mr. Elliot protested he meant no insult,—declaring that he thought little liberties were allowable in a Pantomime,—and no one has so much right to assert this, as a Pantaloon. The Clown, S. Paulo, shook hands with Columbine, and stood absolved from the sarsnet crime. Matters were explained—and the peace of of the Adelphi and the country was not utterly ruined!—We trust never again to have to record so alarming a riot!

A very whimsical bill has been decorating the stage door posts of the English Opera House, in Exeter-street, for the past week, in which Napoleon's head drummer is represented in a wood-cut, figuring away on several kinds of drums, and with myriads of drumsticks revolving around his solemn head. This is not the first time we have heard of a *drum* being in itself an entertainment, and we see no reason why the best of drummers should not have the best of houses. For one man to play one double drum is no astounding accomplishment; but for one man to beat seven or eight drums, and keep innumerable drumsticks all going at once, is to beat all other drummers whatever. We have seen the difficulty many men have had of keeping two *drumsticks* properly going; and Napoleon's king of sheepskin therefore deserves to be noticed. He does upon the drum all that man can do; and the whole beating does not take up much more than an hour.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

DRURY LANE.

December 26.—Der Freischutz.
My Uncle Gabriel.

December 27.—Pizarro.
Orozemba, Terry.—Rolla, Wallack.—Pizarro, Young.—Cora, Mrs. W. West.—Elvira, Mrs. Bonn.
Harlequin and the Talking Bird, the Singing Trees, and Golden Waters.
Successful.

December 28.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

December 29.—Pizarro.
The Pantomime.

December 30.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

December 31.—The Cabinet.
Orlando, Sapio.—Lorenzo, Horn.—Whimsiculo, Harlev.—Constantia, Mrs. Bedford.—Floretta, Miss Stephens.
The Pantomime.

COVENT GARDEN.

December 26.—Native Land.
Charles the Second, or the Merry Monarch.

December 27.—George Barnwell.
George Barnwell, Cooper.—Millwood, Mrs. Gibbs.
Harlequin and the Dragon of Wantley, or More of More Hall. Very successful.

December 28.—John Bull.
The Pantomime.

December 29.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

December 30.—Merchant of Venice.
Mr. Bassanio, Cooper.—Gratiano, Yates.—Shylock, W. J. Russel (his first appearance these four years). Gobbo, Blanchard.—Launcelot, Meadows.—Portia, Mrs. Sloman.—Nerissa, Miss Love.—Jessica, Miss Hammersley.
The Pantomime.

December 31.—Woman never Vext.
The Pantomime.

1825.

DRURY LANE.

January 1.—The Siege of Belgrade.
Seraskier, Sapio.—Cohenburg, Wallack.—
Leopold, Harley.—Katharine, Miss Graddon.—
Lilla, Miss Stephens

The Pantomime.

January 3.—King Henry VIII.
Wolsey, Macready.—Katherine, Mrs. Bunn.

The Pantomime.

January 4.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 5.—Fatal Dowry (altered from Mas-
senger).

Rockfort, Terry.—Charlerois, Wallack.—Ro-
mont, Macready.—Beaumelle, Mrs. W. West.

The Pantomime.

January 6.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 7.—The Fatal Dowry.
The Pantomime.

January 8.—The Cabinet.
The Pantomime.

January 10.—Pizarro.
The Pantomime.

January 11.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 12.—The Siege of Belgrade.
The Pantomime.

January 13.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 14.—The Merry Wives of Windsor.
Falstaff, Terry.—Shallow, Down.—Mrs. Ford,
Miss Stephens.

The Pantomime.

January 15.—The Cabinet.
The Pantomime.

January 17.—Pizarro.
The Pantomime.

January 18.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 19.—Fall of Algiers.
Orasmin, Sapio.—Admiral Rockwardine,
Terry.—Timothy Tourist, Harley.—Amanda,
Miss Graddon.—Lauretta, Miss Stephens. To-
lerably successful.

The Pantomime.

January 20.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 21.—Fall of Algiers.
The Pantomime.

January 22.—Fall of Algiers.
The Pantomime.

January 24.—Richard the Third.
Gloster, Kean (who was inaudible on account
of the riot and confusion which prevailed).—
Richmond, Wallack.—Lady Anne, Miss Smith-
son.

The Pantomime.

January 25.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

1825.

COVENT GARDEN.

January 1.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 3.—Isabella.
Biron, Kemble.—Villeroi, Cooper.—Isabella,
Mrs. Sloman.

The Pantomime.

January 4.—As you like it.
Jaques, Bennett.—Orlando, Kemble.—Rose,
Hind, Miss M. Tree.

The Pantomime.

January 5.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 6.—Clari.
Animal Magnetism.
The Pantomime.

January 7.—A Woman never Vext.
The Pantomime.

January 8.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 10.—Romeo and Juliet.
Juliet, Miss F. H. Kelly.

The Pantomime.

January 11.—As you like it.
The Pantomime.

January 12.—Inkle and Yarico.
Inkle, Cooper.—Trudge, Fawcett.—Yarico,
Miss M. Tree.

The Pantomime.

January 13.—The Inconstant.
Old Mirabel, Farren.—Young Mirabel, Kem-
ble.—Bizarre, Mrs. Chatterley.

The Pantomime.

January 14.—Woman never Vext.
The Pantomime.

January 15.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 17.—Hamlet.
Hamlet, Kemble.—Ophelia, Miss M. Tree.

The Pantomime.

January 18.—As you like it.
The Pantomime.

January 19.—Clari.
The Pantomime.

January 20.—The Inconstant.
The Pantomime.

January 21.—Woman never Vext.
The Pantomime.

January 22.—Der Freischutz.
The Pantomime.

January 24.—Hamlet.
Hamlet, Kemble.—Ophelia, Miss M. Tree.

The Pantomime.

January 25.—As you like it.
The Pantomime.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

WE have to record this month an event which may prove of very considerable importance, and for which, perhaps, we were not at this moment prepared, though there was certainly some reason to expect that it would ultimately take place; we allude to the recognition of some of the South American States by the British government. Early in the last month, Mr. Canning communicated to all the Foreign ministers that the Cabinet of his Britannic Majesty had come to the resolution of acknowledging the independence of Mexico and Colombia, and that commissioners would be sent to those states charged with full powers to conclude treaties of commerce between them and this country, founded on that recognition. The recognition of Buenos Ayres is expected immediately to follow: this state has long possessed a settled government, but some further information is required before our final acknowledgment. Mr. Canning's communication is understood to have been prefaced by the observation that this step was taken in consequence of the failure of repeated applications to the Court of Spain upon the subject. Colonel Campbell and Mr. Ward have, we believe, actually sailed for South America as the negociators of the treaty. Of course, as might be expected, this decided measure has caused a great sensation on the Continent. The representatives of the Holy Alliance are said to have addressed a note from Paris to our Cabinet, remonstrating against the measure; and we are declared to have, in consequence, demanded of Portugal what is to be expected from her should Great Britain become opposed to the Alliance. They say also that the Cabinets of Madrid, Paris, and St. Petersburg, had been long preparing a powerful diversion in favour of legitimacy in South America, which this determination has frustrated. These are some of the reports consequent on this measure.

The accounts from France are somewhat contradictory. In our last we recorded the King's speech. The addresses from the Chamber were received by the King, and answered by him personally, in as handsome a manner as might be expected from one who has every thing he wishes conceded to him. He is congratulated by the Peers that the promised indemnity is about to "close the last loophole of the revolution," which was always the "wish of his august brother;" and he answers them by exclaiming—"what glory for the throne and for you! for I shall complete, I hope, this happy wish in concert with you, Gentlemen, and seconded by the God that protects France!" To the Chamber of Deputies who address him in pretty much the same style, he declares that he shall succeed in this object, "if God grants him life; but rejoices that, if Providence does not grant him time, he leaves a son who will complete what he had begun." Nothing appears to be more auspicious than this commencement. Accordingly M. de Martignac proposed in the Chamber of Deputies the grand system which M. de Villele had projected, in order to close the last loophole of the revolution. A civil list of a million sterling was proposed for the King, and 280,000*l.* for the Royal Princes. A bill was also introduced for the indemnification of the emigrants, without the introduction of new taxes, by reducing the interest on the French rentes, from five to four per cent. A violent outcry has been raised on all sides against the measure. The Constitutional

party consider a gift of 40 millions, the sum proposed, to be much too large a bonus on even aristocratic pusillanimity ; and those who ran away with the King, and returned with him, think it a very paltry remuneration for a loyalty which was as swift as it was strong. It seems very hard to say how the affair will end. Its connection with the reduction of the rentes is, however, the point which makes this measure so universally unpalatable. In addition to these laws, others have been proposed, which savour strongly of the priestcraft from which we had hoped France had been emancipated. The first is changing the ceremony of marriage from what Napoleon made it, a civil contract, into a *religious* ordinance : the second is a kind of code against what they call blasphemy and sacrilege ! The projet declares—the pyx, the ostensor, the paten, and the chalice to be sacred utensils—that every overt-act in contempt of them is to be deemed a profanation—that this profanation is to be punished with death, and that the profanation of the *wafer* is to be punished in the same manner as parricide ! that is, that previous to death, the unhappy convict is to have his hands cut off ! !

The Madrid Gazette contains an article, declaring that the King of France has, “ always disposed to do every thing which may ensure the tranquillity of Spain,” conceded to that country, independent of the 22,000 men mentioned in the first article of the convention, and of the Swiss brigade mentioned in the third article, additional French troops. This addition will, it is supposed, increase the French army to near 40,000 men. The truth seems to be, that Ferdinand, bereft of all pecuniary means, and relying solely on foreign support for his existence, is beginning to be aroused by fear to the folly of his policy. Our readers are aware that, amongst countless others, he had imprisoned his late minister, Cruz, under an accusation of having intended to place the infant, Don Carlos, on the throne. He has been liberated, and many Constitutionalists along with him. Milder measures have also been adopted with respect to literature. Some persons attribute this to the returning good sense of Ferdinand, and some to the influence of General Digeon. We are not inclined to give him credit either for the possession of good sense or the capability of listening to good advice ; the fact is, he is beginning to get terrified at the consequences of following his own natural disposition. Constitutional Guerillas, composed principally of half-pay officers, are crowded around Madrid. A dispatch has also been received from the Spanish Consul at Tangier, stating that numbers of Liberals were assembling about the Algerine coast, and making serious preparations for a descent on the Peninsula, too clearly with the connivance of the Dey. What will become of Ferdinand if even such a brother legitimate as the Dey of Algiers deserts him ! Surely, surely amongst kings as well as subjects, “ honesty is policy.”

We have, this month, to record the last message of Mr. Monroe to Congress, as President of the United States of America. In a very short time, this new Sovereign of one of the most extensive empires in the world will have voluntarily retired amongst the people by whom he was exalted, again a simple and subject citizen ; that Mr. Monroe may do so with reflections likely to console and even ennoble his retirement, the message to which we have alluded bears ample testimony. In the few first sentences, the President thus satisfactorily condenses the circumstances of the Union ; “ The view which I have to present of our affairs, foreign and domestic, realizes

the most sanguine expectations which have been entertained of the public prosperity. If we look to the whole, our growth as a nation continues to be rapid beyond example ; if to the states which compose it, the same gratifying spectacle is exhibited. Our expansion over the vast territory within our limits has been great, without indicating any decline in those sections from which the emigration has been most conspicuous. We have daily gained strength, by a native population, in every quarter ; a population devoted to our happy system of government, and cherishing the bond of union with fraternal affection." * * * * " In every other circumstance, a correct view of the actual state of our union must be equally gratifying to our constituents. Our relations with foreign powers are of a friendly character, although certain interesting differences remain unsettled with some. Our revenue, under the mild system of impost and tonnage, continues to be adequate to all the purposes of government. *Our agriculture, commerce, manufactures and navigation*, flourish. Our fortifications are advancing, in the degrees authorised by existing appropriations, to maturity ; and due progress is made in the augmentation of the navy to the limit prescribed for it by law. For these blessings, we owe to Almighty God, from whom we derive them, and with profound reverence, our most grateful and unceasing acknowledgments." We may dismiss that part of the message which refers to the relation of the United States to foreign powers in a few words. Commercial treaties have been concluded with most of the powers in the north of Europe, and Ambassadors have been regularly interchanged with the rising republics of South America. The Brazil Empire has also sent an official representative to Washington, and the President declares, that by amicable negociation, the independence of Brazil will, ere long, be recognised even by Portugal herself. This is a communication which would not, no doubt, be lightly made, and yet it is strange enough that the first hint of such an arrangement made by an European power should be given to the people of Europe by the executive of another hemisphere. It is an event, however, not very improbable, considering the present state of Portugal. Indeed, the young Liberals of the American Continent seem to have quite outgrown the tutelage of the parent countries, and it is high time they should receive their birth-right. The national debt of America is declared by this document to amount to 85,000,000 dollars, and the receipts for the last year are calculated at 18,500,000 dollars, about 4,000,000*l.* sterling. This taxation, small as it is, includes the demands of the sinking fund. The President assumes, that if peace continues for 10 years, considering that many items of expenditure will gradually cease, either wholly or in great part, the debt may be entirely liquidated in that time. Various topics of local internal interest are next alluded to, to which it is not necessary for us even to advert. They, whether presenting difficulties or not, are simply and manfully stated ; indeed, there is a degree of candour throughout the entire message which cannot fail to inspire a corresponding confidence. The affairs of the Indians are those likely to excite most attention. This people still continue, as might be expected, restless and uncivilized ; Mr. Monroe suggests a plan for the congregation of all their people in the immense district between the United States, the Nöchy mountain, and Mexico. The United States are doing their utmost to civilize these aborigines ; and 32 schools, containing nearly

1000 scholars, have been already instituted, for the purpose of diffusing amongst them the useful arts of life. It seems no less than 11 new States have already been added to the original union of 13. On the subject of their policy against any future foreign event, the President advises that "the maritime frontier may be made impregnable by a well-digested chain of fortifications," and that their commerce should be guaranteed an efficient protection by the augmentation of the navy. There is a very creditable allusion to the visit of La Fayette, and a recommendation added which seems likely to be munificently adopted, and which will set in bright contrast the conduct of America, with the ungrateful policy of the ancient republics. "The meeting," says Mr. Monroe, "with one who had borne so distinguished a part in our great struggle, and from such lofty and disinterested motives, could not fail to affect profoundly, every individual, and of every age. It was natural that we should all take a deep interest in his future welfare, as we do. His high claims on our Union are felt; and the sentiment universal, that they should be met in a generous spirit. Under these impressions, I invite your attention to the subject, with a view that regarding his very important services, losses, and sacrifices, a provision may be made and tendered to him which shall correspond with the sentiments, and be worthy of the character of the American people." It is inconsistent with our plan to analyze at any greater length this interesting and noble national communication; it is, however, a document well worthy the imitation of those who frame the correspondence between sovereigns and subjects. No American can rise from the perusal of this address, without feeling that there has been a fair and full disclosure made to him by the head of the government as to the actual state of his country—there is in it neither reservation nor mystery; and whatever may be his sentiments as to the subject matter, he is, at all events, certain that nothing has been withheld from him. The message terminates with a feeling personal allusion to the circumstances which attend it. "I cannot," says the President, "conclude this communication, the last of the kind which I shall have to make, without recollecting with great sensibility and heartfelt gratitude the many instances of the public confidence, and the generous support which I have received from my fellow citizens, in the various trusts with which I have been honoured. Having commenced my service in early youth, and continued it since with few and short intervals, I have witnessed the great difficulties to which our Union has been exposed, and admired the wisdom and courage with which they were surmounted. From the present prosperous and happy state, I derive a gratification which I cannot express. That these blessings may be preserved and perpetuated, will be the object of my fervent and unceasing prayers to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe." Mr. Monroe may well, indeed, rejoice at the prospects which now open upon his country—his retirement will be cheered by the reflection that he has contributed much to her permanent consolidation, and that posterity will enroll him amongst those great men who have achieved their freedom, and rendered it perpetual. We have received some materials, which may, perhaps, enable us to present our readers shortly with a slight sketch of the life and services of the present ruler of America. The last act of his government, the recommendation of an expression of legislative gratitude to La Fayette, does him high honour—it forms a new feature in the history of

republics, of which hitherto gratitude certainly has not been a characteristic. The proceedings upon this subject, subsequent to the President's message, are so very interesting, that we have made a short abstract of them for the gratification of those whose love of public virtue and political consistency may induce them to rejoice in the reward of one who has ever strenuously acted on those principles. The 10th of December was the day fixed upon for the introduction of La Fayette to the House of Representatives. The magnificent hall of the Congress was crowded at an early hour with all the beauty and fashion of Washington, and the Senate attended by previous invitation. At one o'clock, George Washington La Fayette, the General's son, and Colonel La Vaisseau, his secretary, entered the house, and took their seats on sofas prepared for them by the side of the Secretary of State, and, in a few moments, La Fayette himself appeared, supported by Mr. Mitchell, and Mr. Livingston, and followed by the committee. The Speaker and all the members instantly rose up to receive him, upon which Mr. Mitchell, advancing towards the chair, said: "Mr. Speaker, the select committee appointed for that purpose, have the honour to introduce General La Fayette to the House of Representatives." The General was then conducted to the seat reserved for him, upon his taking which, the Speaker addressed him in a very touching and beautiful oration. Mr. Clay, who at present fills that high office, and who is one of the candidates for the Presidentship, is considered one of the most eloquent men in the United States. The entire speech is too long for transcription, but we cannot refrain from affording our readers an extract or two. After having cordially welcomed him, Mr. Clay continued: "Although but few of the members who compose this body shared with you in the war of the revolution, all have, from impartial history, or from faithful tradition, a knowledge of the perils, the sufferings and the sacrifices which you voluntarily encountered, and the signal services in America, and in Europe, which you performed for an infant, a distant, and an alien people; and all feel and own the very great extent of the obligations under which you have placed our country." A compliment is then paid to the uniform consistency with which their visitor had followed up the principles on which he commenced his public life, and the Speaker continues in a strain which appears to us exceedingly simple and beautiful.

"The vain wish (said he,) has sometimes been indulged, that Providence would allow the patriot, after death, to return to his country, and to contemplate the intermediate changes which had taken place—to view the forests felled, the cities built, the mountains levelled, the canals cut, the highways constructed, the progress of the arts, the advancement of learning, and increase of population. General, your present visit to the United States is a realization of the consoling object of that wish. You are in the midst of posterity. Every where you must have been struck with the great changes, physical and moral, which have occurred since you left us. Even this very city, bearing a venerated name, alike endeared to you and to us, has since emerged from the forest which then covered its site. In one respect, you behold us unaltered; and that is, in the sentiments of continued devotion to liberty, and of ardent affection and profound gratitude to your departed friend, the father of his country; and to you, and to your illustrious associates in the field and in the cabinet, for the multiplied blessings which surround us, and for the very privilege of addressing you, which I now exercise. This sentiment, now fondly

cherished by more than ten millions of people, will be transmitted, with unabated vigour, down the tide of time, through the countless millions who are destined to inhabit this Continent, to the latest posterity."

La Fayette, deeply affected during this address, replied to it as well as his feelings would permit him; and on his resuming his seat, the house adjourned, in order that the speaker and members might be individually introduced to him. It is quite unnecessary to offer any comment upon such a scene as this—we question whether the annals of the world ever recorded one more truly interesting. Forty years ago, La Fayette, then just arrived at manhood, made his first address to the first Congress of America, after having crossed the Atlantic a volunteer in their desperate but glorious cause—he left the country free, but still a desert—he now returns to it an old man, almost all his brave companions in the grave; he finds himself in the midst of their children—in the "midst of posterity"—free, happy, prosperous—hailed everywhere by the shout of the nation he had contributed to emancipate, and actually impeded in his path by the blessings of a unanimous and grateful people. What are all the stars, bonds, and badges, which legitimacy ever devised, to such a reward as this. The Americans have testified their sincerity by something more unequivocal than mere lip-homage. A bill has been twice read in the House of Representatives, conferring on La Fayette and his heirs the sum of 200,000 dollars. The House have also given to La Fayette an entire township of land, which the President is to select for him from some part of the national territory still unappropriated.

We cannot, on the subject of South America, state any thing with confidence. Since that country has become the subject of stockjobbing speculations, every day brings forth some monstrous story, superseded by one equally untrue and infamous.

There is not any domestic news of any very marked interest. Several reports are current as to the intention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to remit various taxes during the ensuing session. A very considerable reduction in the duties on foreign wines is confidently spoken of, which will, it is hoped, lead to some indulgence towards the introduction of our manufactures on the Continent. There is also a rumour that ministers have determined upon a total alteration in the Corn Laws; parliament however will meet so soon, that it is scarcely worth while to speculate upon what degree of credit such representations deserve. The despatch of business will positively be proceeded in on the 3d of February.

An abstract of the net produce of the revenue in Great Britain, for the first quarter of the year 1824, ending on the 5th of January in that year, and of that ending on the same day in the year 1825, by which it appears that there is an increase of the amount received in the latter quarter over the former of 146,000*l*.

Official notice has been given, that in consequence of the intended augmentation of our regiments in India to their full complement, an addition of 3,000 or 4,000 men is required. Several recruiting parties are already in operation in Ireland. The 30th, 47th, 59th, and 67th regiments, which were under orders for home from India, are to remain there. We have not had any news of importance from that quarter since our last. There is a

strange report current that the Burmese have been instructed in European tactics by some Russian officers.

The Admiralty have issued a new pattern for the naval uniform. The officers, who have however a stock of clothes on hand of the old pattern, are allowed, till the 1st of January 1826, to wear out their old wardrobe.

There have been some curious trials in the King's Bench during the last sittings. Miss Foote of Covent-Garden has obtained 3,000*l.* damages against Mr. Haine for a breach of promise of marriage; and Alderman Cox has been awarded 800*l.* against Mr. Kean of Drury-Lane, for crim. con. We are not quite sure, however, whether our theatrical critic may not conceive this intelligence to be within his province. The Court of King's Bench have lately decided that the publication of police reports is illegal; and soon after the decision, an attorney brought an action in London against the Morning Advertiser for a libel contained in a certain report, upon his character. The jury found *for the defendant*. It seems the popular tribunal, and the legal one, seem to take very different views of this important subject. The decision of the King's Bench is to be brought for final argument before the House of Lords.

We are happy to say that in-consequence of the meeting held in the City of London, in aid of the Spanish and Italian Refugees, a considerable subscription is in progress.

There is a very confident report, that Lord Amherst is immediately to be recalled from India and to be replaced by Lord William Bentinck. His Lordship's short government has been peculiarly unfortunate, and he certainly has not enlisted the press in extenuation of any errors he may have committed; if errors there are. In addition to Mr. Buckingham and Mr. Arnot, another literary gentleman, Mr. Fair, the editor of the Bombay Gazette, has been deported from that country. This is alleged to have taken place at the instance of the Supreme Court, in consequence of an unfair report of their proceedings having appeared in Mr. Fair's journal.

Sir Francis Burdett has sent a subscription of 1,000*l.* to the Mechanics' Institution. Dr. Birkbeck had, on the evening on which it was received, delivered a very apropos lecture on the way in which the *wind is raised*.

The news from Ireland resolves itself of course into the interminable topic of Catholic politics. Mr. Plunkett has, as we foresaw, utterly failed in his worse than foolish prosecution of Mr. O'Connell. He failed in his first step; the grand jury threw out the bills. By way of equivalent to the Catholics for his attack upon their body, he then preferred bills against an Orange Chieftain, Sir Harcourt Lees, for some of his ravings. The grand jury threw out these bills also. Really we did not think Dublin could produce so sensible a grand jury. As for Mr. Plunkett, it is utterly impossible to divine the motives of his conduct, unless indeed he is going stark mad—'quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.' That there is nothing either in the King or the ministers of this country hostile to any abstract claims of the Catholics as mere citizens, merely on account of their religion, the following ordinance of our Cabinet as relating to Hanover, will clearly demonstrate:—

" PROCLAMATION.

" *Hanover, Dec. 18.*

" **GEORGE IV., &c.**—It having come to our knowledge that some doubts are entertained respecting the interpretation and application of the first paragraph of the 16th Article of the Act of the German Confederation of the 8th of June, 1815, which is to the following effect:—

" The difference of the Christian Religious Communities cannot lead to any difference in the enjoyment of civil and political rights in the countries composing the German Confederation—we are induced to issue the following Declaration and Ordinance:—

" 1. The several professors of the Christian faith enjoy a perfect equality of civil and political rights in the kingdom; and, in conformity with the said Article, the notion of a predominant, and of a *merely tolerated*, Church is entirely abolished.

" 2. All Christian religious communities have a right to the unobstructed and free exercise of their religious worship; and every Clergyman can require the surplice fees, &c. only from the parishioners of his own persuasion. Consequently,

" 3. Those inhabitants who belong to a different Christian persuasion from that of the parish, are to pay the fees, &c. only to the Clergyman of their persuasion to whose parish they are positively annexed. Fees can be required by a Clergyman of a different persuasion when he has been required to perform an official duty, and has really performed it.

" 4. On the other hand, all dues to churches and schools, which proceed from houses, farms, and other landed property in a parish, without regard to the personal qualities of the Professor, in respect to his religious belief, are still to be paid to those entitled to them, by every possessor, even if he belongs to a Christian party different from that of the parish."

 THE COLONIES.

The local politics of our North American settlements possess at present no interest, and their commercial concerns offer nothing remarkable.

With respect to the West India Colonies, the case is otherwise. The measures now in operation, or in preparation, for changing the political condition of the labouring class in those islands, still disturb the minds of proprietors there, and influence consequently the local legislatures.

The order in council respecting the amelioration of the slave laws, which has been imposed upon one colony, is viewed by the others, to which it is recommended by the British Government as an example, with disgust and aversion. As this subject seems to engross the whole attention of the colonists, we shall in this article chiefly confine our attention thereto.

In the island of Jamaica, the House of Assembly met November 2d; upon which occasion the Duke of Manchester, the Governor, introduced this important subject discreetly in general terms. The House in reply, though they spoke of the recent commotions as "occasioned by the proceedings of a powerful faction in the mother country, whose malignant influence has disturbed the peace of a once happy and contented people," &c.; yet professed a readiness to promote the objects urged by His Majesty's Government. Accordingly, a bill was introduced, and passed the House, for ameliorating the condition of the slaves; the chief feature in which appears to be the admission of slave-testimony, under jealous limitations. Much opposition was offered to this bill, and several members, amidst loud cheering, proposed its rejection. When it was sent up to the council, some salutary amendments were suggested there, which, upon several pretexts, were objected to by the House, and the bill was in consequence lost. If we may judge by the following passage in the message of the Council to the House on this subject, its fate is not to be regretted:—

"The Council are much grieved to find that the House of Assembly have returned the Consolidated Slave Bill without adopting any of the amendments suggested by the Council; but seeing that certain clauses of the Bill place the slave almost out of the protection of the law, they cannot think of entertaining the bill in its present form: defective as the existing laws are, it appears to the Council that they consult the interest of the slaves in preferring to maintain them in their present state to passing this bill."

Amongst the subjects of deliberation in the House of Assembly, we find one referred to a Committee with directions to inquire into the expence and loss occasioned by the recent negro conspiracies, and to report their opinion of the proper mode of obtaining compensation for the same from the mother country; and also to inquire into the effect of the late measures in England, in depreciating the value of property in the island generally.

That this depreciation is not imaginary, a proof is afforded in one of the Jamaica papers, which states that, on the 18th of November, an estate, consisting of 220 acres of land, abounding in provisions and timber, together with 84 slaves, and a good dwelling-house, was sold at public vendue for 5508*l.* which brought, in November 1811, 17,000*l.*

By a bill introduced, December 2d, commissioners are appointed to contract in Great Britain for a loan or loans of money, in support of the credit of the island.

One of the papers furnishes a curious diagram or plan of a town lately discovered in the interior, inhabited by runaway negroes, and called by them, *We no sen', you no come*; which means, we suppose, in negro dialect, "If you cannot find us, you cannot get at us."

We perceive, amongst the resolutions passed in the parish of Elizabeth, October 27th, a severe philippic against Mr. Canning, accusing him of being in league with their *arch enemy*, and the chief cause of the *misery* and *oppression* existing in a neighbouring island.

In Barbadoes, the House of Assembly met September 28th, and upon the Governor, Sir Henry Warde, expressing his disappointment that some bill for the amendment of the slave laws had not already been enacted, the speaker delivered a long and very skilful speech, in which he seems to throw the odium of the rejection of the slave evidence bill (similar in most respects to that of Jamaica) upon the Council.

A message from the Governor of Dominica, with reference to the same subject, recommends the consolidation of the whole of the slave laws into one act, comprising the substance of the Order in Council, and repealing such statutes as are at variance with its spirit. The reply of the House of Assembly declares the inability of the colony to contribute any pecuniary aid towards the instruction of the slaves, and expresses a hope "that the House, without the aid of His Majesty's Order in Council, will be found to have made provision for the comfort and improvement of the slave, without infringing on the right of the owner, or lessening that proper authority with which it is necessary to invest him, for the safety of his property and the community of which he is a member."

In St. Kitts, the despatch of Lord Bathurst seems to have been received with complacency by the legislature; and a bill was ordered to be prepared for accomplishing every practical measure of improvement.

In most of the islands, the publication of agents' letters, or other official correspondence, is pronounced highly improper; and the repetition of such an offence as occurred last year, when a confidential communication was made public in a newspaper, is now punishable by a heavy fine.

Upon the whole, the exasperation among the colonists appears to have greatly abated; and although an attempt is making by writing in the colonies to influence the passions of proprietors, and to prevail upon the local legislatures to reject or evade the "absurd" Order in Council; yet the mass of the population seems to have made some approach, however small, to the temperate and prudent views of the moderate advocates of colonial reform in this country.

COMMERCE.

BRITISH MARKETS.

City, Jan. 25.

Some activity has been communicated to the markets since our last report, chiefly by the publication of the annual accounts of imports and stock of the principal articles up to the beginning of the year. In the article of cotton, the reduction of stock appeared, especially at Liverpool, so unexpectedly great, that not only has the price of the raw material been considerably enhanced, but accounts from Manchester state that latterly manufactures have risen from 5 to 15 per cent. above the former prices. It appears that the quantity of cotton wool imported into the kingdom, from all parts, during 1824, was less by 128,300 bags (equal to about forty-four millions of pounds weight) than the amount imported in 1823; and that the export of raw cotton last year exceeded considerably that of the preceding. The stock of cotton on the 31st of December last fell short by 150,000 packages of the stock of 1823. The deficiency in the supply arose from a diminution, to the amount of no less than 167,000 packages, in the imports from America; occasioned probably by a reaction in that market, which in a preceding year was the scene of considerable speculation in cotton. Tallow is another commodity, the stock of which is reduced. The following is a statement of deliveries and stock of tallow in the last two years:—Delivered for home consumption in 1823, 63,550 casks; in 1824, 87,500. Stock in 1823, 92,200 casks; on the 1st of January 1824, 54,500; leaving a deficiency in the stock, computed with the former year (if we include 7,500 casks expected), of nearly 30,000 casks.

A few other articles have been objects of speculation: spices, for example, owing to a notion that the surrender of Bencoolen to the Dutch has curtailed our resources for supply; although the spice plantations in that settlement were in their infancy; and the East India Company's stock must still be considerable.

A little reflection upon the modes in which the vast capital of this country is at present employed, will enable us to comprehend the causes of the otherwise unaccountable fluctuations which happen in the commercial market. The numberless loans, projects (foreign and domestic), as well as other speculations, engross a large portion of our floating wealth; the frequent vicissitudes which those schemes experience, cause holders of shares to withdraw their money, which is sometimes invested, according to the advice of commercial brokers and agents, in the purchase of merchandize upon speculation. The articles which are the objects of their purchases, are in consequence (to use a mercantile phrase) *inquired for*; next follows a reluctance on the part of holders to sell, and lastly an artificial enhancement of price is produced. The new holders merely wait till a profit, however small, can be realized; the market is then inundated, and the commodity drops probably below its former value.

We suggested in our former report, that *bonâ fide* purchasers should, before they deal largely, ascertain the state of the stock and deliveries of an article, the value of which is changing in the market. We subjoin to the present report, and shall continue hereafter, a statement of the Foreign Markets, which will furnish another criterion. A knowledge of the stock on hand, the ratio of reduction, by exportation and home demand, and the markets abroad, will fortify a dealer against deception.

We now proceed to comment upon the tone of the markets in respect to specific articles; prefixing to each principal head a comparison between the imports and stock of the last two years in the port of London.

Cotton.—The imports and remaining stock, in the two years, were as follow:

	IMPORTS.		STOCK.	
	1823.	1824.	1823.	1824.
East India bales	30,495	36,454	—	89,900
West India „	3,542	2,535	—	671
Other sorts „	20,368	25,225	—	18,982
				22,228

In consequence of the reduced state of the stock (at Liverpool it was 140,000 packages less than that of last year) which created surprise amongst persons interested, a speculative demand took place at the beginning of the month, and increased the former briskness of the market. In the course of a few days about 30,000 bags were estimated to be sold, and the prices advanced $\frac{3}{4}$ d. to $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb. The largest proportion of the sales consisted of Surat cotton (though the stock of East India had rather increased); the remainder were Bengal, Pernambuco and Egyptian. The prices have since become steady: the sales during the last week amount to 3,800 bales, of which 2,500 were East India.

Sugar.—The following is an account of the imports and stock:

	IMPORTS.		STOCK.	
	1823.	1824.	1823.	1824.
British plantation, casks	162,700	169,900	—	38,068
East India chests	1,125	1,144	—	—
bags	116,860	148,000	—	55,500
Havannah chests	25,965	18,140	—	7,686
Brazil ditto	3,960	4,970	—	700
				1,050

The colonial markets may be considered as generally improving. Sugar, since the market opened towards the beginning of the month, has been brisker in sale. The show of samples has been comparatively small, and the prices have advanced 1s. to 2s. per cwt. This advance may perhaps be assumed as genuine, since the refiners have been the greatest purchasers, in consequence of the increased demand for refined sugars, especially of the ordinary sorts; the finer qualities being less in request. During the first fortnight of the month, it is computed that 5,000 hogsheads of raw sugar were sold at advanced prices; the actual deliveries were, however, rather less than the average of the preceding month. There is little inquiry after foreign sugars: in fact the foreign market is now supplied with both sugar and coffee direct from Havannah and Brazil.

The large stock of West India sugar is fast diminishing by the present extensive weekly deliveries. The quantity taken out last week (3,639 casks) exceeded by about 900 packages the deliveries during the corresponding period of last year. The sales to-day are estimated to exceed 1000 casks.

Coffee.—The stock and imports of this article were as follow:

	IMPORTS.		STOCK.	
	1823.	1824.	1823.	1824.
British plantation, casks	32,284	39,806	—	9,839
bags	15,800	10,200	—	4,431
East India bags	36,500	40,000	—	44,000
Foreign casks	3,175	1,160	—	860
bags	55,040	51,654	—	18,310
				22,110

This market began dull, but improved in the course of the month, and the general opinion leads us to expect a further improvement. Upon the whole, an advance in British plantation may be quoted of 1s. to 5s. per cwt. An increase of 10s. is asked for Demarara and Berbice coffee. Even foreign coffee shows a tendency to advance, which is most probably the effect of speculation; since, at the sale which seemed to give an impulse to the market (14th January), consisting of more than 600 packages (Domingo and Brazil), nearly all the lots were bought by one broker. Although the coffee market attracted some attention to-day, the prices have not varied. It is observable that the demand is chiefly for the sorts suited to the home trade.

Spices.—Pepper is still in demand, and large transactions have taken place in the article, which has advanced $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per lb. The imports and stock of pepper have considerably increased. Cassia is also in request, at 5s. per cwt. higher. Mace is a favourite article with speculators. Nutmegs are greatly sought after; as well as East India ginger.

Spirits.—The quantity of rum imported in 1823 was 28,056 puncheons; in 1824,

26,800. The stock in 1823 was 29,923 puncheons; in 1824, 24,582. This spirit has risen 1d. per gallon; brandy, 2d. The latter spirit has been extensively purchased.

Dye-Drugs.—The quantity of East India indigo imported in 1823 was 20,180 chests; in 1824, 14,356. The stock in 1823 was 12,700 chests; in 1824, 11,886. The sale of this article finished to-day at a late hour. It began with advanced prices, which continued to increase; the good and fine qualities 1s. 6d. to 2s. per pound; the ordinary and middling 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. The Madras sort all sold at an advance of 2s. 6d. on the last sale. The prices of this sort now range from 8s. 6d. to 13s.; the Oude or Coromandel, from 2s. 7d. to 11s.; the other sorts from 10s. 9d. to 16s. per lb.

Dye-woods are becoming higher, but the buyers are probably speculators. Logwood has advanced 1l. per ton during the month. Considerable parcels of Jamaica logwood have been sold. The price is now 8l. 5s. to 8l. 8s. per ton. The current price of Cuba fustic is 10l. 10s. to 11l.; but 12l. is asked to-day. Madder and roots are higher. Galls are dull. At a late hour to-day considerable purchases of turmeric were made.

Saltpetre.—The imports of this article last year were about 10,000 bags less than in the preceding: the stock is less by 2,500 tons. Saltpetre, being one of the sinews of war, is generally an object of speculation. Holders demand a profit of 2s. per cwt. but it is not given.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The first two articles have maintained the advance in their prices; the latter has still further increased during the month, but to-day the sale has become heavy.

The markets of Liverpool and Glasgow have offered, during the last month, nothing worthy of additional remark. Both have been somewhat stagnant, except in the article of cotton, which has been purchased with great avidity.

FOREIGN MARKETS.

The following particulars denote the state of commerce in respect to articles of British colonial merchandize, at the *free-ports* of Trieste, Hamburgh, and Gibraltar.

Trieste.—Very little business is done in refined sugar, owing, perhaps, to the late tariff, which is prejudicial to the transit of British refined sugar. High prices are expected for raw sugar; the holders therefore do not press their goods on the market, though purchasers are backward. The quantity brought here for refining last year was upwards of 4000 tons more than 1823. The sales of coffee are not large, principally Brazil. There is no stock of East India coffee; but the demand does not seem to be increased thereby. In cotton the market is very brisk, and the stock is said to be small. Cassia lignea is dull of sale; Sumatra pepper is readily purchased, at a net price equal to about 5½d. per lb. Pimento is likewise scarce. The stock of indigo is very small, and fine qualities are in request.

Hamburgh.—Commerce here is not very brisk, owing, in some measure, to the season, which impedes the usual channels of intercourse with the continent. Better prices are asked for coffee. Unfavourable reports are made of the refined sugar market in the Hanse towns.

Gibraltar.—The stock of coffee at this place is large, and the prices have accordingly sustained a reduction. Cotton is in demand, and the stock is small. Rum is likewise in good demand; the prices are higher.

AGRICULTURE.

THE operations of the agriculturist at this season are chiefly confined to ploughing, carting manure upon land, thrashing, and hedge trimming. The two first have, however, been greatly impeded in most counties, but most particularly in those where the soil is heavy, by the almost unremitting rains with which the lands have been deluged during the last few months. Unfortunately the injuries caused by this abundance of rain has not been confined to the mere stoppage of agricultural labour. The overflow of various rivers have destroyed a large quantity of property, both in cattle and food. The different agricultural reports speak of the lands having been so completely sodden as to rot the seed to an immense extent. In Somersetshire, the farmers have many hundred acres that must be resown if a crop is to be expected. "Since Nov. 30," says the reporter of that county, "no seed has been committed to the ground, except in extremely dry soils, and there are thousands of acres intended for autumn sowing, either under water, or so completely saturated, that they cannot be sown under any prospect of success." Other reports speak in very similar terms of the consequences of the late rains. The young wheats upon the light dry soils look however very healthy, and pea sowing upon dry friable soils have also commenced. The turnips still look well, and grasses are growing fast.

The arrivals during the month have averaged in wheat, 8,635 qrs.; barley, 13,493 qrs.; oats, 13,932 qrs.; and flour, 15,002 sacks.

The average prices for the week ending Jan. 8, were for wheat, 65s. 3d.; barley, 40s. 5d.; oats, 23s. 1d.

The hop trade has been and is still very dull, with scarce any alteration in prices. The beast market is rather brisk, but the mutton trade is rather heavy. Beef fetches from 4s. to 5s. per stone; mutton, from 4s. 4d. to 5s.; for veal and pork better prices are given.

We have for some time past regarded the transactions in Mark Lane with no little surprise; and while they show how general opinion, backed by abundance of money, can set aside for a time the effects of demand and supply, they demonstrate that such appearances can only be the result of artifice and speculation. The ports closed, it will be remarked, in Feb. 1819, and agreeably to the best calculations of the average importations, all the effects of the imported corn which was free, must have been exhausted before the harvest of 1823. The crop of that year was known to be exceedingly deficient; some say even half, but all agree not less than one-third. The crop of 1824, on the contrary, is admitted to have been a full average. It follows then that the deficient crop of 1823 maintained the country; yet in the face of this fact, and of the knowledge that the succeeding harvest was greatly more abundant, it was industriously circulated that the old wheat in the country was exhausted, and that the warehoused grain would be set free, and finally, that the ports would open before the end of the agricultural year. Upon this opinion (backed as we have said by the superabundance of capital) the markets have risen nearly from the close of the harvest. We have, however, always entertained the belief that this rise is merely the effect of artifice and speculation, and to demonstrate the truth of our conclusions, and to show the peril to the grower, we shall recite a few facts respecting the arrival and sale of wheat and flour at Mark Lane. It is important that the farmer should not be induced to withhold his grain from market ultimately to his own loss; it is more important that the price of subsistence should not be doubled upon the country at large. At this moment the best wheat may be bought at Dantzic, from 28s. to 30s. per quarter, while the averages in Mark Lane are about 70s. We shall first quote the total import (coastwise) into the port of London for two years, and next the arrivals and sales of wheat for the last eleven weeks, and of flour in the corresponding periods of 1823—1824, and 1824—1825.

Quarters of wheat and flour imported into the port of London from Michaelmas to Michaelmas.

1822 to 1823, 393,177 qrs. wheat ;.....497,779 sacks, flour.

1823 to 1824, 347,839, do.....438,326, do.

WHEAT.		FLOUR.	
1824.	Arrived. Sold.	1823-24.	1824-25.
Nov. 6.	15,116.....11,895.....	6,687.....	15,347
	13. 15,671..... 9,040.....	8,847.....	18,288
	20. 10,024..... 9,204.....	10,974.....	9,301
	27. 13,205.....10,647.....	6,548.....	10,900
Dec. 4.	12,410.....10,307...	4,082.....	24,983
	11. 15,429..... 8,786.....	18,682.....	19,276
	18. 15,341..... 9,271.....	8,023.....	18,262
	25. 4,781..... 7,942.....	14,188.....	7,357
1825, Jan. 1.	9,425.....10,122.....	2,065.....	12,817
	8. 9,564..... 7,759.....	20,174.....	20,212
	15. 10,830.....no return.....	16,225.....	19,925
	<hr/> 131,798	<hr/> 96,973	<hr/> 116,455
			<hr/> 177,668

The average weekly import of wheat during the highest of the two years, it will be seen, is 7,561 qrs. and a fraction. The average of the last eleven weeks is, 11,981 qrs. and a fraction. Here then a great excess is observable. The arrivals of the year 1823—1824, during the same period were only 82,918 qrs. being no less than 48,880 less than during the last 11 weeks. If we next observe the excess of supply over the demand, we shall perceive that the average of the sales of the last 10 weeks exceeds the average of the year in the proportion of-9,697 to 7,561 qrs., while the total of imports over the sales amounts to no less than 23,995 qrs., which with the excess of the sales gives a surplus of 45,000 qrs. of wheat. Thus the London market is at this moment glutted with a superabundant supply equal to the average consumption of six weeks, and yet with a surplus increasing upon the market, week by week, the prices have almost continually risen.

But the facts with respect to flour are still more singular and striking. The average weekly supply of flour in the highest of the two last years was 9,572 sacks. The excess of flour over wheat in 1822—1823, was accounted for by the supposition that wheat which used to reach London was purchased in distant markets by millers, and sent by them in a manufactured instead of in a raw state by the corn merchants to Mark Lane. But during the last 11 weeks, in the face of a superabundant supply of wheat, the supply of flour has been still more so, amounting as we perceive to 16,151 sacks weekly, and as a total over the same period last year to 61,213 sacks, or the average consumption of six weeks. Yet in spite of these facts flour has risen. These appearances some have attempted to explain by the fact, that the crop of the wheat districts near London is deficient, and, therefore, the supplies by internal conveyance are less. But when we observe the augmented sale of wheat in Mark Lane during the last 10 weeks, it is natural to presume that the millers near London have made up their deficit by purchases there, and this reasoning is the more probable when we perceive that, week by week, a surplus has been left on hand.

Under this view of things, we cannot help believing that a fall to an indefinite extent must eventually, if not suddenly, take place ; for, allowing no very large stock to the millers, their supply on hand may now be considered equal to 10 weeks' consumption. We have reason to think too, that the market has hitherto been supplied by the small farmer, and the larger grower has held back his stock in the hope that things will rise. A capital of at least 250,000*l.* is now accumulated on the wharfs and in the warehouses of the Port of London.

NEWS OF SCIENCE.

INSTITUTIONS OF MECHANICS.

The Conservatory of Arts.—The public and gratuitous lectures of this admirable and useful establishment have been resumed this year under the happiest auspices of increased success. M. Dupin has been appointed Professor of Mechanics applied to the Arts; M. Clement Desormes, of Chemistry and Physics applied to the Arts; and M. Say, of Industrial Economy, or of the principles of Political Economy applied to the useful Arts. Two ameliorations have taken place in these courses of lectures, very favourable to the national prosperity. The lectures are delivered at half-past eight o'clock in the evening, when the classes of artizans and working mechanics have completed the labours of the day, and consequently are at leisure to attend to the acquirement of knowledge without injury to their interests, and the Professors distribute, a lecture in advance, a bulletin of the matters to be treated in the next. M. Dupin, following the example of English Professors who prepare before the commencement a brief analysis of the subjects to be treated in each lecture, is writing a treatise of practical geometry and mechanics, adapted to the comprehension of artizans. This instruction is not, however, offered altogether gratuitously to those who wish to avail themselves of it, *two sous* being required for each bulletin. This very small contribution is sufficient to obtain a moral result of great importance; they put more value on a paper which is thus acquired, preserve it with greater care, and are more anxious to impress its contents on their understanding.—*Rev. Enc.*

CHEMISTRY.

Castorine.—The attention which has been paid by chemists to the analysis of vegetable and animal productions, has contributed much to the progress of the healing art. We are indebted to the French chemists in particular for a variety of medicinal preparations, reduced to a very small volume, very easy of administration, and of an uniform composition. M. Bizio has lately extracted from castor that on which the properties of the drug depends, and has called it Castorine. It possesses the same odour as castor; its taste is something like that of a weak solution of copper; it has no acid or alkaline property; it is insoluble in cold water, and dissolves very little in boiling water. It is also insoluble in alcohol, but dissolves in the volatile oils, ammonia, and magnesia. It is prepared by boiling one part of castor, finely powdered, in six parts of alcohol; and having filtered the solution, this substance is deposited in the form of globules, which may be afterwards purified by washing it with cold alcohol.—*Archives Generales.*

Motion of the Electric Fluid.—It has long been received as a fact, that an electrical discharge was capable of being transmitted through a very considerable distance (say three or four miles) instantaneously, and without any sensible diminution of its intensity. Mr. Barlow, however, by employing wires of various lengths up to 840 feet, and measuring the energy of the electric action by the deflection produced in a magnetic needle, has found that the intensity diminishes very rapidly, and very nearly as the inverse square of the distance. Hence the idea of constructing electrical telegraphs is quite chimerical. He found, also, that the effect was greater with a wire of a certain size than with one smaller, yet that nothing was gained by increasing the diameter of the wire beyond a given limit.

Sir Humphry Davy's Copper Sheathing.—At a meeting of the Royal Society, held on the 13th January, when it resumed its sittings after the Christmas holidays, the learned President informed the Fellows, that the accounts which had appeared in the papers, of the failure of his method of protecting ships' bottoms in the case of the Samarang,

were wholly without foundation; and that the results were on the contrary of a most satisfactory description.

The copper of this ship has been on between three and four years, and she was chosen for the particular purpose of ascertaining the effects of the principle of protection in old copper, and the result has more than answered the expectations of the inventor. Both as to cleanness, and as to the effects of rapid corrosion, the experiment was perfectly successful. Other instances we could adduce to show that the method of protecting copper, as proposed by Sir H. Davy, promises to answer the intended purpose; but even if in some instances foulness has been, or shall be produced by excess of protection, it will only demonstrate the power of the principle of protection, which may be so graduated as to save all the copper, or 1-10th, or 1-5th, or 1-3d, or any other proportion.

The Influence of Temperature on Stone Bridges.—M. Vicat has had occasion to observe a striking instance of the effect of the change of temperature on a bridge constructed over the Dordogne, at Souillac. The bridge was of stone, and had seven arches, each of above 24 feet span. It was expected that as the masonry settled the parapet stones would separate slightly from each other. This, in fact, took place, but it occurred suddenly and precisely during the very cold weather of February, 1824. Continuing the observation of what took place at the separation thus formed, it was found that the cement with which the portions of the cracks had been filled remained undisturbed during the cold weather; but that as the warm weather came on, it was pressed out and the joints were closed; and it was ultimately ascertained that much of the expansion and contraction of the bridge was entirely thermometrical, depending on the changes of temperature communicated to it by the atmosphere.

One of the most important and evident consequences of this action is, that large arches exposed to the variations of natural temperature, are never in a state of equilibrium. M. Vicat remarks farther, that these effects are equally produced, and have been observed, as well in arches constructed more than a year previous, as in those which have not been built more than two months. So that this thermometrical expansion and contraction of the stones does not appear to be changed by time.

MINERALOGY.

Light produced by Crystallization.—M. Buchner having mixed some impure benzoic acid, perfectly dry, with the sixth part of its weight of vegetable charcoal, placed it on a soap plate, which was covered with a cylinder luted to it by almond paste, in such a manner that what took place in the interior could be distinctly seen through an aperture disposed for this purpose. After the whole had been exposed several days to a moderate heat, and some beautiful crystals formed, it was removed to a hotter furnace, and half an hour afterwards M. Buchner observed a brilliant flash of light in the interior of the cylinder. A succession of flashes ensued, which completely filled the cylinder, and continued half an hour, when it was taken off the furnace and examined. A great quantity of crystals of benzoic acid were deposited. They resembled crystals of the same substance obtained in the usual way by a more moderate heat and without light, except that they were less regular. M. Buchner attributed this phenomenon to a neutralization of electricity, as it took place at a moment when the crystal was deposited on the inner surface of the cylinder. The same effect has been noticed on crystallizing acetate of potassa, and in preparing oxygen by means of chlorate of potassa and manganese.—*Neues Jour. für Chemie.*

METEOROLOGY.

Rain.—The fall of rain during the last three years has been much beyond the average quantity. From tables kept by Mr. John Dalton, it appears that the fall at

Manchester, during the last four months of the year 1824, was greater than the average fall of an entire year in London.

In September, the fall was.. 5.440 inches.

October 6.896

November..... 5.510

December 7.635

Making a total of 25.682 inches: whereas the average amount fell at Manchester is only 34, and in London only 22 inches.

Changes in the Direction of the Wind.—Having frequently amused myself on fine Sunday evenings in summer with a very large paper kite, in order to discover the different currents of wind, I had occasion to notice the following curious fact:—On mounting very high, the kite sometimes got into a different current of air, and the wind usually blew from the same quarter on the earth's surface in the course of twenty-four hours. These changes in the wind seem to take place first in the higher regions of the air, and are propagated downwards. I have confirmed this experiment, and established the fact by the use of small air balloons, but the kite answers the purpose quite as well.—*Phil. Mag.*

PHYSIOLOGY.

The following is abstracted from a paper by Mr. Majendie, in the last Number of the *Journal de Physiologie*.

The Fifth Pair of Nerves.—Since I published my last experiments in the April Number of this Journal, I have made a great many others to confirm or invalidate the results then obtained. Fortunately I have but little to reject from the facts already made public, and it remains therefore certain that the fifth pair does exert a very great influence on the smell, on the sight, and on the hearing; and that it is itself the organ of taste, of the general sensibility of the face, and of the cavities there situated. It is also certain, that the fifth pair has a considerable influence on the nutrition of the parts to which it is distributed.

I have tried experiments on the other nerves distributed to the orbid, and I have found that the *fourth* and *sixth* pairs of nerves, when pinched, cut, or lacerated, do not present any trace of *sensibility*. These attempts simply gave rise to some convulsive motions of the muscles moving the globe.

The *portio mollis* of the seventh pair, or the *auditory nerve*, now remained to be examined, and this nerve is usually considered to be very sensible. This, in the opinion of physiologists, is on the same scale of sensibility as the *retina*; and the severe pains produced in the ear when inflamed, the nature of the functions of the ear destined to receive and compare the least vibrations of air, the acute sensibility of the tympanum, &c. all appeared legitimately to support the opinion which had been formed of the sensibility of this nerve. Besides, the acoustic nerve touches at its origin the fifth pair, and in many animals they say it is only a branch of it. All these reasons are without doubt very plausible: but adhering to our mode of study, which has often upset the greatest probabilities, we attempted to touch the acoustic nerve on the cranium, but failed. We afterwards removed a portion of the cranium, and lifted up about a third part of the cerebellum, and even the lobule lodged in the cavity of the temporal bone. We could then see the fifth pair coming out from the pores to pass over the petrous portion, and the acoustic nerve entering the internal auditory foramen. We touched successively the two nerves; and each time that the fifth pair was touched, even in the most gentle way, signs of the most acute sensibility were shown, whilst the animal remained immoveable when the trunk of the auditory was touched, pressed, and even torn. I have as yet only performed this experiment on a young dog and on rabbits: if future attempts confirm the truth of it, we see again another structure deprived of the properties usually assigned to it by physiologists. If it be so, then the extreme *sensibility* of the *ear*, as well as that of the *eye*, must be attributed to the *branches* of the *fifth pair* which are distributed to that part.—*Arch. Gen.*

OXFORD.

Lent Term.

Jan. 6.—Congregations will be holden, for the purpose of granting Graces and conferring Degrees, on the following days in this Term:—

February.—Thursday the 3d; Saturday the 12th; Tuesday the 15th.

March.—Thursday the 3d; Thursday the 10th; Thursday the 17th; Saturday the 26th.

All Candidates for the Degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, or Bachelor of Civil Law, to enter their names at the Vice-Chancellor's, before nine o'clock in the evening of the day preceding the Congregation in which the Degrees are to be conferred.

Jan. 6.—The Registrar has issued a notice, that all applications for Chancellor's Letters for Degrees or Academical Dispensations, must be made to him at least *three days* previously to the Convocation at which such Letters are to be proposed.

Jan. 8.—The Rev. John Mitchell Chapman, MA. of Exeter College, elected Fellow of Balliol.

The Rev. Benjamin John Perkins, BA., of Lincoln College, appointed Chaplain of Christ Church.

DEGREES CONFERRED.

Masters of Arts.—Jan. 14.

Robert Holberton, Exeter.

William Kaye Hett, Lincoln.

John William Goodday, Queen's.

James Edwards, Demy of Magdalen.

John Alington, Demy of Magdalen.

James Linton, Demy of Magdalen.

Charles John Meredith, Chaplain of Magdalen.

William Harrison, Student of Christ Church.

Thomas Horne, Student of Ch. Ch.

Nicholas Germon, Oriel.

Bachelors of Arts.—Jan. 14.

Arthur Farrell, Exeter.

Henry Browne, Exhibitioner of Lincoln.

George Windus Woodhouse, St. Mary

Hall.

Robert Hussey, Student of Christ Ch.

Richard Latham, Scholar of Brasenose.

Henry Barrow Chinn, Brasenose.

John Smalman Masters, Jesus.

CAMBRIDGE.

Sir W. Browne's Gold Medals.—The subjects for the present year are:—

For the Greek Ode.

Ἀνδρῶν ἐπιφάνων πᾶσα γῆ τάφος.

Latin Ode.

Academia Cantabrigiensis tot novis ædificiis ornata.

Greek Epigram.

Περὶ σοὶ πάντες οἱ ὃ μίση λόγῳ.

Latin Epigram.

Summum jus summa injuria.

Porson Prize.—The passage fixed upon for the present year is—Shakspeare, King John, Act IV. Scene 2; beginning with

King John.—How oft the sight of means.—

And ending with

Hubert.— — — — — an innocent child.

The metre to be Tragicum Iambicum Trimetrum Acatalecticum.

In conformity with the regulations passed by the Senate, March 13, 1822, notice has been given, that the following will be the Subjects of Examination in the last week of the Lent Term, 1826 :—

- 1.—The Gospel of St. Matthew.
- 2.—Paley's Evidences of Christianity.
- 3.—The first Book of Herodotus.
- 4.—The fourth Book of Virgil's *Georgics*.

Edward Judge, Esq., BA., Scholar of Trinity College, was on Tuesday last created MA., by Royal mandate.

Jan. 21.—The Master and Fellows of Peterhouse have recently augmented the patronage of their College, by founding two Fellowships and Four Scholarships, the stipends of which are to be paid from the proceeds of the very liberal donation of the Rev. Francis Gisborne, MA., formerly Fellow of that Society. The Fellows and Scholars on this new foundation are to bear the name of the donor.

The Rev. L. P. Baker, BD., Vicar of Impington, and Fellow of St. John's College, has been presented, by the Master and Fellows of that Society, to the Rectory of Medbourn *cum* Holt, in the county of Leicester, vacated by the death of the Rev. H. Williams.

The Rev. John W. Hubbersty, MA., and the Rev. John Sandys, BA., of Queen's College, were on Jan. 14 elected Fellows of that Society; and at the same time a petition was ordered to be presented to the King, for a dispensation to qualify the Rev. Thomas Clowes, BA., to hold a Fellowship of the same Society.

LIST OF HONOURS FOR 1825.

Moderators.

John Warren, MA., Jesus College.

Temple Chevallier, MA., Catherine Hall.

Wranglers.

Ds. Challis, Trinity.

Williamson, Clare.

Newton, St. John's.

Ranken, C. C. C.

Waud, Magdalen.

P. Morton, Trinity.

Parker, Trinity.

Wigram, Trinity.

Williamson, Trinity.

Burrows, Caius.

Darby, St. John's.

Frampton, St. John's.

Blakelock, Cath. Hall.

Dade, Caius.

Cape, Caius.

Ds. Beatson, Pembroke.

Wilson, St. John's.

Harrison, St. John's.

Fernie, Caius.

Barrick, Queen's.

Graham, Queen's.

Knowles, Trinity.

Smith, Peter House.

Heathfield, Jesus.

Maude, Caius.

Martin, Caius.

Riddell, Trinity.

Barlow, Peter H.

Dunningham, Peter H.

Richardson, Caius.

Senior Optimes.

Ds. Lubbock, Trinity.

Pooley, St. John's.

Isaacson, St. John's.

Warner, St. John's.

Berkeley, C. C. C.

Langham, St. John's.

Phillips, C. C. C.

Gaye, St. John's.

Wolfe, Clare.

Ds. Farish, } *æq.* { Trinity.
Gilpin, } { Queen's.

Smith, Pembroke.

Malkin, Trinity.

Hill, Trinity.

Crocker, Trinity.

Warner, Trinity.

Young, Trinity.

Holme, Caius.

Ds. C. Morton, Trinity.

Prater, Trinity.

Hawkins, Trinity.

Bell, } *æq.* { Queen's.

Ward, } { C. C. C.

Ayerst, St. John's.

Pratt, Trinity.

Earle, St. John's.

Hayes, St. John's.

Custance, Trinity.

Ds. Smith, Trinity.

Turner, St. John's.

Gaitskell, Trinity.

Youldon, St. John's.

Barry, Trinity.

Lowe, C. C. C.

Kempthorne, St. John's.

Reade, Caius.

Wayne, Peter's.

Skinner, Sid.

Junior Optimés.

Ds. Lewis, St. John's.

Bollaerts, Trinity.

Hildyard, Trinity.

Willmore, Trinity.

Evans, Pembroke.

Outram, St. John's.

Brook, Caius.

Wakefield, St. John's.

Ds. Fletcher, Magdalen.

Falcon, St. John's.

Marshall, St. John's.

Sanderson, St. John's.

Præd, Trinity.

Dallin, C. C. C.

Wimberley, Emmanuel.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. A. Hopkins, BA., to the Vicarage of Clent, with the Chapel of Rowley Regis, Staffordshire. The Rev. J. Amphlett, MA., has been appointed Surrogate for the granting Marriage Licences within the Diocese of Worcester. The Rev. William Clark, MA., to the Vicarage of Wymeswold, Leicestershire. The Rev. H. R. Somers Smith, BA., to the Rectory of Little Bentley, Essex. The Rev. James Anderson, to the Rectory and Vicarage of Moore, and the Vicarage of Drum, Roscommon.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR FEBRUARY.

MERCURY will be at his greatest elongation on the 10th day, to the westward of the Sun, and consequently will rise about one hour before him, SE. by E. But as their situation in the ecliptic is then nearly parallel with the horizon, no very advantageous opportunity will be afforded for observation. Should the atmosphere, however, prove clear near the horizon, this planet may be seen at half past six o'clock in the morning, a day or two before and after the 10th, SE. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., between Sagittarius and Capricornus.— Venus passes through the constellation Pisces to the western boundary of Aries, setting at the commencement of the month about three quarters past eight in the evening, due west, and at the close of the month about an hour later, WNW. Venus will be a most beautiful and conspicuous object during the evenings; and by watching the conjunction with the fifth of Pisces, on the 18th day, her motion may readily be traced. On the 21st day the Moon and Venus will set nearly at the same time, and previous to setting will form a pleasing spectacle. Mars passes from the constellation Aquarius into Pisces, setting at the commencement of the month W. by S., soon after seven o'clock, and at the close due west, about 20 minutes past seven. On the 2d day, his appearance near a class of small stars in Aquarius will be found interesting. Jupiter is still in the constellation Cancer, with a regressive motion passing the meridian at the commencement of the month, 40 minutes past 11 o'clock in the evening, and at the close about two hours earlier. On the 2d day, at three quarters of an hour after midnight, the moon, nearly at the full, will pass four degrees to the southward of the planet, and Jupiter will also be in conjunction with the fourth of Cancer on the 17th day, at 11 o'clock in the evening. His appearance at the close of the month, a little to the southward of a remarkable cluster of

minute stars (most of them imperceptible to the naked eye), will form a beautiful telescopic object. The eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, from their frequent recurrence, afford the readiest method of determining the longitudes of places on land; for as the sun apparently moves from east to west, over 15 degrees of the Equator in one hour of time, all places to the eastward will see these eclipses at a certain time greater, and to the westward less, than that of the first meridian for which they were calculated; and this difference of time, turned into degrees, immediately gives the longitude. Several attempts have been made to observe these phenomena at sea, but the quick motion of the ship has hitherto baffled all endeavours to accomplish it. The progressive motion of light has likewise been accurately ascertained through these eclipses; for as the earth is 195 millions of miles nigher to Jupiter, when between him and the Sun, than when the Sun is between us and the planet, so we find that the eclipses are seen nearly a quarter of an hour sooner in the former case than in the latter. The following are the eclipses visible to our latitude this month:—

1st Satellite.			2d Satellite.			3d Satellite.			4th Satellite.		
Emersions.			Emersions.								
Days.	Hrs.	Min.	Days.	Hrs.	Min.	Days.	Hrs.	Min.	Days.	Hrs.	Min.
2	7	3 $\frac{1}{4}$	7	15	26 $\frac{1}{4}$	2	8	2	20	14	10 $\frac{1}{4}$
7	14	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	18	7	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	9	8	27 $\frac{1}{4}$			Im.
9	8	58	25	9	58 $\frac{1}{4}$	9	12	0 $\frac{1}{4}$			Em.
14	16	23 $\frac{1}{2}$				16	12	27 $\frac{1}{4}$			Im.
16	10	52				16	16	0 $\frac{1}{4}$			Em.
23	12	46 $\frac{1}{2}$				23	16	26 $\frac{1}{4}$			Im.
25	7	15									

Saturn still retains his station in the neck of the Bull, between the Hyades and Pleiades, with a small progressive motion passing the meridian at the commencement of the month five minutes before seven in the evening, and at the close about a quarter of an hour after five o'clock. The Moon will pass four degrees to the northward of this planet on the 25th day, at three quarters of an hour past two in the afternoon, and they will appear at dark about five degrees apart nearly on the meridian. The Georgian is in Sagittarius. At the close of the month this planet will rise at five o'clock in the morning, SE. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. On the 7th day, at eight o'clock in the evening, the constellations will be thus situated:—On the meridian, and just above the horizon, is Columba, above which is the brilliant constellation of Orion, and between them the small Lepus. Above Orion, and nearly in the zenith, Auriga is seen; to the northward of which is Cameleopardalis; at their lowest depression north, the head and part of the body of Draco, with one foot of Hercules. To the eastward of Orion, Monoceros appears, below which, S. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E., is the bright star Sirius, the first of Canis Major; and above it, to the SE., is Canis Minor. Over Orion, at equal distances on each side of the meridian, are Taurus to the west, and Gemini to the east. Leo is a conspicuous object due east, and to the northward of it is Ursa Major; between these latter is Leo Minor. E. by N., rising, is the head of Virgo; and NE. by E. + E. Coma Berenices appears. This latter is well worth inspection, from the immense number of small stars it contains. To the NE. and NE. by N., Bootes is rising; and from north to NNE. is part of Hercules.—N. by W. Lyra appears just above the horizon; to the westward of which is Cygnus, and above Cygnus is Cepheus: the first and second of this constellation, as well as the first and second of Ursa Major, point nearly to the Pole Star. W. by N. is Andromeda, and below it Pegasus. Above Andromeda is Perseus, with Medusa's Head. Between Perseus and Cepheus is Cassiopeia. The body of Cetus SW. by W.; Aries, W. by S. On the 21st, at the same hour, there are no particular stars on the meridian; Arcturus in Bootes is on the verge of the horizon, rising NE. by E., and Lyra at the lowest depression north. The beautiful nebula in Orion's Sword will be well worth examining, as well as that in Andromeda. During the evenings of this month, all the most brilliant constellations of our hemisphere will appear at the same time above the horizon,

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BIRTHS.

- July 21.—At Patua, Calcutta, the Hon. Mrs. Elphinstone, a son.
 Aug. 3.—At Madras, the lady of Capt. Moberly, a son.
 15. At Matoonga, Bombay, the lady of Dr. Smythan, a son.
 Dec. 22.—The lady of John Birtwhistle, Esq. Barharrow, a daughter.
 25. At Hart-street, Bloomsbury, the lady of Richard Lambert, Esq. a daughter.
 26. The lady of Charles Mingay Syder, Esq. a son.
 28. Mrs. Stone, Lamb's-Conduit-street, only daughter of R. S. Cooke, Esq. claimant to the Barony of Stafford, a daughter.
 29. In Euston-place, the lady of Jackson Walton, Esq. a son.
 31. In Lower Berkley-street, Portman-square, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsey, Grenadier Guards, a daughter.
 Jan. 1.—The lady of Thomas Burch Western, Esq. of Tattingstone-place, Suffolk, a son.
 2. At Cheltenham, the lady of Capt. James Scott, of His Majesty's Ship Harlequin, a daughter.
 4. At Thurston, the lady of the Rev. Edgar Rust, a son.
 — At Chatham, the lady of Lieutenant Burgoyne, R. E. a daughter.
 5. At Montagu-street, Montagu-square, the lady of Frederick Solly Flood, Esq. a daughter.
 6. At Spetchley, the lady of Robert Berkley, Jun. Esq. a son.
 7. In Gate-street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, the lady of John Mitchell, MD. a son.
 — At Stackpole-court, Lady Cawdor, a daughter.
 8. At Hackney, the lady of Lieutenant John Lamb, R. N. a son.
 9. In Lawrence Pountney-lane, the lady of Horatio Ripley, Esq. a daughter.
 10. At Cambridge, the lady of David Charles Guthrie, Esq. a son.
 11. The lady of Andrew Spottiswoode, Esq. of Bedford-square, a son.
 — At Castle Hill, Devon, Lady Catharine Fellowes, a son.
 12. At Woburn-place, Russel-square, the lady of Wm. J. Selater, Esq. a son.
 14. In Bryanstone-square, the lady of George Bankes, Esq. a daughter.
 16. In Pall Mall, the lady of Hugh Hammersley, Esq. a son.
 17. The lady of T. R. Thelluson, Esq. a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

- July 28.—At Calcutta, by the Rev. Thomas Thomason, Lieutenant Edward Rushworth, H. C. 2d E. R. to Miss Elizabeth Chatier Conyers.
 Dec. 20.—At Gosford, the Right Hon. George Harry Grey, eldest son of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, to Lady Katharine Charteris, third daughter of the Earl of Wemyss and March.
 — In St. George's Church, Dublin, James, only son of Robert Martin, of Ross-house, county of Galway, Esq. to Ann, eldest daughter of Thomas Higginbotham, of Mountjoy, Esq.
 21. At Gibside Chapel, by Special Licence, John Davidson, Esq. of West Otterburn, in the county of Northumberland, to Miss Susan H. E. Jessup, youngest daughter of the Lady Anna Maria Jessup, of Bird-hill House, Durham.
 22. At Gibraltar, Mr. H. H. Murdoch, to Miss M. Tapp.
 24. Charles F. Engstrom, of Billiter-street, London, to Louisa R. youngest daughter of A. F. Meissner, of Cloak-lane, Esq.
 27. Charles Heard Beague, Esq. Royal Engineers, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Major-General James Pringle, Company's Service.
 — At Hartlebury, N. Basevi, Esq. Barrister, of Gower-street, Bedford-square, to Louisa Eliza, only daughter of the late Major Orange, of Waresby-house, Worcestershire.
 — At Cheadle, Richard Hole, Esq. of Longsight, to Frances, eldest daughter of Thomas Marsland, Esq. of Holly-vale.
 28. At Knaresborough, the Rev. Edward Carus Wilson, AB. third son of William Wilson Carus Wilson, MP. of Casterton-hall, Westmoreland, to Jane, only daughter of Thomas Maude, Esq. of Woodlands, near Harrogate.
 — William Hall, Jun. Esq. to Charlotte, daughter of the late Sir R. J. Sullivan, Bart.
 — At Marlborough, near Knightsbridge, Devon, F. J. Delafosse, Esq. youngest son of the late Rev. R. M. Delafosse, of Richmond, Surrey, to Dorothy, eldest daughter of the late Edward T. Collins, Esq. of the same place.
 29. At Basford, Notts, John George Shaw Lefevre, Esq. Fellow of Trin. Coll. Cambridge, to Rachel Emily, fifth daughter of Ichabod Wright, Esq.
 — At Bath, the Rev. Dr. Timbril, of Beckford, to Miss E. Edwards, of Bath.
 30. At Worksop, the Hon. and Rev. Leland Noel, Vicar of Camden, Gloucestershire, seventh son of Sir Gerard Noel, Bart. and the late Baroness Barham, to Mary Arabella, eldest daughter of the late John Saville Foljambe, Esq. of Aldwark-hall, Yorkshire.
 Jan. 3.—At St. Lawrence's Church, York, Robert Mansel, Esq. of the Inniskellen Dragoons, to Maria, eldest daughter of William Armstrong, Esq. of the same Regiment.
 4. At Edgbaston, near Birmingham, Charles Barber, MA. of Trinity College, Oxford, to Caroline, daughter of Theophilus Richards, Esq. of Edgbaston.
 6. At West Ham, Charles Frederick Bigge, Esq. of Blackheath, to Frances, second daughter of John Gray, Esq. of the Grove, Stratford, Essex.

8. At Wooton Church, Lieutenant-Colonel Ogilvie, 46th Regiment, to Janet Rebecca, eldest daughter of John Alexander Ogilvie, Esq. of Tanhurst, Surrey.
10. At St. Mary-la-Bonne Church, Matthew Stritch, Sen. Esq. of Charlotte-street, Portland-place, to Mary, Relict of the late John Arnold, Esq. of Walworth, Surrey.
11. At the College Chapel, the Rev. Thomas W. Champneys, Rector of Fulmer, Bucks, and Cottisford, Oxon, to Miss Langford, of Eton College.
- Thomas Barton Bowen, Esq. of Portman-street, to Charlotte, daughter of the late W. Chaloner, Esq. of Guisborough, Yorkshire.
13. At Hornsey Church, the Rev. Dr. Manuel of the Scot's Church, London Wall, to Miss Perram, Stoke Newington Road.
- At Clapham Church, Charles Turner, Esq. Lieutenant of the 35th Reg. Madras Native Infantry, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Sketchley, Esq. of Clapham Rise.
15. At St. Mary, Lambeth, J. Ruffy, Esq. late of Madeira, to Caroline, relict of the late Robert Symonds, Esq. of Brixton-hill.
17. At Chester, John Lane, Esq. of the Grange, Leyton, Essex, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late William Carter, Esq. of the former place.
18. At St. Mary, Lambeth, the Rev. Robert Hodgson Fowler, of Southwell, Nottinghamshire, to Frances Elizabeth, only child of Thomas Bish, Esq. of South Lambeth.
- At Enfield, Captain John Pasley of the 47th Reg. to Margaret, only daughter of John Durham, Esq. M. D. of Enfield, Middlesex.
19. At Kelvedon, the Rev. John Bridges Storry, A. M. Vicar of Great Tey, Essex, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Romaine, Castle Hill Lodge, Reading, Berks.
- At Mary-la-bonne Church, George Lee, Jun. Esq. of Lombard-street, to Hannah, second daughter of John Coope, Esq. of Leyspring, Essex.
20. At Greenwich, L. Leake, Esq. of Stoke Newington, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of George Walpole, Esq. of Croom's Hill.
- At Bride-street, Manchester-square, by special licence, Colonel Sir John Sinclair, Bart. of Dunheath, to Miss Sarah Charlotte Carter.

DEATHS.

- June 22.—At Ghazee-pore, Calcutta, George, the infant son of Lieutenant Richard Irving, 87th Reg. and on the 15th July, on the river near Barn, Mary Ann, wife of the above officer.
- July 21.—At Belgaum, Madras, Ensign William Duncan, 49th Reg. son of the late John Duncan, Esq. of the Medical Board.
- Dec. 8.—At Carclew, Sir William Lemon, the father of the House of Commons.
10. At Bamff, aged 100 and upwards, Mrs. Pirie.
 11. At Clanchan, of Tongland, Scotland, John Wood, a native of the parish of Kirkcuncheon. At the time of his death he could not be less than 100.
 18. At Southampton, Harriet, the wife of Captain Edward Fitzgerald of the 30th Reg. of Royal Native Infantry.
 19. At Leith, at the advanced age of 75, Charles Smith, Esq. portrait painter in London. This distinguished Artist, who was a native of the Orkney Islands, was for some time portrait-painter to the Imperial family of the Great Mogul, Shah Allum.
 21. In Bloomsbury-square, aged 15, Charlotte Caroline, youngest daughter of the late John Henry Beaumont, Esq.
 25. At his house in Upper Seymour-street, the Right Hon. Sir Robert Dallas, Knight.
 - B. P. V. Selyveld, Esq. of No. 19, Cadogan-place.
 - At Brighton, in his 80th year, Lord Eardly.
 27. Richard Holden, porter of Piece Hall, Halifax. His death was in consequence of being slightly bitten in his hand by a cat a few days previous, which caused a rapid mortification.
 28. At Clapham, Miss Catharine Constable, daughter of Archibald Constable, Esq. of Edinburgh.
 29. Aged 28, Mary, only sister of Fasham Nairn, Esq. of Barnet's-place, Sussex.
 31. At Blackheath, Mary, the eldest daughter of John Lee, Esq. of Lewisham, Kent.
 - Barbara, the wife of Hugh R. Hughes, Esq. of Bache Hall, in the county of Chester.
- Jan. 1.—At Stratton, Captain Robert Smith, in the 89th year of his age. He was at the battles of Minden and Warburgh, and afterwards at Gibraltar, during the memorable siege of that place.
3. At Islington Green, George Sturdy, Esq. one of the sworn clerks of the Court of Chaucery.
 4. At Richmond, Surrey, aged 73, Adam Bell, Esq. late of the Victualling Department, Deptford.
 5. John Sivewright, Esq. of Tavistock-square.
 - At Stirling, the Rev. Dr. Small.
 - At Richmond-green, Thomas Walmealey, Esq. aged 56.
 - At Smyllan Park, Scotland, Sir William Honeyman of Grimsay, Bart.
 6. At Stepney Green, Edward Powell, Esq. aged 67.
 7. Of Apoplexy, Robert Ross, Esq. of the Stock Exchange.
 8. Elizabeth, wife of Charles Raymond Barker, Esq. of Blandford-street, Portman-square.
 9. At his house in Leicester, Caleb Lowdham, Esq.
 - At Stanmore, Middlesex, Richard Oswald Mason, Esq. in the 55th year of his age.
 10. Mrs. Sarah Robinson, wife of John Robinson, Esq. of Park-street, Westminster.
 - Richard Harrison, Esq. M. D. aged 40, at his house in Argyle-street.